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THE POWER PLANTERS

By Benjamin Brooks

DOWN behind a busy town drops the sun, leaving a tall black silhouette against the yellow sky. The whistles blow, the lights peep out, the elevators disgorge their squirming contents upon the sidewalks, and the atoms thereof swarm upon a thousand slow-creeping trolley-cars.

In one of these crawling cars hangs a dapper but disgruntled youth. All his fellow strap-hangers are disgruntled too, for they cannot get home on time for dinner at this pace, nor is there current enough to light them or warm them on their way. But the youth is especially so. He mumbles profane observations about lack of power and management. The violets and the candy that he carries may help to explain his impatience.

At the very same time another far less dapper and more weather-worn youth, without candy or violets or the possibility of obtaining any, stands calmly regarding this very same sunset from a mile-high promontory in a group of blackening mountain giants. There are no fellow passengers to sympathize with his grievances—if he has any—except his sleepy old pack mule; and he feels not the slightest impatience about getting home, for he has no home unless he regards a slender roll of blankets on the mule as such.

But although these two young men are so very different in appearance and surroundings, and not the least aware of each other, they nevertheless have at this moment one thing in common: one is grumbling for, and the other is seeking for more power to carry on the momentous affairs of the human race. The youth who stands so calmly watching the setting of the sun while its last rays illumine his serene bronze face and glorify his faded khakis and leather trappings and transform even his sad old mule into part of a plumed and blunderbussed Spanish conquest, is not an idler, but an explorer at so much per month.

As the sun disappears he looks quickly at his watch, goes to the mule pack and draws from it a curious instrument—a slender metal wand with an aluminum pin-wheel at its lower end and a sort of telephone attachment at the other. Shielding this carefully from the crashing brush, he plunges down the mountain-side, scattering stones, snapping twigs, and leaving a hot trail of dust behind him. At length he arrives at the granite brink of a beautiful green mountain stream decked with foam and humming softly to its swift self. Here he pauses long enough to slip out of the lower half of his simple raiment. He fastens a slender steel tape-line to a twig on the brink, places the telephone end of his magic wand over his ear, wades out an even ten feet from the bank, and drops the aluminum pin-wheel into the water. He appears to be listening—yes, and counting. For each time the aluminum propeller revolves it registers a certain flow of water by sounding a little tick in the telephone. Our half-clad explorer then, by testing the depth of the water every five or ten feet across the stream and counting by his watch the number of ticks per minute, is able to note and compute in his little field-book out of his upper-story pocket just the amount and velocity of water that flows in that stream at such an hour on such a date. Personally he does not care a wooden button what this amount is; but way down and out of the mountains, back in town, is a group of hard-headed gentlemen with five or ten million dollars to invest who care very much. At regular intervals he will make a point of riding to the nearest post-office and wiring a code message stating all about it, but just

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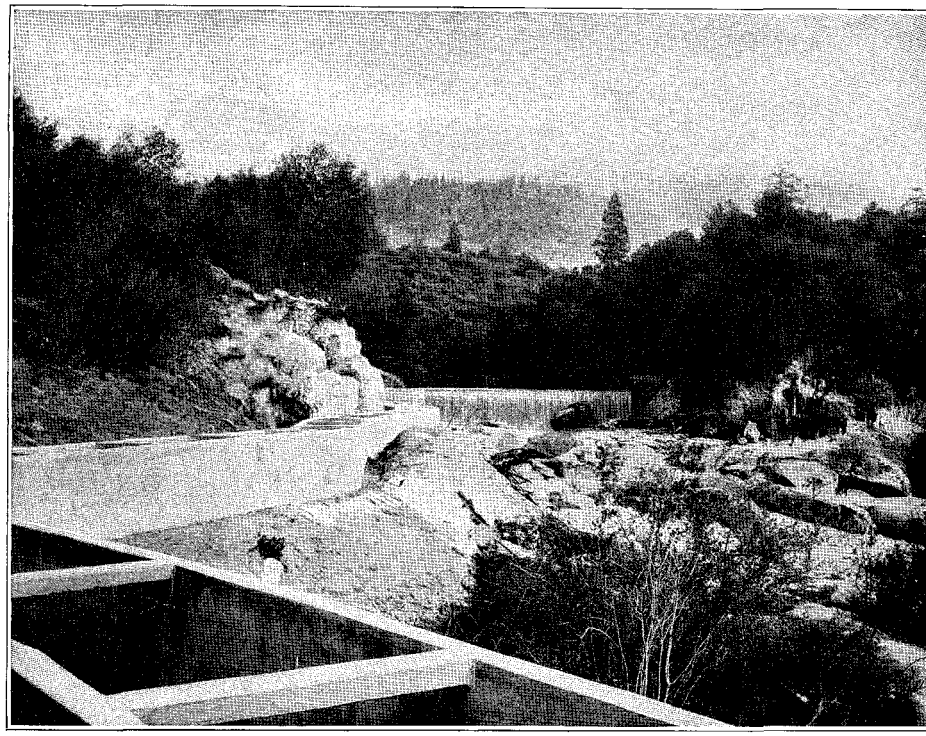

South Fork dam and flume, San Joaquin, California.

now his real interest is in a deep green pool a hundred yards down stream. To this he repairs in long jumps, shedding his remaining garments by the way, stands a moment in graceful long-limbed nakedness on the crown of a bowlder, then, sending a long and terrible yell echoing away up the heights, he dives smoothly into the pool. When his silver-white body rises to the surface again he swims up the back eddy to the white rapid at the pool's head and, reaching into this with long, vigorous strokes, comes sailing down again at racing speed to his landing-place. This seems to afford him great satisfaction. He has done it regularly once a week for a whole year. Two hours later he will be calmly sleeping in a gem of a mountain meadow with his mule hobbled, his fire dying out, and nothing on his inner conscience but fried bacon. To come upon him thus you would never suspect that he is the forerunner, the lone advance scout of a great toiling army.

But next come the skirmishers—a mere handful of men, with long, sinuous tapes and straddling, far-seeing instruments. They make first but a thin line of attack, striding swiftly up stream, smashing brush, blazing trees, and flashing signals and angles from one headland to another. The amount of water in our stream has been found. Now for the general figuration of this wild, uptilted country, to see how best it can be turned to power. The head of this expedition is a rare mixture of genius and concentrated horse-power. By intuition or long practice he sees his way through the most intricate confusion of mountains on purely imaginary lines. The long water ditch that is to follow him he carries in his mind's eye and trails behind like a comet—its bold curves, its spindling trestles, its borings into the cliff. On he crashes through the brush, clinging to the cliffs, scaling the splintered heights, setting his little advance flag—a lean, striding, danger-proof, weather-proof, untiring man with the eye of a hawk—the locating engineer. After him come the transit-men, reducing to exact angles and distances his rough intuitive outline, and with them the sweating axemen, chainmen, and the "stake artist" just out of Cornell, marking and numbering the stakes. Hard upon their trail come the level-men, carefully

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Tunnel and conduit, San Joaquin.

recording the height of each point of measurement, and with them goes still another sort of artist—the "topographer." A great deal depends upon the topographer. His business is to run out side measurements and take elevations from the thin main line and fill his book with a mixture of figures and little sketches—glimpses of the line of march: here a little gorge for a future trestle, there a narrow jutting point for a tunnel—so that if all the pages of his book were cut out and made into a frieze they would read along like the "Odyssey." Finally comes the most extraordinary genius of them all. There he goes striding his dusty jackass, his blousy shirt rasping through the undergrowth, his thick-soled slippers dangling from his toes, his queue coiled tight as a rattlesnake around his bare head, with his little tin cook-stove under one arm and an old cotton umbrella poised against the blinding sun. You know cooks—wonderful cooks in great cafés, in little coffee-joints around the corner, but not such a cook as Ah Chung, who, having no tent to fold up like the Arab, straps his pantry to a mule, puts his kitchen under his arm and his worldly goods in his copious sleeves and follows with unfaltering trust this fleeting company of scientific vagabonds—who can, at any time, on any mountain-side, in any weather, guarantee to keep twenty ravenous men well fed and happy and remain happy himself so far from his own countrymen and his Celestial kingdom.

Thus the expedition passes—once, then once again on the same trail, but this time more exactly; for now they have determined just what is to be done. Far back in the mountains they have chosen the high point for the beginning of the flume. The stream that is to feed it is rather intermittent, unfortunately, but in the pretty meadow where our advance scout slept so many months ago they will impound a lake to feed it during the dry season; and the bold promontory where he stood watching the sunset that evening will be the top of the penstock; and a thousand feet below by his swimming-pool will nestle the power-house with its water-driven generators. How very much this engineering depends upon imagination!

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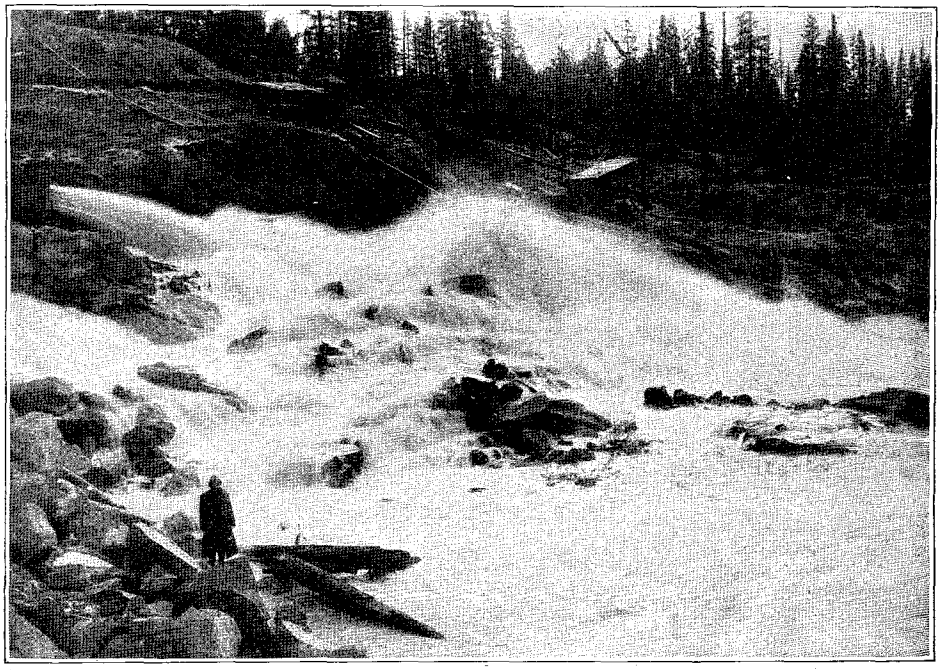
Now for a long, long time the wilderness is left to itself. The water runs untrammelled and unmeasured. Snow buries the surveyor's stakes and Ah Chung's ashes. Can it be that the hard-headed gentlemen with the ten millions have forgotten? Hardly. Just now they are employing expensive and famous engineers to figure ways and means; map-makers to translate the notes of the skirmishers, draughtsmen to draw plans.

Another year sees our party in the field once more. No artistic topographer accompanies them now, but a raw-boned giant in overalls, for whom art is all in vain. A devastating hoard answers his bellowings through the woods, his profanity, the direction of his windmill arms. One hundred men and one hundred mules are at his command, and he treats them all alike. He is a driver—a doer. Down come the crashing pine-trees for his bridges; bang go the granite bowlders out of his path; and as soon as his plough—almost red-hot, jumping stones and tearing roots—has made anything like a road of it, along come wagons full of rough lumber, out of which he contrives, with the maximum of hideousness and minimum of time, to build bunk-houses, cement-stores, cook-sheds, and stables.

Like deeds of devastation are now going on in twenty different places for a stretch of twenty miles up and down the course of our fair green river. The fish die, the bears break up housekeeping. Only the squirrels remain, staring with astonishment, and the mountain lions screaming in the night at the tethered mules. Across the lower end of our meadow men are stringing great steel cables anchored on the mountain flanks and swinging in the air. Donkey-engines with ropes fastened to tree-trunks are pulling themselves right up the mountain-sides on skids. They look like black spiders drawing in and climbing their webs. Having once got foothold, they will begin pulling concrete-mixers, rock-crushers, and timbers after them.



Outlet of temporary spillway during flood, San Joaquin.

High on a neighboring cliff is a new scar. Every day at sunset it will emit sharp thunder and clouds of dust, for this is the quarry from which comes the rock to build the dam. In the next camp live the ditch-diggers—swarthy gentlemen from Italy and Spain. In the next the tunnel-men with

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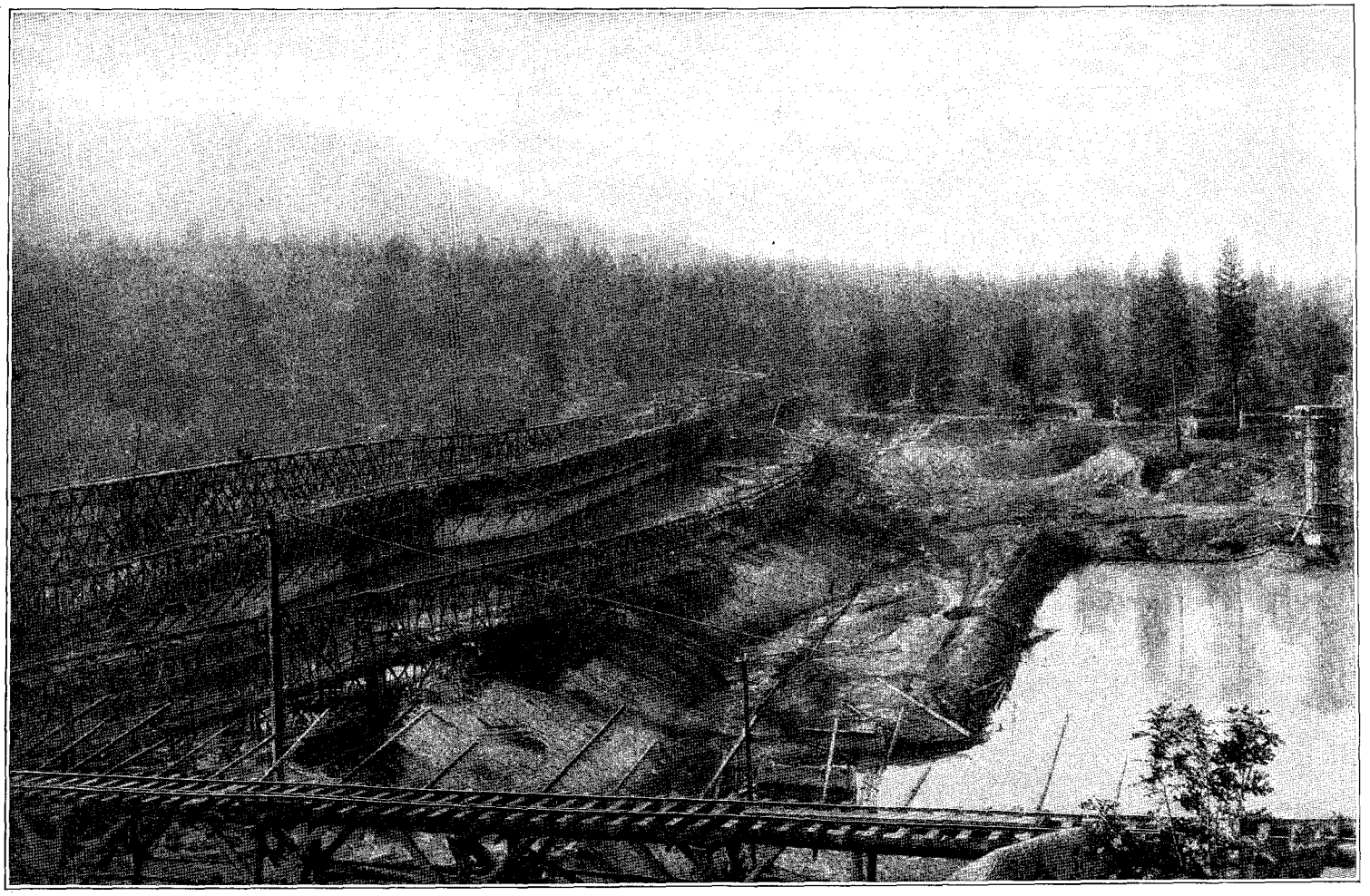

Dam under construction, looking west, San Joaquin.

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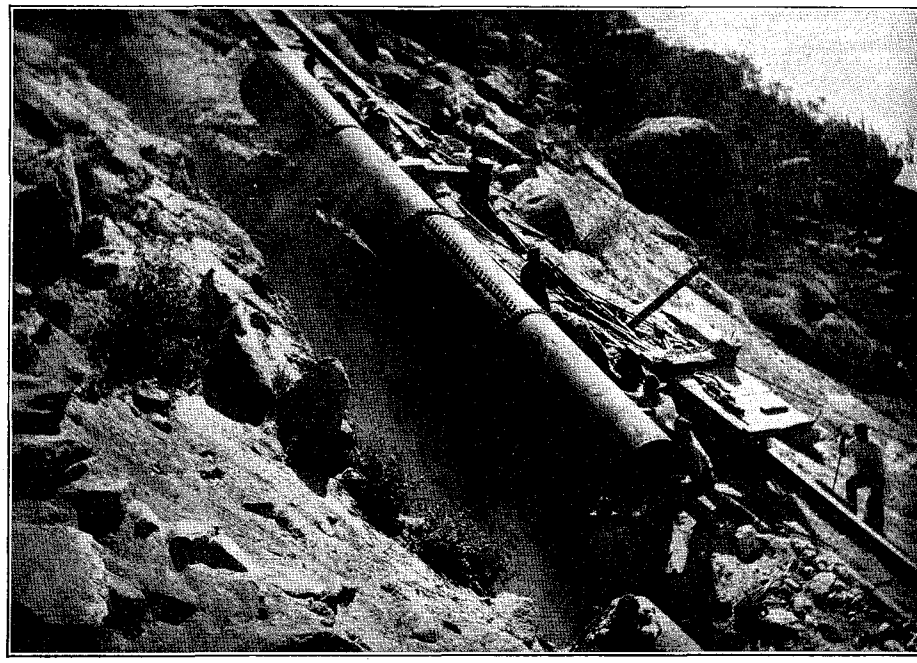
their dynamite and pounding drills, and the air-compressor with its measured grunt. On the crown of the promontory stands a hoisting-engine. It has already begun lowering the great pipes down hill over a rickety pair of rails; and a gang of riveters hang upon the mountain-side and rivet them in place. From far down the canyon they ing mountain roads rutted to the axle-trees, crooked and hot and dusty beyond belief. Day after day goes the weary procession of creaking wagons, coupled two and three in a string with a dozen mules ahead of them —freight below, hay on top, and dust over all—the load, the harness, the mules, the drivers, are all one color with it. Slowly,



Uplanding pipe.

look like ants upon a wall; but at close range you may perhaps look through their coating of dust and sweat and perceive they are indeed human beings. At four o'clock in the morning with the first peep of day you will hear their hammers echoing from crag to crag. At midday they sleep; for nobody could endure to work in a steel pipe that the sun has made too hot even to touch. And in the cool evening you will hear them again, like Rip Van Winkle's gnomes.

So the great project is fairly started. Mighty hard work—desperately hard work this engineering water power out of a wilderness! But the hardest and cruelest of it all is freighting in the material. Thousands of car-loads of cement, lumber, powder, and machinery are to be transferred to wagons at the poky little station in the foot-hills and teamed seventy miles over heart-break- so very slowly, they creep and wallow on—the driver shouting monotonously at his stock, guiding them with a single rein or occasionally leaving his saddle to run ahead and lash some particularly weary and lop-eared unfortunate with his heavy whip. But materials we must have, even at fifteen dollars a ton.

Here, then, are near a hundred miles of the wildest country in which toil and live a thousand men, their hundreds of live-stock, their score of concrete-mixers, their dozen camps, their long procession of freight. They require these thousands of tons of material and fuel; blankets, clothing, tobacco, doctors, surgeons, dentists, barbers; now and then, poor chaps, a priest and an embalmer to ship what is left of them home. Their great timber-and-tar-paper dining-rooms with their long rows of tin plates must be supplied with the best of food.

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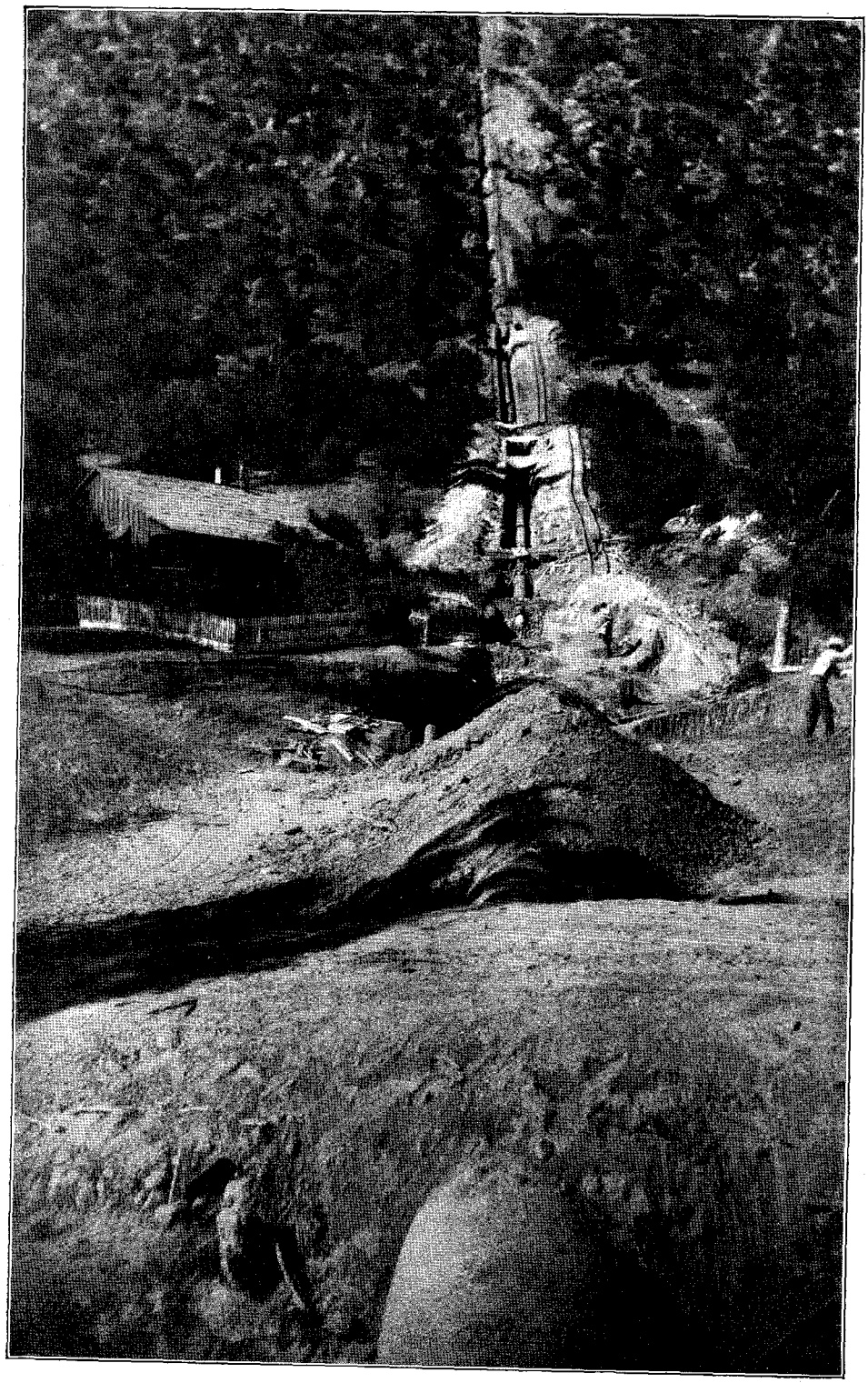

Pipe line.

The scar of the ditch along the mountain flank.

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Many a man can run a store or a hotel or a job; but who is the man who can run six big hotels, six general stores, six overworked livery-stables, a few machine-shops and smithies, an overloaded stage line, and a great power development besides? Perhaps you have met great men before—a victorious general, a great statesman, or a king or two? Then you will not fail to recognize the superintendent of construction when you meet him on the trail.

In spite of the dust and roughness of his surroundings he will be riding a beautiful clean-limbed horse, groomed to the last degree of sleekness. His thin white riding-shirt will be spotless, his riding-breeches creased, his putties polished. Although you know he rarely sleeps twice in the same bed and carries no baggage, yet he will appear miraculously fresh and clean-shaven and cool. You will particularly notice his austere bronze countenance, his observant gray eye under his straw helmet, and the level firmness of his voice as he dictates to his stenographer who rides beside him. Much of his ability depends on the fact that he does not try to do everything himself, but wisely chooses his lieutenants; yet if you were to question him about this great project you would be astonished at the tremendous amount of detail he carries in his head.

He knows the date of arrival of the first shipment of generators from New York, and when the steel pipe from Germany arrives in San Francisco, how many cars of cement are in each warehouse, what the next teamster has on his wagon, and the next, and the next after him; what section of the penstock they are riveting in place this afternoon, and the number of the blue print to refer you to for this or that construction. And yet through this mass of detail he sees clearly and largely the whole undertaking. There is no accounting for such a man. May be he was at the head of his class at college, and may be he was just a barefoot farm-boy who ran away and worked on the railroad. He is spending five million dollars a year and drawing a very few thousands for himself. He has been everywhere on the semi-civilized globe, but if you ask him what he would rather do than anything else, he will tell you it is to settle down on a farm again, so that he could get re-acquainted with his wife and send his sons to a good school under the American flag. This is a myth; but he believes it himself, not realizing that he is an incurable gypsy. There is a vast amount of adventure and romance in his life, but a great deal of loneliness and privation too, and he is bound withal to be a great and very brave man.

Well, there is a year or two or three of this, and then things begin to be finished. Under our high-swung cables over the green meadow has grown a huge dam block by block, course by course, and the meadow is no more. In its stead, reflecting the blue sky, lies a lovely lake—and none the less fair for being artificial. The tunnel-drillers have met head on at the tunnel's midpoint, and the muffled thunder of their blasting has died away. The scar of the ditch along the mountain flank is beginning to heal over with undergrowth. The penstock rises, a sleek black column against the mountain, a thousand feet high. At its lower end is a rectangular web with insects crawling over it—in reality a power-house with the steel erectors still busy on it—and if we can trust ourselves to the silent driver of the hoist and huddle upon his little cable car, he will let us swiftly down to it—stiffening our hair and dislodging our commissaries by the way—and we may see what is going on within. During our descent a measured clang, as from a Cyclop's forge, echoes through the canyon, and upon arriving we find sweating machinists with a battering-ram pounding home the last bolts that hold the cast-steel buckets on the cast-steel wheels.

Such wonderful wheels, these! Just plain steel disks, not so big as the drivers of a locomotive, but capable of a thousand turns a minute without bursting, with but a score of buckets on their rim exactly the shape of a clam-shell opened out flat, but larger—more like the halves of a muskmelon scraped thin and pressed closely side by side. But it has taken near a generation of experiment and calculation to develop their exact shape and exact curves to the point where they can receive the impact of our high mountain stream, shooting from the big nozzles with force enough to pierce a brick wall, and turn the maximum amount of its energy into mechanical or electrical power. The inventor and patentee of these wondrous water-wheels is here to start

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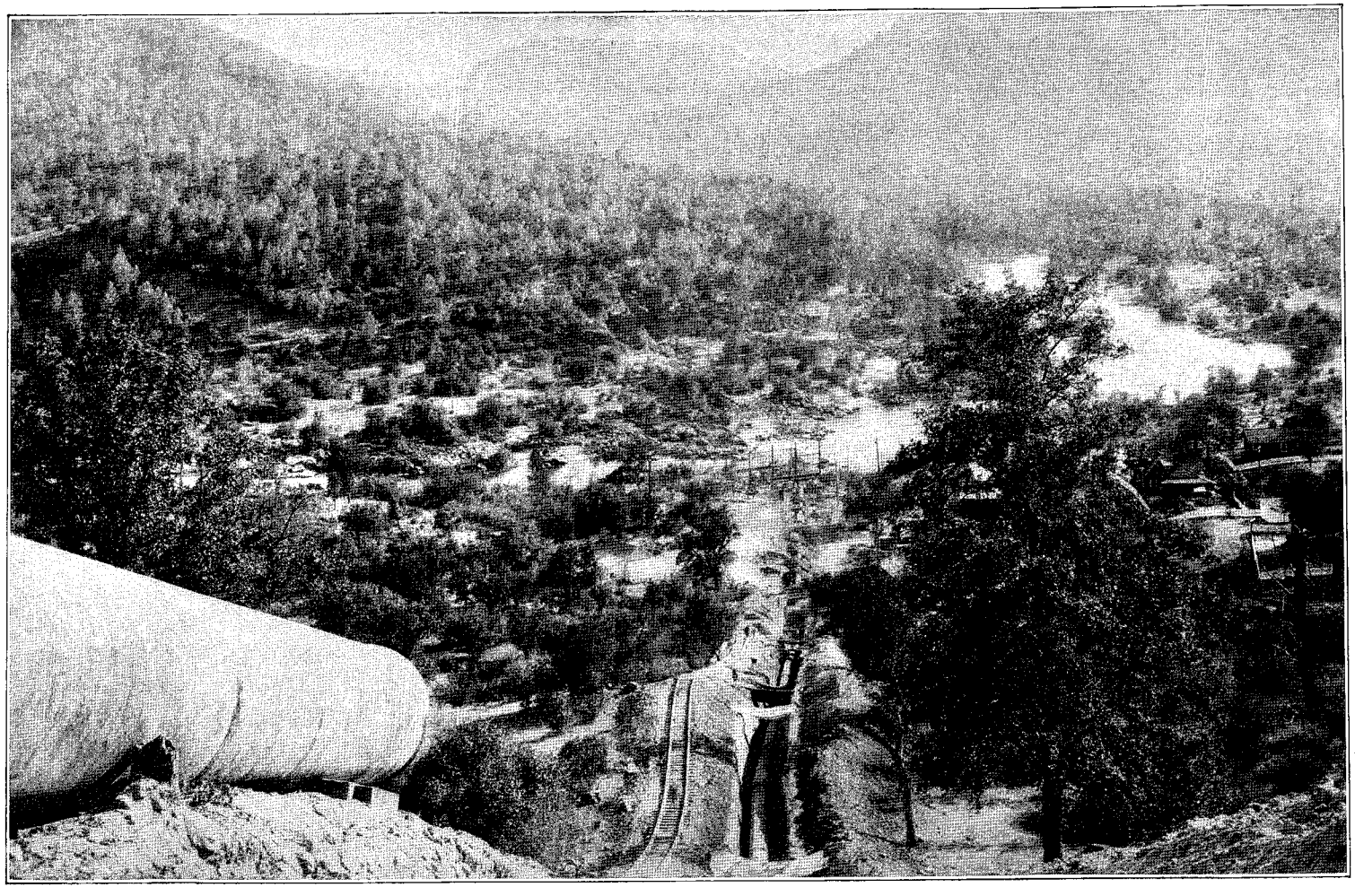

Pipe line under construction, San Joaquin.

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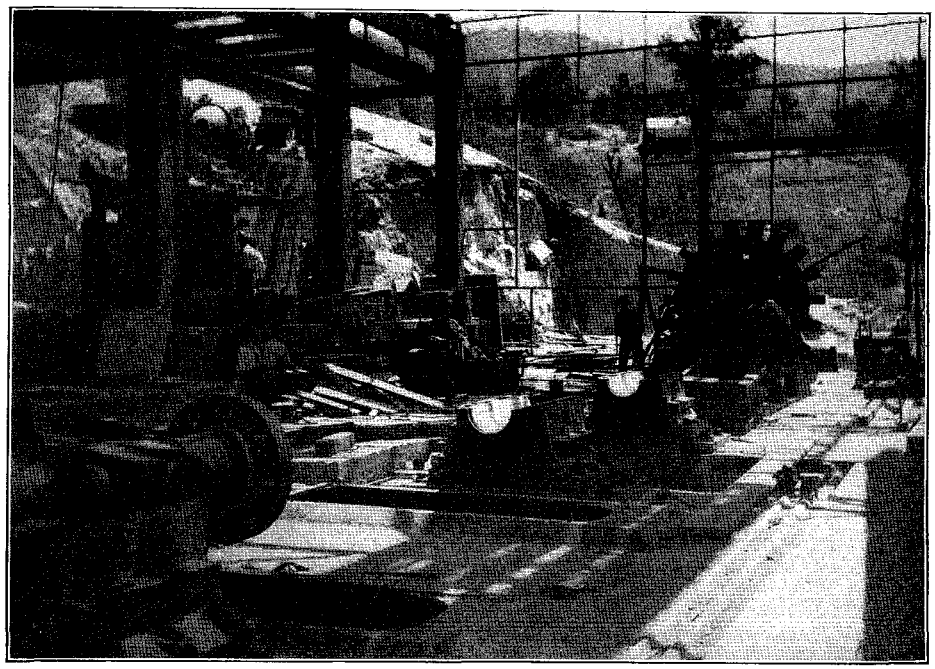
them. He looks like a very plain, ordinary man in his travelling duster, his hat tilted back, his cigar protruding from his gray stubble of beard. So he is. A plain workman once and a plain workman still; but a mighty keen one. He has lectured before the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, before the University of Tokio and the University of Berlin, always on the same subject, "Buckets and Power." Incidentally, he is accumulating a fortune; but it will rest upon his sons in Cornell to spend it. He hasn't time.



Machinery being installed in a power-house.

Here, too, is a pale young man from Schenectady who has spent five thousand on a university education and then five years at two dollars a day testing and building electrical machinery with the General Electric so as to clinch matters both ways. Now the whole world is his to roam and to work in; but every day he takes his life in his hands, for his is the ticklish task of steering the accumulated energy of, say, a hundred thousand horses clear across country on three strands of wire that have just now crept over the hills from civilization in tow of a crew of linemen.

The date of starting—many times postponed—at last approaches. The power wheels and generators have been balanced on their mutual shaft to the nicety of a watch-movement. The bearings have been scraped and levelled, and scraped and levelled literally to the breadth of a hair, for with all their constant deluge of pumped oil, fifty tons at a thousand revolutions is a heavy load to bear. On the very eve of starting comes a strange roaring sound high up the mountain. You rush out to see what is happening and collide with the superintendent running in to the telephone. Everybody is on the run. One of the engineers is emptying an automatic gun in the air with the hope of signalling the upper camp. Another is snatching a transit from the racks to peer at a high white plume of spray on the mountain. Every one knows what has happened. The great penstock has burst. Down the mountain now tumbles a small avalanche of water, mud, and stones, and a shouting foreman with twenty scampering men is trying to fill in the ditch leading to the power-house with dirt, timbers, cement bags—anything to divert it.

Thank fortune it was but a single seam near the top pulled apart by the contraction of the long pipe with the chill of the water.

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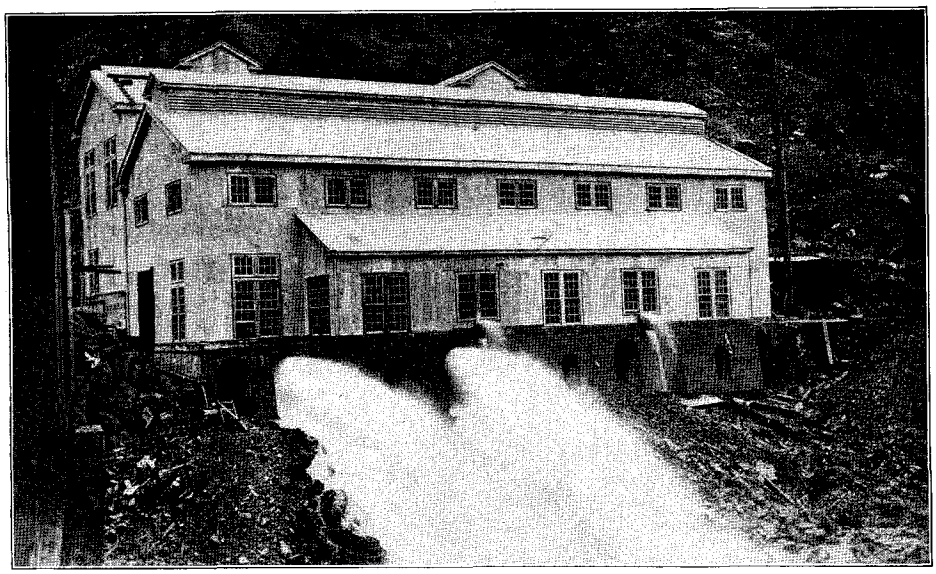

Stanislaus power-house in the Sierras.

Two days and two nights of continuous work will fix it.

And now the hour of starting is at hand. The master mechanic, with a last look at everything, begins to open the valves, the nozzles begin to spurt, the wheels begin to revolve. A few forgotten timbers and old wheelbarrows float off in the tail race, which is soon to be a foaming torrent. Little by little, feeling the warming bearings, listening for ominous noises, he "lets her come up." In a few hours, everything being cool, he will let her reach her thousand turns and watch the governors floating; but as yet they spin without load. Next day the electrical expert will cautiously throw his switches, and she will begin to hum. But the voltage is still very low—just to warm up the generators. In forty-eight hours more he will begin raising it gradually—very gradually—until finally it has reached the frightful pressure of, say, sixty thousand volts. The wires zizz with it. The insulators smell of ozone. The wheels roar a deep, full-loaded roar. Men go about feeling the bearings; they watch the flow of oil; the master mechanic smokes his pipe, and keeps his eye on his gauges, and listens. He has been on his feet forty-eight hours now. He is very hungry and tired, but does not realize it in the least. Beside him stands the young man from Schenectady, also smoking hard and watching his voltmeters and pilot-lights. He looks much older than when he began, for he has not had a wink for sixty hours.

But the worst is now over. Everything is going nicely. It is about time for the directors to repair to the office and open the champagne. They are about to do so when, bang! goes something—a muffled gun-like report followed by a noise like rolling drums. Instantly the place is a blaze of reddish-yellow fire. Smoke rolls out from behind the switchboards. A man gropes his way blindly out—a man with no hair nor eyebrows nor lashes left, with blackened face and half-charred hands. Some one runs to his aid to lead him away and bandage him with oil and cotton. All our sympathy goes with him; but we ourselves must fly to open the main switches and break the roaring current. At this the wheels, relieved of all their load, spin faster and faster, humming higher and higher until they threaten to burst. But now the governors begin to deflect the nozzles—not to close them, for there is no known way of stopping a thousand-foot column of water—and the streams, passing beneath the wheel-buckets, leap out across the river like a constellation of slim, white, curving comets that uproot trees on the opposite bank. Meanwhile come men with arms full of fire-tubes to fight down the blaze, for they must fight it without water.

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So the champagne has to be postponed a day or two till the spare parts and connections can be substituted for those that burned out. But in the end the great undertaking is done and the power of melting snows goes coursing swiftly and smoothly, although menacingly, to carry on the affairs of humanity.

A week later comes a stage load of bronzed and jolly engineers down the mountain to civilization. They board their train. What a novelty is a train after two years! They arrive in town. What a glorious spectacle is a town! Whoopee! First a grand dinner—boiled shirts, all. Then let's invite the telephone girls to the theatre or a dance—the lovely telephone girls we know so well by wire but have never seen. Here's a new vaudeville star. Beauty! Never heard of her before! Listen to that new rag-time! What do you know about those hats—and those skirts! Inverted wheelbarrows and close-fitting cement bags are now all the rage. We are behind the times. So, one way and another, it begins to look like a big night to-night. It will be largely a matter of luck if our exuberant engineers (who have remained absolutely law-abiding for two years without the aid of the police) are not all jugged, like a bunch of freshmen, before morning.

The delights of civilization for them, however, are but fleeting delights. Their money and their first enthusiasm are soon gone, leaving them strangers among the crowds that sweep past them. A few days or a few weeks and you will see them singly or by twos and threes making for the railway station, their blankets over their shoulders. Once a rover always a rover—soldier, sailor, or engineer. So it's "Good-by, Bill. You're an idiot to chase off to the Philippines; but cable me if you go broke"; and "So long, you old coyote. Write me when you get there. I've always been curious to know what South Africa is like. Back to the high spots in the old Sierras for mine. So long." Thus sorrowfully dissolves their jolly old fraternity away into space, far from the land they have enriched—sorrowfully but bravely; for such is the fate of the power planters.

WATER POWER IN INDUSTRIAL LIFE

By David B. Rushmore

TWELVE hundred million people, civilized and otherwise, are indebted for their existence and conditions of life to the energy received from a little disk in the sky, ninety-five million miles away. The savage lives directly from the products of nature, but civilization is founded on the harnessing of natural forces to serve the purposes of mankind. So long as man was satisfied with the fruits and vegetables which he found, and the results of his hunting and fishing, there existed no demand for the utilization of other energy than that expended by the human machine. When certain men desired more than they could themselves produce, they enslaved their fellow-beings and compelled them to servitude. Gradually, however, a degree of civilization was reached in which even this was insufficient, and it became necessary to utilize the store of energy which nature had placed at hand. The use of water power by the ancients was the first step in this direction, and the utilization of other sources of power has been a development of a comparatively recent period of history.

The development of a new country is much like that of the world in general. Existence was in early days supported by the free products of nature and by hunting and fishing. This was succeeded by a period of agriculture, to be followed later by an industrial era. As the forces of nature and its large store of energy were utilized, it was possible to obtain for each individual a product of labor far beyond the capacity of any man. Energy, which, means stored-up work, may be obtained

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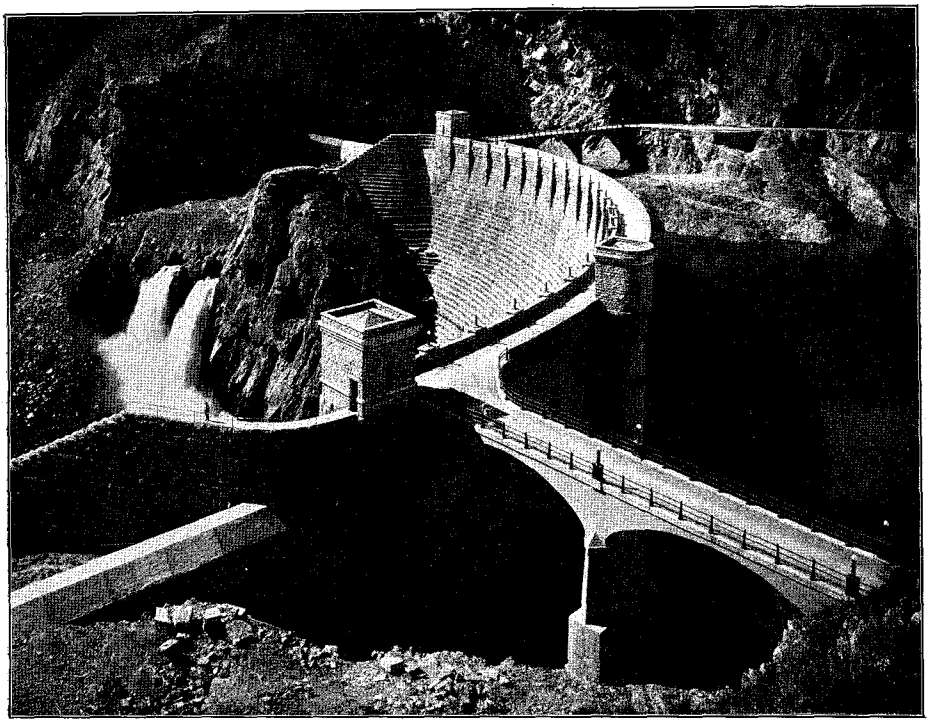

Dam at Roosevelt, Arizona. Built in connection with the Salt River irrigation project.
(Built by the U. S. Reclamation Service.)

from a number of different sources with which nature has provided us, or from the moving forces of wind and water. The energy available comes directly or indirectly from the one source—the sun. A supposed shrinkage of the sun of one-tenth its diameter in something over two million years is sufficient to give us a power on earth directly available from the sun's rays of two hundred and more billion horsepower. With the exception of a few experimental plants this energy is not being directly drawn upon.

As is well known, our principal sources of power are in the deposits of coal, peat, and lignite, in the supplies of oil and natural gas, in the forces of falling water and moving air, and in the rays from the sun. At some future period part of our power may come from the refined products of vegetable growth in the form of alcohol.

A distinction exists between these classes of power which is of the utmost importance. If we do not utilize the work stored up in the coal, oil, etc., it lies available in the earth for use at any time. Not so, however, with the power of the passing wind and flowing water—if not utilized from day to day, so much of their force is forever wasted. True conservation, therefore, dictates that our water powers should be developed to their utmost commercial possibilities, and that our coal deposits should thus be preserved.

The United States is passing rapidly from an agricultural country to an industrial one, and this transition is accompanied by a large increase in power consumption and an enormous drain on the fuel resources of the country. In 1900 the coal mined in the United States was approximately 270,000,000 tons. In 1910 this was over 500,000,000 tons, an increase of 85 per cent, being accompanied by an increase in population of approximately 20 per cent. This doubling in the output of coal over a decade has been the rate of growth for some time, and, if continued, the extinction of our known coal deposits will be a question of a comparatively few years. The cost of mining coal is increasing every year and will probably continue

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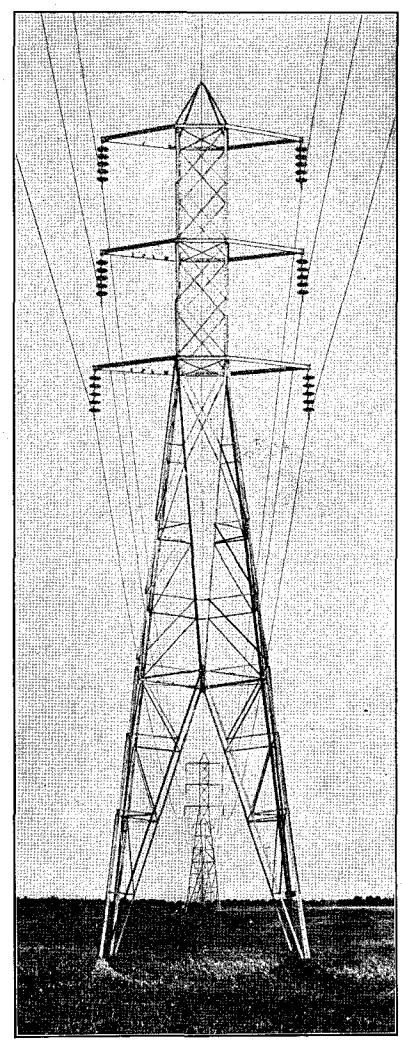
to do so, even with the improvements in methods.

Due to the improvements in generating machinery, the efficiency of utilizing the coal for power purposes is constantly being increased, but a natural limit is being approached. It is evident, without further argument, that the interests of the people demand a rapid development of all the water powers which will in any way tend to decrease the coal consumption.

It has been estimated by the Geological Survey that the available water power of the United States at minimum flow is approximately 36,000,000 horse-power, and that this can be increased five or six times by suitable storage facilities. A recent report by Commissioner Herbert Knox Smith states that 6,000,000 horse-power has been developed in the United States for electrical and other industrial purposes.

Before the perfection of electrical apparatus and the possibilities of power transmission, it was necessary to utilize the water power at the point of development, and this reached its greatest application in the mills of New England. The possibility of developing the water power at the point where it exists, but of utilizing the power at the places of greatest convenience, has been brought about by the use of electricity, and this has been an important feature in modern industrial undertakings. The layman does not always consider that electricity is not in itself a source of power, but is merely a convenient and efficient means of transmitting and utilizing the power from some prime mover.



Double circuit steel tower transmission line of Great Western Power Co., Cal.

Two independent circuits at 100,000 volts, using five disks in each suspension insulator. The ground wire which shields the lines from lightning disturbances runs over the central top-point of the towers.

The water powers of the United States are naturally grouped into a number of more or less separate geographical divisions. A water power depends primarily upon rainfall and altitude. Rainfall varies greatly throughout the country, and also, unfortunately, from year to year. Of the water which falls as rain, probably only about one-third runs off in the various brooks and rivers, and it is this which affords such an attractive form of power for our industrial life. We need power for running our railroads, lighting our cities, running our factories, and for a large number of manufacturing and miscellaneous purposes.

Many people have been led into a serious error by considering that, since in a water-power development the so-called fuel is free, the development must necessarily be a commercial success. Of the many items of fixed charges and operating expenses which make up the total cost of power from any source, the cost of fuel is but one. In places, however, where fuel is unusually expensive, we find water powers to have reached their greatest development, and this is especially true of the situation on the Pacific coast. Water power must necessarily compete in an open

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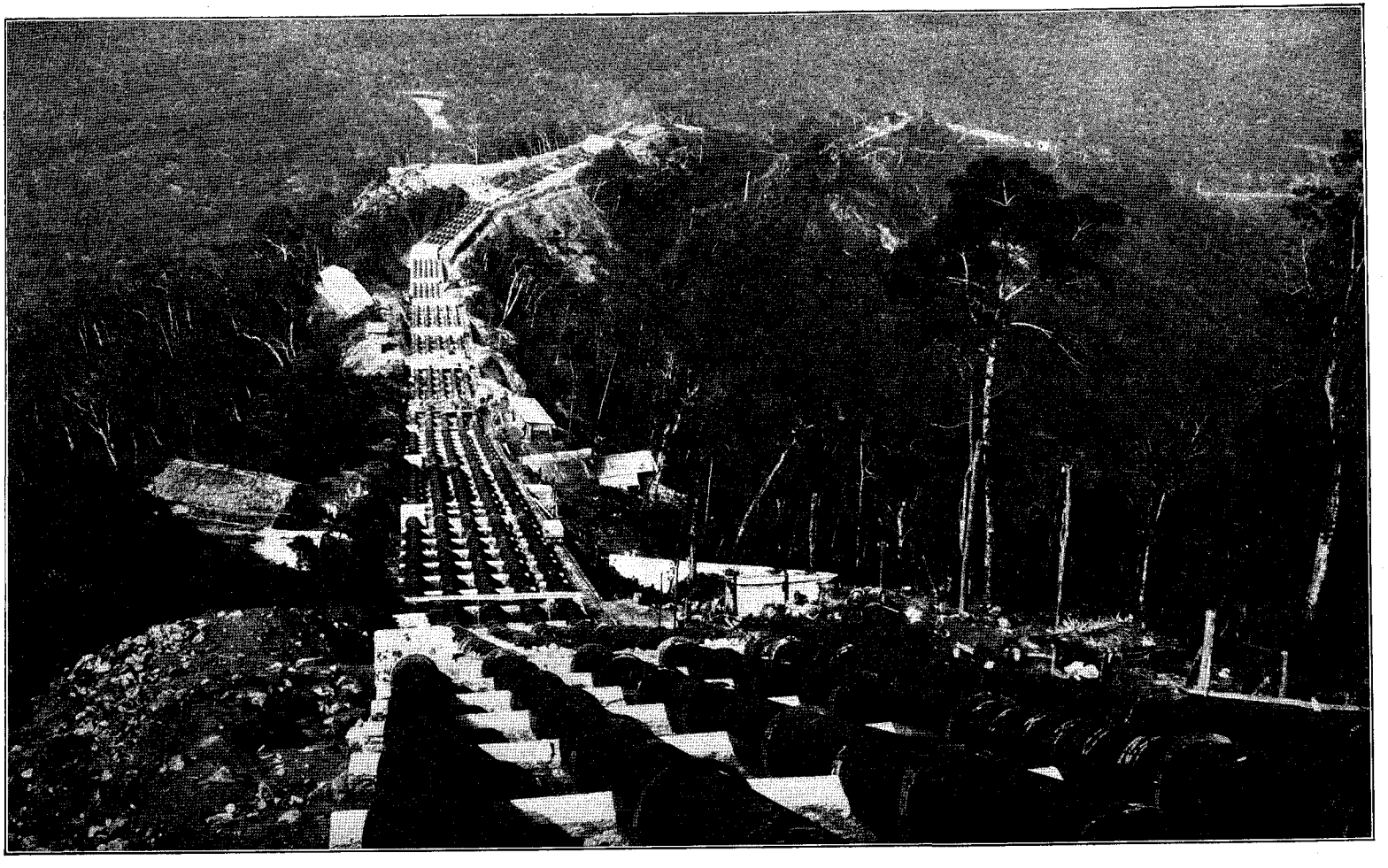

Pipe line at the top of Itatinga, Mt. Cia Docas de Santos, Brazil.

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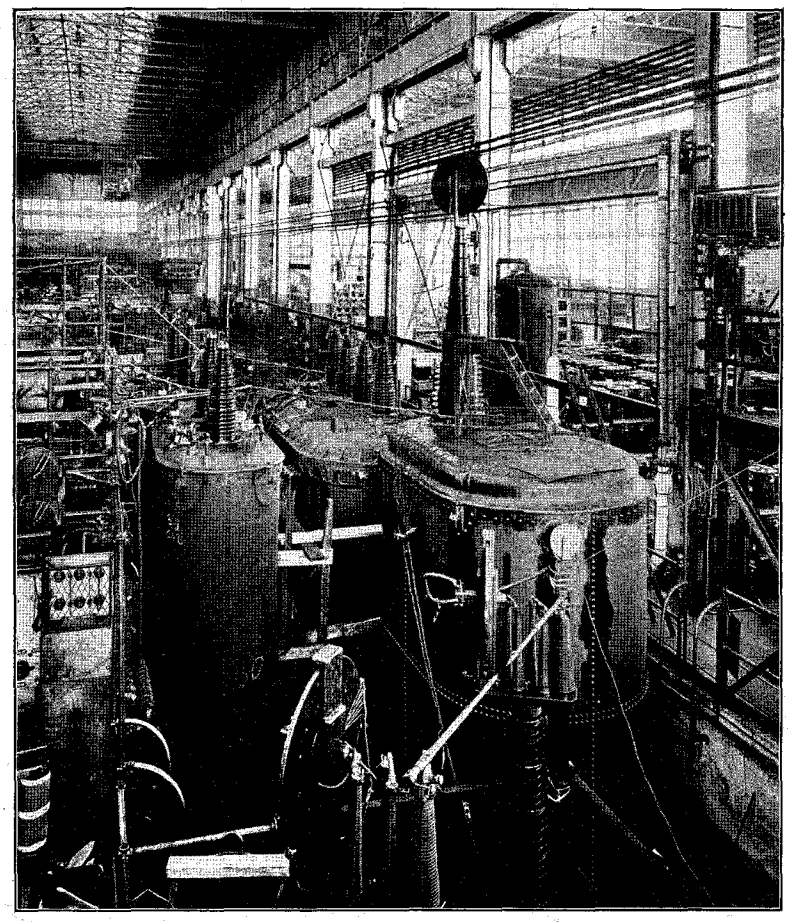

An exceptional assemblage of high voltage transformers.

market with power from other sources, and to reach a commercial success must be more cheaply produced.

The rivers on the eastern slope of the Appalachian range flowing into the Atlantic Ocean give in general rather low heads, with comparatively large quantities of water. On the contrary, those on the Pacific slope are usually high head developments, the heads running in many cases from 1,600 to 2,500 feet, and with smaller volumes of water to be handled.

From an engineering stand-point, the design for a low and high head is entirely different. In the high head developments of California and other Western States, a small quantity of water is often diverted from the stream well back in the mountains and carried along the mountain side by means of flumes and ditches, at a gradient which is sufficient for the proper flow of the water until the desired head is reached, when the water is allowed to pass from its position, then well up on the mountain, back into its original riverbed, developing at the same time the electric power, which is then transmitted over the wires for perhaps 100 or 200 miles. Such power-houses are usually in very inaccessible places, and there is but little possibility of using the power in their vicinity except for a small amount of mining work. In a few instances, such as at Oroville, California, the gold dredges furnish a "load" of considerable magnitude, but this is rather unusual, although this method of mining has been considerable of recent years. "Load," it should be explained to the laymen, means work to be done. The "peak of the load" is

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the maximum of work done at any one time.

In California a number of hydro-electric developments (electricity produced by water power) were considerably simplified due to the availability of a large number of ditches which had in earlier days been used for hydraulic mining work. In some cases the length of these ditches was from twenty to thirty miles, in most cases, however, being considerably shorter. It is probable that over 5,000 miles of ditches were at one time in existence in California for use in hydraulic mining, but since this method has fallen into disuse these ditches have in many instances been utilized for hydro-electric plants.

In the case of water powers connected with the rivers of the great Mississippi Valley and the so-called Appalachian streams, the power-house is usually situated either at or near the dam, so that the canal is either very short or altogether absent.

New England has many small water powers, most of which were developed before the period of electricity, and which have been used for its wonderful manufacturing industry, especially in connection with the textile work. These reached a period of maximum development about the year 1870, and such towns as Lawrence, Lowell, and others probably owe their existence in a not inconsiderable degree to the water powers furnished by the rivers flowing through them.

A large group of water powers exist on the variable streams of the Appalachian water-shed, which for years lay undeveloped by reason of the absence of any apparent market. With over 320,000 horsepower under their control, the Southern Power Company is developing from these water-falls one of the largest and most interesting of the comparatively recent systems to come into existence. About one-fourth of this power has already been developed in four of the large hydraulic stations, and plans for developing the remainder are well worked out and will be followed as the demands of the market increase. The growth of the cotton mill industry in the section supplied by this system in North and South Carolina has been most unusual. Power is now supplied to over 150 cotton mills, but few of which were in existence at the time the system was begun. In this case, the market for power has increased more rapidly than it was possible to supply it, and there is at present a demand for it far in excess of the generating capacity of the system. Besides the above-mentioned cotton mills, the power is used for lighting and industrial work in forty-five towns and villages and for a half-dozen or more street-car systems. A large interurban system is now under construction, which will take power from this same system, and a plant for the manufacture of nitric acid from the air will also draw on the same source for its energy. No better example is to be found in this country of the great industrial development which is being brought about by the utilization of hitherto unused water powers. It is very interesting to note, however, that, due to the extreme variation in the flow of these streams and a considerable variation from year to year, it has been necessary to supplement the energy derived from the water powers by steam stations, which are now being installed, and it is probable that with the growth of the system a much larger capacity of steam units will follow.

The State of Michigan, with its enterprising individuals, has for years led the world in the use of high voltages for electric power transmission, being the first to use over 70,000 volts; going next to 110,000 volts with the Grand Rapids-Muskegon line, and now operating 145,000 volts with the Eastern Michigan Power Company. It is not improbable that in the course of a few years the State of Michigan will be largely covered by a network of high tension lines, fed from its water powers and supplying power and light to the different cities.

Notable among the hydro-electric systems of this country is that of the Washington Water Power Company at Spokane, Washington, and this has also been one of the most successsful of these enterprises from a commercial stand-point. The system has been greatly extended from year to year, and now supplies power for the large mining district in the Cœur d'Alene and for the lighting and railway systems in the many towns through which it passes. Tacoma and Seattle are surrounded by a network of transmission

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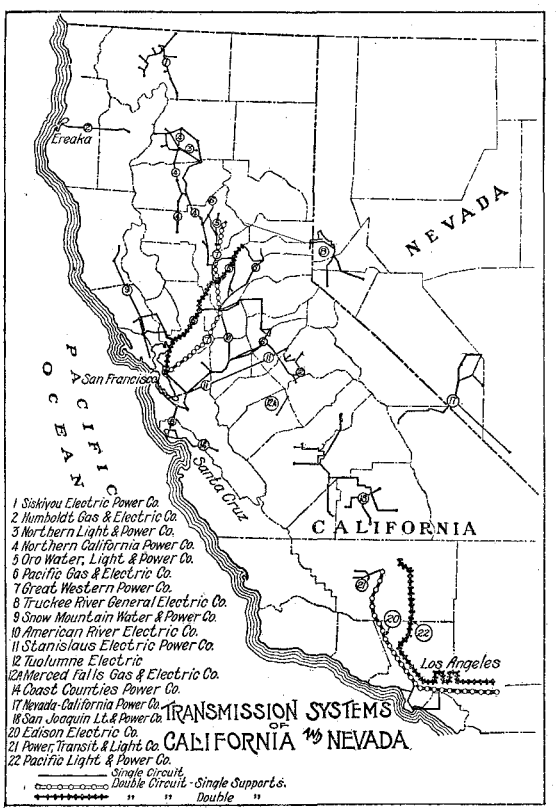
lines which are fed by the water powers in that part of the country, and a large part of the industrial development of these two cities is due to the abundance of power supply which exists. In fact, in the State


Eureka
NEVADA
San Francisco
PACIFIC OCEAN
Santa Cruz
CALIFORNIA
Los Angeles
1 Siskiyou Electric Power Co.
2 Humboldt Gas & Electric Co.
3 Northern Light & Power Co.
4 Northern California Power Co.
5 Oro Water, Light & Power Co.
6 Pacific Gas & Electric Co.
7 Great Western Power Co.
8 Truckee River General Electric Co.
9 Snow Mountain Water & Power Co.
10 American River Electric Co.
11 Stanislaus Electric Power Co.
12 Tuolumne Electric
12A Merced Falls Gas & Electric Co.
14 Coast Counties Power Co.
17 Nevada-California Power Co.
18 San Joaquin Lt. & Power Co.
20 Edison Electric Co.
21 Power, Transit & Light Co.
22 Pacific Light & Power Co.
Single Circuit,
Double Circuit - Single Supports.
" " Double "
TRANSMISSION SYSTEMS OF CALIFORNIA AND NEVADA

of Washington there exists several hundred thousand horse-power as yet undeveloped in the water-falls of its rivers. The possibilities of this as regards the future growth of the State can hardly be over-estimated.

The cities of Duluth, Butte, Denver, and Salt Lake City are all centres of large transmission systems. In the last three, not an inconsiderable part of the power supplied from the water-falls is used for mining work, and there seems to be no valid reason why the large amount of energy required for the mining of ore on the great Messaba range should not be furnished by the Great Northern Power Company at Duluth.

Of all the great transmission systems in this or any other country, however, that centring around San Francisco stands pre-eminent in the number of stations feeding into the one system, and in the very large numbers of miles of the high tension transmission. The high cost of fuel in this part of the country brought about the very early development of some of the water powers, and for a long time the history of electric power transmission in the United States was largely made up of that of the companies centring around San Francisco. The developments which started with the Nevada County and the Yuba River plants changed later into the Bay Counties System; then into the California Gas and Electric Corporation, and now, with the absorption of the local Lighting Company in San Francisco, into the great corporation known as the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which is the greatest hydro-electric transmission system in existence. On this system will be found the mile-stones which marked the progress of the development of the art, and it is interesting to note that in many of the stations the inductor alternator, now a practically obsolete type of machine in this country, is still to be found.

In addition to the great system of the Pacific Gas and Electric Company, there are two powerful enterprises, the Great Western Power Company and the Sierra and San Francisco Power Company, which feed into the same power market and which one might naturally expect would at some future time all be consolidated into one big system.

The Pacific Gas and Electric Company, which is the best illustration of a large transmission system, has installed in water power plants a capacity of 93,000 horse-power, and in steam plants about 96,000 horse-power on the entire system. The water storage of these plants for both power and irrigation would be sufficient to supply the city of San Francisco with water for two years. There are over 550 miles of ditches and flumes and nearly 13 miles of pipe-line. Fifty-one electric generators supply the energy delivered to the

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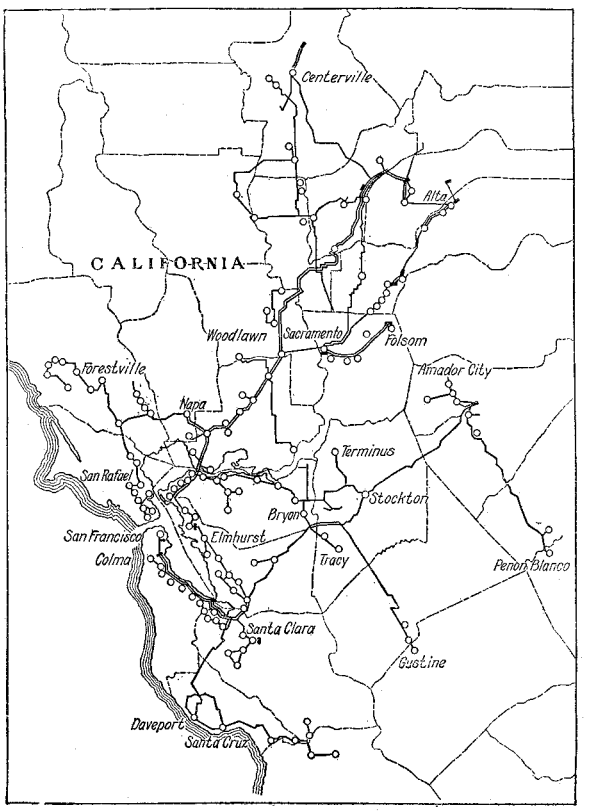
overhead wires, being driven by water-wheels, steam turbines, and engines. One hundred and seventy-eight sub-stations have over 200,000 horse-power in transformers which are connected to over 1,000 miles of high voltage power transmission lines, and over 1,800 miles of distributing lines. Such a representative system, founded primarily on water-power development, plays a part of first importance in the life of this great community, and may be said to be one of the foundations on which the marvellous commercial activities of the State depend.

The greatest single hydro-electric installation up to the present time is now being constructed on the Mississippi River at Keokuk, Iowa. This will have an installed generator capacity in thirty units of approximately 400,000 horse-power, and will transmit power to St. Louis and Burlington at present, and later may reach Chicago and many other places within the radius of its distributing possibilities. The water which backs up in the river at flood periods materially lowers the head so that the number of units to be operated at any one time will be dependent upon the water conditions. Probably, as has been the case at other places, a large market will come to the power development and we shall see large manufacturing industries grow up at the source of this cheap energy.

Prominent, however, among the water-power developments and one of the earliest for electrical use in any large capacity, was, of course, that at Niagara Falls. With an available water power far beyond that of the machinery installed, the problem of development was relatively simple except for the factor of magnitude.

The earliest hydro-electric developments consisted simply of one generating station with one or more receiving stations. Most modern systems, however, such as those around San Francisco and Los Angeles, utilize the energy from a number of successive falls, the different generating stations being tied together and operated in parallel with each other and with existing steam auxiliary stations.



The greatest centre of power transmission in the world.

The flow of most streams varies considerably, and where the capacity of the generators installed is above the minimum flow of the stream it is often necessary to fill out the deficiency of water at low periods with connected steam plants. A new water-power development not infrequently causes the shut-down of a large number of existing steam plants. These, however, need not be discarded, but should be kept and held in reserve. They can be employed to carry the "peak of the daily load curve" (the maximum of work done during the day), allowing the water power to be run at a constant output. Again, in cases of interruptions to service from the hydro-electric plant, the steam plant can be used to prevent the interruption to the supply of power.

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In order to take care of the variation of stream flow, some power companies sell what is known as primary and secondary power, primary power being that which the company engages to supply every day in the year, and secondary power that supplied for certain months in the year or when there happens to be a supply of water in excess of the demands of the primary power users. Steam plants are usually installed, however, thus allowing the larger part of the power to be sold on a primary basis.

There has been some uncertainty regarding the cost of water-power developments, which has in a number of well-known instances rendered the commercial outcome somewhat different from that which was anticipated. The idea until recently quite prevalent, that, because the water which represented the fuel was free, the cost of power was nothing and that a gold mine and a water power were synonymous, has received many a rude shock. The unexpected is always against success, and there is always an abundance of it. Mining work is probably the most speculative of enterprises, because one cannot see what lies beneath the ground, but hydraulic development seems to have held a second place, largely because of the want of proper investigation or the lack of proper information on which to base the estimates. These are, however, fortunately becoming more and more rare, and the most recent of these developments have had associated with them thoroughly trained engineers, and are creating a very good reputation among the class of investors who put their money into such enterprises.

The creation of permanently useful value by bringing into existence something which will labor usefully for all time is a thing well worth while, and especially when accomplished through difficulties it brings with it a satisfaction hard to equal.

In the development of a water power, the first thing to be ascertained is the supply of water, the question of head being usually one easy to determine. In obtaining this information, records must be available over a long term of years, and here is where a mistake is generally made. Investigations by the United States Geological Survey of the stream flow in many parts of the United States has served to give a first idea of the power available at these places. These observations are excellent so far as they go, but they should be supported by the results of a special investigation made to determine the particular point in view, especially where the flow of water is small and where the capacity of the power-house will exceed the minimum flow. Arrangements are made for the storage of water in many cases, and this is always desirable where the cost makes it permissible; but there is usually an apparent necessity for haste, and assumptions are made on incomplete data. As a rule, boring should be made over the the dam site, and the most careful investigations made where tunnels are to be dug or canals of any size excavated.

The rights which must be obtained in order to use the water, form an important field of the investigation, and these are often affected by previous grants in connection with mining and irrigation enterprises, especially in the Western States.

After the necessary data on stream flow, storage, and construction for dams, power-houses, etc., has been obtained, the most important of questions arises. That is, to ascertain whether a certain and profitable market for the power is to be had. A hydro-electric plant is in reality nothing but a factory wherein electric energy is manufactured, and the object of the construction of this enterprise is naturally to make money on the investment. Not a few plants have been practically completed before definite arrangements for selling the product have been finished, and as bond interest has an unfortunate habit of continuous activity over this period, there exist certain possibilities in the way of holding up the company or of a receivership which are always apparent and have not infrequently been utilized. As the business has become much better known, however, the cases in which this happens have become of somewhat rare occurrence.

A careful survey and estimate having been made and the power market canvassed, rights and options obtained, the proposition is now ready for financing. The different lines of development in this country for mining, railway, power, etc., which have necessitated the raising of

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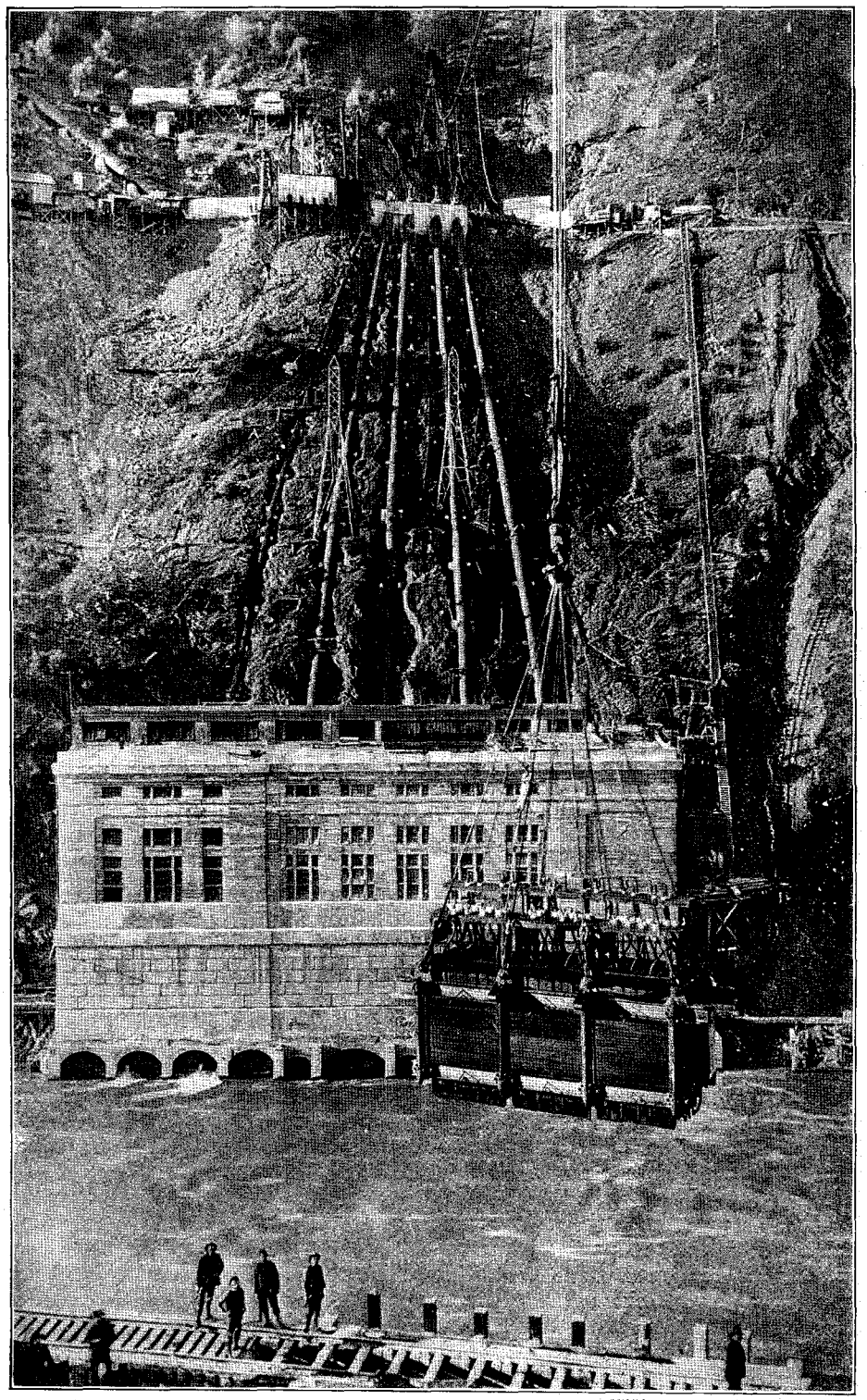

Hydro-Electric Power Station of Great Western Power Co., Feather River, Cal.

Note the core of the 10,000 kw. 110,000 volt, three-phase transformer in the foreground, which is in process of being carried across the river.

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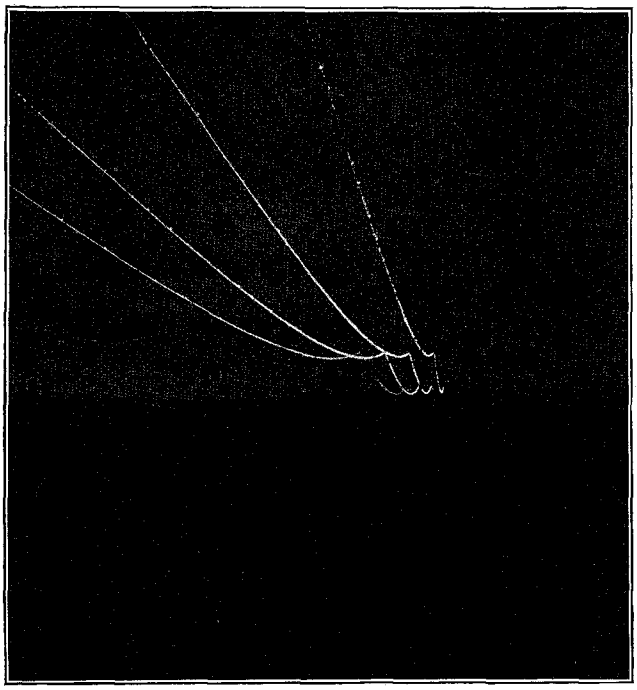
large sums of money, have necessarily developed certain men and organizations that have become specialists in these lines, and for this reason a considerable misunderstanding has of late arisen regarding an apprehended control of water powers.



Corona discharge of high-tension line.

This shows the luminous appearance of the line at a voltage above what is known as the critical point, where the electrical pressure is so great that the electricity is discharged into the air surrounding the wire, thus giving it a luminous glow. The point at which this takes place is the limit to commercial transmission of electric energy, and is dependent upon the electrical pressure, the size of the wire, and the altitude.

Naturally, certain engineers and banking firms have been more familiar with water-power developments than with other lines, and have associated themselves more prominently with such activities than elsewhere. Like everything else to be bought in the world's markets, money costs something to obtain, and the price necessarily increases with the risk. No legislation has been able to change the natural law of competition for the supply and demand of money, although it has and can throw around such investments wise or unfortunate restrictions. The hazard which attended some of the early developments of water powers made it necessary to pay a high price for the money used, but with the increasing stability of those undertakings, the cost is being proportionately reduced.

All electric lighting and power enterprises have a natural appreciation in value so that but few water-power developments which have successfully started their operations have had trouble afterward, the trouble in most cases being a direct result of errors of estimate, or unexpected financial upheavals, or the impossibility of obtaining the expected market for power.

Each power plant is a special case, and direct comparisons with other plants, on which to base estimates of the cost of the work, can seldom be made.

The building of long mountain roads, the tunnelling of mountains, the excavation for dams, the construction of transmission lines in almost inaccessible places, the erection of miles of wooden flumes on steep mountain-sides—all these operations will differ so much from any previous ones that reliable estimates are made with difficulty and sufficient allowance for excess in cost is necessary. Occasionally the financing of a company has been so limited that there has not been available sufficient funds to complete the work. The many developments which have been made within their estimated cost redound greatly to the credit of the people who have carried them through. When, however, the property is financed and the various contracts let for the construction work and for the apparatus to be installed, the sudden burst of activity is a marvel of our present times. Hundreds and sometimes thousands of men and animals, and all kinds of contractor's machinery, are brought into construction camps, often in distant mountain regions to which access is gained with difficulty, and the hydraulic work, power houses, lines, and sub-stations spring into being in a wonderfully short time. Considering the very rapid development of the art, the wonderful successes

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which have resulted are worthy of great admiration.

Of all the different phases of water-power development in this country, none have been more useful or more important than those in connection with the Reclamation Service of the Federal Government. The object of this work has been the development of the arid lands of the country into homes for settlers, by supplying the rich soil with sufficient water to make the cultivation of crops a valuable industry.

The primary object of the Reclamation Department has been the storage of water and its supply through the canals and ditches to the farms. With the large amount of water stored and the head which is almost always available, the possibility for a hydro-electric development usually exists, and in most cases this has been a part of the work of the Reclamation Service in its different projects. In most cases the power is developed at the dam site, and in other cases part of it there and part of it as it flows from the reservoir into the valley where it is to be used for irrigation. The electric power generated in this way is largely used for pumping in order to reach higher levels than are possible by the natural flow of the water, and partly to keep the water from reaching the surface and evaporating. There is always a considerable auxiliary load of lighting and miscellaneous power work in the towns through which the transmission lines pass.

Of the many developments of the Reclamation Service in the different Western States, probably the most interesting, and certainly a representative one, is that of Roosevelt, Arizona. The so-called Salt River Project is something over sixty miles from Phœnix and about forty miles from Prescott, in a place so inaccessible that government roads had to be built to allow the material for the construction work to be hauled in. Here a lake is formed nearly 30 miles in length, by damming up the water of two streams, and an area of 240,000 acres in the valley around Phœnix is to be irrigated by this water. There is a power development of some

An unusual photograph of lightning discharges between sky and earth.
Lightning is the most dangerous enemy of power transmission.

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magnitude at the dam, and a number of power-houses at different places below, as the same water is used over and over in its fall to the plains where it is used for irrigation. The dam itself is a marvel of engineering construction. It is 284 feet high, and 168 feet thick at the base. Its construction at this most inaccessible place was accompanied by many interesting features of road construction, cement manufacture, etc. The ownership of this great work will pass from the Federal Government to a Water Users' Association, which is composed of the owners of the land to be irrigated.

Other developments along these lines have taken place in Colorado, Idaho, Kansas, Montana, Nevada, New Mexico, Oregon, South Dakota, Washington, and Wyoming, and many more are still under consideration.

The possibilities of the use of electricity in connection with agricultural work are many, and this is one of the most promising fields of the future. The direct use of electricity for stimulating plant growth is a subject which is being actively investigated at present, and with as yet unknown possibilities.

The development of the electrical side of power transmission is but entering its second decade. From 10,000 volts electrical pressure, in the old Telluride Plant, 145,000 has now been reached. The advance is due to an increased knowledge of electrical science, and a constant improvement in the materials used for insulation of apparatus and line. The old glass telegraph line insulator evolved into a complicated porcelain structure of many petticoats and various forms, and the insulators suddenly ceased to be the limiting feature in transmission voltage when the suspension or disk type was produced. The old-line construction of wooden poles, cross-arms and pins, has given place to modern pole or tower structures of galvanized steel, which give greater strength, a longer life, and freedom from many causes of interruption. Copper and aluminum, both stranded in the larger sizes, are used for the line conductors as the prevailing price and judgments dictate. Where the electrical pressure and wire diameter are so related that the electricity is at the point of escaping into the air, the wires become luminous, the glow being distinctly visible in darkness. This is one of the limits to increasing pressure which must be respected especially at the higher altitudes. On the lines of the Central Power Company, where they cross the Continental Divide, the critical point is just reached.

The large generators which change the mechanical power of the water wheel into electric energy have increased greatly in size. They are being constructed to-day in steam turbine units of 30,000 horsepower and for water wheel service the same capacity is being considered. Such units are economical in cost and in space. In installations where but one power-house supplied the transmission system, it was considered good practice to use not less than four units so as to provide for a possible shut-down over one unit, in which case the other could be run overloaded while repairs were made. In modern systems with a number of generating stations, the number and size of units is generally determined by other considerations.

The modern three-phase high voltage power transformer of twenty-thousand horse-power bears slight resemblance to its pigmy ancestors. With its giant tank and huge cooling coils, it has become a wonderful piece of apparatus. The switch for high voltages and large capacities has entirely changed its relative position in importance, magnitude, and cost. When a switch is opened under emergency conditions, a flow of energy is interrupted and all of the elements necessary for a powerful explosion are at hand. The successful solution of the switching problem for modern power stations has been the result of much careful study and costly experimenting.

The cost of producing power is not understood by all. In any kind of manufacture we have two classes of charges which make up the cost of the product. The first, known as the fixed charges—interest, depreciation, insurance, and taxes, is independent of the output. The second, the operating expenses, such as fuel, salaries, repairs, etc., is in some measure directly proportional to the quantity of goods manufactured. If the fuel is free, as in a water power, the other items all remain, and the power cost is only fractionally reduced. Again, if, as is often the

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Wood stave pipe in process of construction.

This pipe is much used in the West for large volumes of water where the pressures are comparatively low. It is often used for upper end of pipe line where the lower part is made of steel pipe.

case in a water-power plant, the investment per horse-power of capacity is several times that of the steam plant, it may happen that the fixed charges are increased more than the operating expenses are reduced, and thus the electric power generated by the water actually costs more than a steam plant. When the long and expensive transmission lines and the necessary steam auxiliary stations are included, water power is not necessarily a cheap source of supply. In most cases, however, where a sufficient quantity of water is available at all times, hydro-electric power is the cheapest in the world.

As the supply of fuel becomes exhausted our water powers will naturally enhance in value and we shall become more dependent upon them for power purposes. But a fraction of the available powers have as yet been developed. The present policy of the Federal Government makes it extremely difficult to develop those streams and rivers where some question of public land is concerned. It is probable that in the near future some reasonable method of Federal and State regulation will be evolved, and the continued development of our water powers will be one of our great future industrial possibilities.

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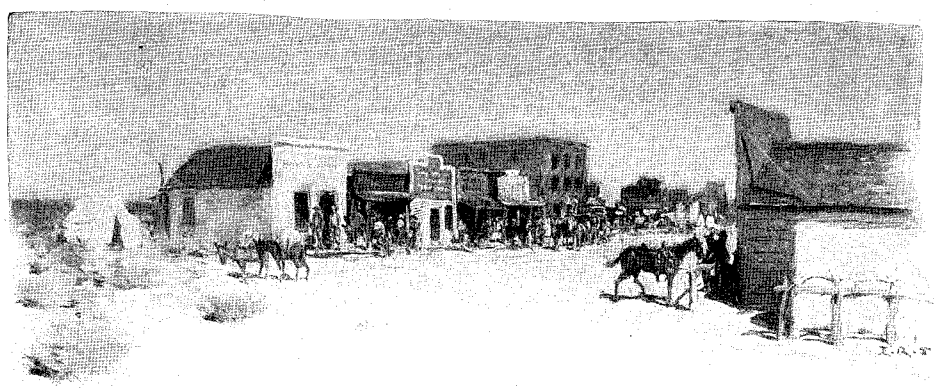
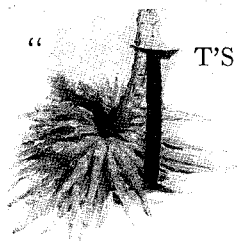


A DITCH IN THE DESERT

By E. Roscoe Shrader

ILLUSTRATIONS BY THE AUTHOR



"IT'S always blowin' in Moharvey," I was informed by a leather-brown citizen of that desert metropolis. Personal experience confirmed him entirely. There is nothing to stop it, for Mojave squats low and alone in a vast plain of sand, which rears only a useless growth of greasewood, cactus, and sage. It boasts a couple of "cement block" buildings, but, for the most part, frame structures and tents anchored to stout poles line its streets. A scarce half-dozen in number, these, after the short space of a couple of "blocks," discouraged-like, blur themselves in the scorched surrounding barrier of nothingness. The municipal board of Mojave needs to go to no expense for street-sweepers, for the ever-present wind keeps its thoroughfares clear and clean to the hard-baked surface. From the active patronage of its thirst-quenching establishments, of hospitable title and multi-colored design, I should judge much of the spare sand lodges in the throats of its inhabitants.

Mojave, for nearly a half century, has been an important port of the great American Desert. It has outfitted numberless Jasons who have fared forth from its shelter to search for golden treasure. It has received the wagon trains of ore rumbling down from mines in the barren northern mountains.

Some five years ago, prospectors of a new order came to Mojave. From a rapidly growing community across the Coast Range to the southward they came in search of water, much more precious to that community than silver or gold. The water question in this portion of our great southwest has always been paramount in importance. The year's supply of moisture must fall between the months of November and April. Many a year has been marked by insufficient rainfall. Los Angeles stands at the head of this section, and is typical of the rapid advance in population throughout. Continual development of water went on as the city grew, but the time has come when local conditions are no longer adequate. A herculean effort must be made for an ample, permanent supply.

So the prospecting engineers made their way across the desert, past Death Valley, the lowest point in the United States, and up among the noble Sierra Nevadas to the base of Mount Whitney, our highest land. On the sides of this great watershed lie perpetual snows, which constantly feed the valleys below with an abundance of pure water. Here was the solution of the difficulty, but to place this water in Los Angeles was plainly a daring, tremendous task. This valley, which the engineers found, is

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two hundred and fifty miles distant, and much of the journey lies across the dry death of the Mojave. Los Angeles owns her water-works, and these her engineers, undismayed at the huge undertaking, only exceeded by two or three other projects of its kind, determined to win the city's co-operation. This came with a shout. Bonds were voted. The city knew these men and trusted them.

For the preliminary survey, party after party was thrown into the field. They were scouts for the main army of laborers and machinery which was to invest and subdue a land repellent of life; to make it bear across its rugged shoulders the vivifying liquid for the southern country. They had, to begin with, the faint scratch of a stage road, running north from Mojave to Keeler. This road is punctuated by seven "water-holes," the breathing places of the desert in the early days for wandering prospectors, and, later, points for stage stations, where horses were exchanged. Now they are recorded on the maps for construction camps and power development. Broad mesas stretch far away to the east, terminating in the purple ranges of the Panamint Mountains, the western boundary of Death Valley. The billowing surface is covered with clumps of greasewood, scarce as high as a burro's back, thorny cactus, and the pale, fragile sage. The growth close at hand spreads out in orderly spaced patches of dull green. On a distant roll of the plain, rising to the level of the eye, it solidifies into soft, dark tone. Of living things you may see a coyote or jack-rabbit—if your eyes are sharp. I once went to an ancient inhabitant for information about a yellow bunch-grass, which is seen only in rare instances. "That yelluh grass," said he, "used tuh grow over this hull business, but yuh see, th' sheep goin' up into th' Sierras tuk it out clean."

"Who would ever start across here with sheep?" I remonstrated.

"Well, them old-timers did it, just the samey, son," was his reply. "They knew the water-holes, all right, and most of 'em would git across."

This stretch of burning sand and ragged growth is the desert which is most familiar to the uninitiated, but only those who have travelled within its borders can know how much more of death and desolation is expressed by its mountains. They have a character all their own. Theirs is not the grandeur of the Rockies, whose pinnacles rise mightily into the blue from out a mane of forest growth. Theirs is not the possession of luxurious beauty laden with the scent of pine and spruce and redwood, such as is given the lofty Sierras. They are tumbled together in tawny, maze-like confusion, ugly, sullen, repellent. The desert herbage straggles over their rounding sides and upward for a space, and then, faint-heartedly, dies out. Their summits, rounded and stunted by erosion, are crumbling slowly, inevitably, to the level of the plain. Here and there, in bold, rugged outcrop, the rocky framework of their interior is bared against a brazen sky. Down in the canyons the blighting heat of the sun is conserved and multiplied to almost furnace-like intensity.

The work of preliminary survey was carried on against all these odds. In many places the engineers' footsteps were the first to echo among the baked walls. At times, even fuel was not to be obtained—many a dry camp was made. With infinite patience a path was found, and the invisible lines drawn tight that would link Mojave's waste to civilization.

In Owens Valley, discovered by the water hunters, the city had quietly secured options on one hundred and twenty square miles of land, with full water rights attached. The price paid when the project was finally launched was one million dollars. Here the waters will be rounded up. There will be a storage reservoir in Long Valley, north of Owens, from which the water will be allowed to flow down Owens River for a distance. As Owens River flows finally into an alkaline sink, the aqueduct planners are prevented from using its entire course. Thirty-five miles from the river mouth the aqueduct water is diverted into an open canal, fifty feet wide and ten feet deep, and for twenty miles is thus conducted, high above the bed of the river. Then it enters the confines of a concrete-lined ditch, eighteen feet wide and fifteen feet deep, to be carried along a range of the Sierra foot-hills for some forty miles, gathering to itself, as it goes, additional mountain streams. This first stage of the journey will be completed when it spreads out into the great Haiwee reservoir, whose surface is to cover fifteen square miles, and whose

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Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader.

It will make its way through the desert, . . . lying a gray streak across the mesas.—Page 541.

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contents alone will be able to satisfy Los Angeles' demands for three years' time. Loosed from Haiwee it will make its way a distance of one hundred and twenty-five miles, through the desert, circling the inhospitable slopes, boring its flinty anatomy, and lying a gray streak across the mesas. Then at the Fairmount reservoirs, under the north slope of the Coast Range, it will be given a rest.

Once more released, it will plunge into the mountain side, and for five miles course through Elizabeth tunnel, emerging on the southern slope of the mountains. At this point it will be dropped eight hundred feet upon the turbines of two great hydro-electric plants; on once more by conduit for seven miles, and then another drop of seven hundred feet to generate more power; again a journey of sixteen miles to the wheels of a third great power plant, and, with this last task done, it will come to rest in the San Fernando reservoirs. Thence it will be carried the remaining twenty miles to Los Angeles by conduit. From Haiwee reservoir southward the aqueduct dimensions will vary according to grade and pressure, but ten feet high and twelve feet wide will be the general average. Two hundred and sixty million gallons daily can be rushed through this tube, and the city, whose lifeblood it is, may go on growing for years without taxing its capacity. Los Angeles' present water consumption is about thirty-five million gallons daily, which leaves ample surplusage to be thrown into the fertile surrounding valleys for irrigation.

While satisfying the need for water is the first consideration in the enterprise, the power developed in the plants above San Fernando will follow a close second in beneficial import. The revenue from the thousands of horse-power turning the city's machinery and car systems, together with that received for the water in irrigation, will speedily repay the cost of the project. As the water is brought the entire distance by gravity up-keep is reduced to the lowest figure.

Opportunity was given private contractors to bid on the work, but all estimates carried the total cost so far above the municipal engineers' figures, that the city determined to throw the whole proposition over to its men. They have set the cost of the aqueduct at about twenty-three million dollars.

The next problems, those of placing the army of men and tons of bulky machinery on the line of work, the development of power and water, and establishment of transportation facilities in this land which refused any aid whatsoever of itself, loomed large over that of the preliminary work, arduous as it was. At points in the Coast Range, near the terminal, and as far north on the desert as Mojave, the work could be begun with little difficulty. The real tussle of the job was to bring the ditch through the Mojave, and there it stood, its thirsty miles of mountains and plain defying the wits of a whole corps of engineers, in just the same way it had defied the lone prospector, adrift with his burro.

Thus it was the dusty little town in the midst of the desert awoke one day to find itself important. It was as if an army of conquest had made it its head-quarters. Tons of freight and machinery were deposited at its dingy station. Each day's trains brought detachments of men, engineers in khaki and corduroy and high boots; laborers, if they had the fare. If no fare was possessed, whole squads "hoofed it in" along the railroad. Out over the old stage road went straining ten-mule teams, and along a line of stakes, straggling through the desert reaches, arose the first camps of construction, the shining white of their canvas making a new note of color in the pervading grayness.

This work of establishment was painfully slow, in itself not an inconsiderable enterprise. Wagon roads must be built through the trackless country; camps to live in this land of little moisture must have water found and brought to them; power must be developed before the drills and dredges could be operated. A year and a half went by, and the chief's report showed but a few hundred feet of the aqueduct actually completed. The work of preparation, however, had been well done, and from that time on the great ditch has been pushing through the earth at a record-breaking pace. Whole divisions are being completed below estimates. The city's trust is being justified. The engineers, with their young, vigorous assistants in the field, are making good.

It was soon discovered that the long, laborious wagon haul northward from Mojave must be eliminated. A western road was asked to build a railroad to Keeler,

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paralleling the aqueduct line. This was refused, but the city's men, undismayed, took upon themselves, besides the task of the aqueduct, that of building a railroad as well. The route had been set out and work commenced when the railroad company suddenly changed its mind, and for the freight contract with the aqueduct agreed to take the road off its hands. As soon as it could be operated, work on the ditch progressed much more rapidly. There is still much tough teaming to be done, for the line of work lies well up in the mountains, several miles distant from the railroad. Although these mountains from a distance appear to be old piles of rotting, disintegrating sand, they present to the workman a core of hardest rock. Instances have been met where every inch of a road had to be "shot out" with dynamite. It is slow going and expensive road-building, this.

With the exception of a point near Tehachipi, it was necessary to go nearly as far north as the intake for water for power and camp use. Four water systems were established, and mains soon made their way along the course of the ditch. With the major issue before them, these men are not for long concerned with the laying of a paltry sixty miles of three- or four-inch pipe. It looks in places as if they had walked straight across country, dragging it after them as though it were a hose. It will span lightly an arroyo to climb straight up the sheer wall of the cliff beyond, and then descend as precipitously the other side. In such a place it must be anchored every little distance to keep it from breaking apart of its own weight. Three hydro-electric power plants have been established in places of sufficient water supply to operate the dredges at work on open canal at the intake, some of the power shovels, the machine-shops, and air-drills. Power will also come from them for lights, and to maintain the complete telephone system which binds all the camps together, and all to the chief at city head-quarters.

Four or five years will be consumed in the building of the aqueduct. Each division over the course has its camp capital, from which post the division engineer controls the activities of its several subsidiary construction camps. The system of the project making every bunk-house, mess-hall, or corrugated iron warehouse alike, does not keep each camp from investing itself with an individuality of its own. Among these Cinco, in the "Jawbone," lies panting on the lifting slope of the valley, exposed to the full strength of the sun; Boulder, camped high, overlooks the plain, its structures dwarfed among great, monumental rocks which give Boulder Mountain its name; lovely Grapevine, amid a scrap of verdure in the great cup of a canyon, one of the precious water-holes, shelters its lucky inhabitants in envied desert luxuriance.

What is it that brings this young engineer chap out here in these lone places? Truly, he is young, in nearly every case. Sometimes you would say he had not turned thirty, and his assistants, with desert-fostered beards and a forced bravado of experience, seem barely loosed from their schools. Though not so many miles separate him from the busy world, he is as effectively removed as his fellow in Panama; he suffers as inhospitable a climate. He represents a new impulse in the world. It is not that of the soldier, nor that of the discoverer, and yet, it may be, a touch of both. It is with the discoverer's instinct that he finds his course, and the general's planning that he breaks through opposing barriers. But above these, in this young man, throughout the arid West and all the land, is the impulse to make useful useless places, to loose the powers lying long latent in our great natural resources. The power of modern science has given him the air of a master over the varied forces of the earth. The other fellow stands in awe when he speaks, in quiet tones, of eliminating a mountain, or spanning a high, cliff-bound gulf.

The open life makes him most democratic. He cannot move with too much nicety among his men. He must have them with him. You most always find him at the general mess.

He has a complex army of men under his control. Clerks and draughtsmen, mechanics and miners, and the rank and file, the hobos. "Stakers," as these well-known gentlemen are termed on the ditch, make up the general mass of laborers. They come in from somewhere and work awhile at a camp. Then, leaving with their roll of blankets and a bottle of water, foot it to the camp below, there to repeat the performance, and so on, out into the comforts of

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Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader.

The signal to hoist is given, and the car swings out over the canyon. The car keeps rising, the camp below is but a toy.—Page 546.

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civilization. It is said the aqueduct is being built by hobo labor.

Energetic and resourceful this man must be, ever on the alert to keep the careful watch needed along many hot miles of ditch excavation. Set out by yourself for the next camp up the line, and you will not have travelled half the day before you feel it all. The road is making around the mountains, whose rounding ridges have broadened gradually until, under you, they are almost merged in great, wave-like rolls with the sloping plain. Your eyes can see a hundred miles, but you cannot hold them on the distance long, for the blinding surrounding glare of the sun forces you to close them for relief. What a stillness! There's not a living thing to be seen except your mules, grunting into their collars ahead. Maybe a whirlwind rises, thirty miles away, and races, spectral, swaying, across the valley floor. You come to an arroyo and rattle, with slapping traces, down its side and over its bone-white stones. On the far bank a crook in the road changes the light, and far ahead against the mountains appear two gigantic bowlders. Blended before in the grayness, they now stand boldly out, and you know them to be the looked-for beacons of a friendly course. Five miles beyond, with a turning to the left, lies your camp. A few stray clouds pass before the sun, and their shadows, miles wide, make insignificant patches on the expanse. The desert in the light is accentuated to a gleaming gold. The shadows touch a far range, which turns to purple; the one beyond stands out a glaring red.

Now the mountains close at hand begin to round inward. You reach the turn, and the road becomes a grade dug along a canyon-side. Below you an arroyo issues from the canyon's mouth, its stones, bone-dry, shining white against the dusty growth of either bank, and spread out fanlike into the desert. Around the shoulder of the mountain the canyon's interlacing slopes are before you, and beyond them, rising a mighty rampart over all, is the jagged, rocky summit of the range. High on the mountain side you see an even scratch of familiar gray—the ditch. Zigzagging to and from it are the smaller scratches of workmen's trails, and you note with much satisfaction their general direction to be the same as that of your road. Where all these marks come together is—camp. There is now no need to urge the team. With ears pricked forward they turn the last obscuring ridge, and there, between wide-spreading mountain sides, it lies.

Most wonderful sight! There are trees again, green trees with white tents, and houses around about on terraces notched in the canyon walls. Surely you haven't been touched by the sun, but that is the sweet sound of running water you hear! A boy, with apron rolled up about his waist, steps from the mess kitchen, and shielding his eyes with his hand, gazes inquiringly. In a cloud of dust, past the corral you go, and draw up under a big cotton-wood by the office. The "boss," with boyish, unshaven face, is there to greet you. Shortly, down the trails, which seem to hang almost over the camp, come the men in answer to the supper call. Two lengths of rough, carpentered tables, in the long, narrow hall of the mess, are attacked by a hungry horde. The polite, conversational meal of civilization is banished here. This is the place to eat—the talk can come outside. A big pan of meat starts at the head of the table, and stays not in its going until it reaches the foot, its contents vanished. Cooks' boys struggle back and forth with mountains of bread and huge pots of coffee. Their fate it is to catch all the boisterous joking. But from their vantage point between the rows of bending backs revenge is swift and easy. Here an eater dodges from a rap on the head with a ladle, there a roar resounds among the rafters, when another is punched over into his plate. The pie is downed and, with little lingering, the men get out, each one with a fresh puncture in his meal ticket by the steward on guard at the door.

The camp is strongly built for one whose existence will no doubt terminate with the completion of the aqueduct. The office building, with its quarters for the engineer and assistants, and its comfortable, shielding porches, stands under a huge cotton-wood tree beside the creek. The camp store, of mongrel architecture, half canvas, half wood, is just across the stream. All the necessaries of desert life are there, from clothing to tobacco. In a row stand the bunk-houses, rough, strong, but comfortable, a room for each two men. Built to protect the men from an unmerciful sum-

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mer sun, they are prepared to withstand, paradoxical though it may appear, the desert's winter cold. In that season the mercury drops at times to within ten degrees of zero. The system of the camp is complete in its hospital. Although alike in its temporizing structure, it is prepared, in its cleanly and systematic interior, to cope with the accidents to which a hardy work exposes the men. A surgeon is in charge, with a hospital steward for assistant. He is ready, as the engineer, to travel at a call to any of his division camps. These have temporary hospital tents under the care of a hospital steward. Warehouses and machine shops—the hospitals for the mechanical beasts of the aqueduct—the steam shovel, the caterpillar traction engine, and the drill—are of corrugated iron. Stout barns and corrals are constructed for the live-stock.

Breaking a way for the circling streak of conduit above the camp is one of the big shovels. In use throughout the work, these are driven both by steam and electricity. A steam shovel is no uncommon sight to-day, but the effect produced by one of the big mechanical monsters, high-perched against the glare of the desert's dead mountain-side, comes differently. It seems almost as though you had been transported to some ancient period, and that that black thing up there, with hoarse snorts and dipping, swaying beak, was one of the prehistoric animals, making a gritty meal.

The steel-tusked shovel leans into the ditch, and with a few stertorous puffs from the engine, noses about for a mouthful. Into the rock it plunges, with rattle of chains and the screeching grit of steel on rock. A rapid series of puffs, and it rears swiftly into the air, dust clouds streaming in its wake. Swaying out over the rim of the ditch, with a grin of its gaping jaws, it drops the load. A few stones, finding no lodgement on the side, go on down to the valley in great skips and bounds, but before their clatter has ceased the shovel is again in the ditch. This time it rises with a huge rock in its clutches, and swings over to a bunch of attendants on the bank, who jump forward with crowbars and perform a monstrous dental operation. The rock it is bringing up from the ditch is placed on the outer side, thus strengthening that side, and laying the foundation for a road for patrol when the work is completed.

Perched out on the great beam, at his levers and "trip rope," like an East Indian mahout astride the neck of his elephant, sits the master of the metal brute. At will he can make it dig or lift, push, pull, or bump.

"How on earth did you ever get it up there?" I asked.

"To get one of those shovels over here when we first started work *was* somewhat of a trick," replied my friend. "Then we had to take it apart at the railroad, get the sections over by mule team, and assemble them again on the mountain. Now, since we've got the "caterpillars," we can hitch two or three of 'em onto a shovel and snake it up to the base, where there is an easy slope. Then we get it up to the ditch on its own steam. Simple enough, you see."

With an emphatic "Of course!" I tried to look scientifically intelligent, and as though I could "see."

Ahead of the shovel is a gang of drillers, using "hand steel." These men prepare for blasts, by which the surface is shot just enough to break the rock, and so ease the progress of the shovel. Following in its wake come men who complete by hand the shaping of the ditch. Then a force of carpenters build the moulds, and the reenforcing steel is placed. The concrete pourers follow, carrying the liquid stone from mixer to moulds, and beyond them the finished conduit appears gray-white, with curious, rib-fashioned cover. In a long, swinging curve it follows a recession of the mountain-side, to appear boldly against the distance on the adjacent promontory. Lost from sight and again to be seen in ever-diminishing proportions, it makes its tortuous way until it reaches the gulf of a great desert canyon. Here is a place where the engineer sat himself down and with knitted brows turned his imagination loose. To span the gap would require an enormous structure, five hundred feet high, a mile or more wide. Multiplied by the numerous times this condition confronts him would mean the aqueduct's cost sailing into the impossible. To carry the aqueduct to the head of the canyon and back again down the other side was for the same reason not to be considered. There was nothing to do but to go straight over the side to the canyon's bottom and climb

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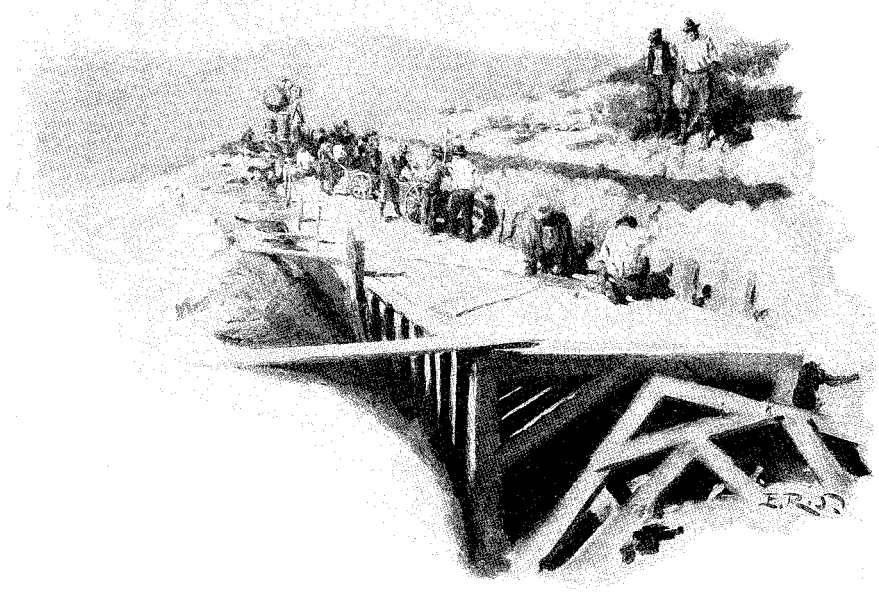

The concrete pourers follow, carrying the liquid stone from mixers to moulds.—Page 544.

again "to grade" on the opposing wall—so he traced on his plans a letter V and throughout the aqueduct's course these gigantic initials are being set up. A number are built of steel to withstand the terrible force of water falling from great heights, and are called, in technical terms, "inverted siphons." Some of them will approach two miles in length, and about fifteen miles in all of this novel construction will be required. This makes up a little load of steel of over eighteen thousand tons to be carried across the desert.

The difficulties in every phase of the work show with what effectiveness old Mojave opposes invasion. I don't believe there is a place in the world where the problems of transportation are more varied and difficult.

Transportation by mule team, shortly after the work began, was seen to be expensive and ineffectual. A larger, more powerful means must be secured. At nearly every turn the aqueduct presented problems for original treatment. In this work, precedent doesn't seem to count for much. It is up to the engineer to get around his difficulty in any way he can. So the "caterpillar" traction engine was pressed into the service of the ditch, to navigate the sea of sage and sand. It has proved a most efficient and economical means of transportation. Great weight of machinery that it is, its pace surely links it with its diminutive namesake. But give it time, and it gets there with enormous burdens. The type used on the aqueduct is driven by gasolene motor. You look for a pair of big driving wheels, but do not find them. In their place a chain of broad links of steel, corrugated to grip the sand, revolves about small wheels, which are at once sprocket and drive wheels. This is its own road which it carries and lays as it goes. A single broad wheel in front serves to steer its course. Perched in the rear, up under a flapping canvas canopy, sits the helmsman of this new "ship of the desert." The clutching, evasive fingers of the sand have been stayed, not by lightening the load, but by pressing a still heavier one upon them. A "caterpillar," slowly topping a rolling wave of the desert floor, with broad-tired

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freighters grinding heavily in tow, joins itself in your mind, at first thought, to all traditional forms of desert travel. But when you see its burden, equal to that of a dozen caravans; that a great piece of machinery, which makes the load of one entire wagon, could not be gotten by a dozen mule teams up the canyon grade where it must go; and when the horrible racket of its unmuffled motor beats in your ears, you finally confess: "This belongs to to-day. It is different. It is new."

Not so much innovations, but none the less spectacular and daring, are the methods adopted to get men and material to the different points inaccessible by road or trail. There are thrills to be had from the dipping over a declivity on a little car tethered to a strand of cable, at the mercy of an engineer, hand on lever, beside his "drum" at the top; and the sensations of aerial travel in an enlarged package carrier strung across the gap of a canyon. To find a way to cut off an hour of deviating trail; to reduce the expense of delivery of material—these are some of the joys of the engineer. He is as proud of their successful accomplishment as he is of his major job, the ditch. Layman or visiting engineer is treated alike. Without delay he starts off with the "green one" to inspect the new "hoist." There, securely anchored in a huge mass of rock on the canyon side, is a series of big bolts and steel cables. These, by gigantic knots and bolted clamps, hold a single cable, a mere spider's thread between the mighty walls, swinging upward five hundred feet to the other side. Going on at a great rate about the relative merits of "inch" and "inch and a half" cable, "tensile strength," "traction," and so on, he gets him over to the station of this air railway. On a post at the side he presses a button. The cable begins to sing, and looking along its length a speck is seen swinging downward. Descending, enlarging, it soon scrapes on the platform—the car of the system. This is a stout wooden affair, with two sides about a foot high. The ends are open. A chain from each corner attaches it to the running gear, which is a two-wheeled truck.

"Come on, let's go up," invites the host. All but the "green one" climb aboard, and he, not able at the sudden summons to produce a reasonable excuse, with one last hesitating glance at good old Mother Earth, joins them. The signal to hoist is given, and the car swings out over the canyon. The camp buildings below take on the proportions of chicken coops. The "green one" sits holding to one of the chains, and swings his legs over the side in an effort at outward calm. He wonders if he hadn't better keep all of himself up on the car, and if his feet are really still there at the end of his legs. He doesn't care to be caught looking for them over the edge. The car keeps rising, the camp below is but a toy. Every once in a while there comes a little jerk from the traction cable, and a corresponding chill courses up and down his spine. Why is it, wonders he, that those wretched chaps standing calmly by him have to discuss a runaway load of machinery, which smashed to flinders at the bottom the week before; or the ways and means of saving oneself if the traction cable should break. He glances along the arc of steel falling away below him. How small it looks! More often he measures the remaining stretch above him. At last, after a terrible moment of giddy swinging beside the upper landing, he climbs out on a terrace cut in the mountain's side. Here are supported the machine shops, power installation, and housing for the mules, attendant on a tunnel opening into the canyon wall.

Doubly isolated, in the heart of the mountain, a good dozen city squares distant, is a little knot of human energy, slowly fretting its way with vibrating steel through the flinty core. The tunnel needs no timbering. It is piercing some of the hardest rock known. At the portal nothing can be heard of the activity at the "breast." The way is rough, over a narrow-gauge track and lengths of snaky air tubes. The tunnel's air is cooler and begins to take on a clinging dampness. A faint purr falls on the ear from the blackness ahead. It rises louder, a clatter, a racket, and then, as the obscurity resolves itself into mysterious moving forms, becomes a dreadful din, the clamor of a whole battery of Gatlings in swift discharge. This is the drill shift. Two machines are raised on a platform, attacking the upper part of the rock, a man, grime-streaked, at each. Braced mute against the vibrating drills, their eyes strain forward as though they can see the mysterious line which the transit men have pointed for them through the mountain. They work

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amid the eternal furor of battle. Nothing can be heard until the drills are changed. All orders must be given by signs. One body. There is a unity in this effort against the rock which shows well-developed team work among the men. Like foot-ball play-

They are built of steel to withstand the terrible force of water falling from great heights, and are called "inverted siphons."—Page 545.

of the men on the platform reaches a hand with his pipe and tobacco to his helper among the coiling air pipes below. The helper fills the pipe, lights it in his own mouth, and hands it up to his mate, who turns puffing to his machine as though this were always the way pipes were lit for a

ers, they press forward together against the opposition.

The work has, in truth, been made a great game for the men by the aqueduct builders. The excavation, whether tunnel or conduit, in rock or clay, is classified, and a ten-day average progress set for each. A

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gang, when it exceeds the average, receives a bonus. The men in rock, where five feet gained to a shift is reckoned an honorable accomplishment, strain as hard for the extra inch as the sprinter who endeavors to clip a fraction of a second from his record.

Down at Red Rock summit there is an Irishman, rather under-sized, and red-headed. His conversational powers are not brilliant along some lines, but very forceful in others. His boots and corduroys are never clean of a yellow clay. With his yellow-daubed gang he has gone through that clayey sandstone eleven hundred feet in thirty days—a world's record in tunnel excavation. Over in the Jaw-bone, whose character is admirably indicated by its name, a lean, wiry young man, brown as a Navajo, is putting that toughest of divisions through below the estimates alike of private builders and canal chiefs.

The drillers, through with their attack on the rock, the holes are charged with powder and "shot." "Now, isn't that pretty?" said an old tunnel foreman, as he proudly directed my attention to the orderly pile of blasted rock following the "shooting" at the tunnel breast. "The boys can lay it out about any way they please. Get in here in Eleven, where they are ready to shoot, and we can get an idea of how the holes are arranged. Here you've got a centre cut hole," said he, as we wound up at the end of Eleven. "Around it there are thirteen other holes; the two lower ones we call 'lifters.' Now, when the boys shoot, this arrangement will throw the rock out a good piece, and break it up pretty well. By varying the hole placement, and changing the timing of the fuses, you can break the rock up more or less, or throw it one way or the other. Just a minute now, and we'll light up our little Christmas tree."

After having examined everything about the "breast" to see that nothing was left to prevent a successful "shot," all the workers, with the exception of two, started back through the tunnel. At a word from the foreman, they began "spitting" the coiling lengths of fuse, which marked, in crude geometrical design, the work of the drillers. We tarried an instant, just long enough to see this "Christmas tree" sputtering away in the face of the rock.

"I guess you won't care to stay for the rest of the celebration," my friend said. "But you don't need to hurry, for we've got five minutes to get out of range." Well down the tunnel and safe around a curve, we presently heard the muffled "bump-bump-bump" of the distant exploding charges. Careful count was kept of the shots to see that none had missed. The "Christmas tree" had, with the force of giants, obeyed the will of its masters. Amidst the gray, boiling clouds of smoke and gases we found the rock, well broken up, and thrown out in a well-ordered mass. The first rude cut of the tunnel made by the blasts at the "breast" is afterward shaped up in quite a neat manner by smaller shots along the side called "trimmers." After I had seen what this man could do with rough holes in the rock and powder, I would have believed him if he had said he could "shoot" so that the rock would pile itself in cars, and start for the dump!

The rock torn from the solidity of the mountain becomes, in the technical terms of excavation, "muck," and then it is the mucking gang, with mules and rumbling cars of steel, comes in for its shift. Alongside the drillers', their's is the prosaic task.

The members of the "mucking gang," tin lunch buckets in hand, are waiting at the platform to "go on" when the car with the "green one" returns from its perilous soaring. A big, cool, gray shadow comes creeping over the canyon from the western wall, and begins to climb the other side, absorbing as it goes that rim of flaming cadmium. Up the camp street arises the clamor of a massive triangle, beaten by a significant individual in bare brown arms, and an apron sometime white. The "green one," with alacrity and no effort to disguise his feelings, joins the throng at the door, and disappears within the savory-odored mess hall.

In the reviving coolness of evening the office porch becomes the club-room, the social parlor of the camp. Groups at one end, with guitar or mandolin, are doing "close harmony," with old college songs. Down the porch-rail is a border of broad, tan-shirted backs and grimy mountain boots, twined about the braces. On the steps sit dusky figures, elbows across knees, or sprawling back. A light shows in the mess kitchen across the way, where the cooks' boys are clattering through their late task. Over all is drawn a broad band

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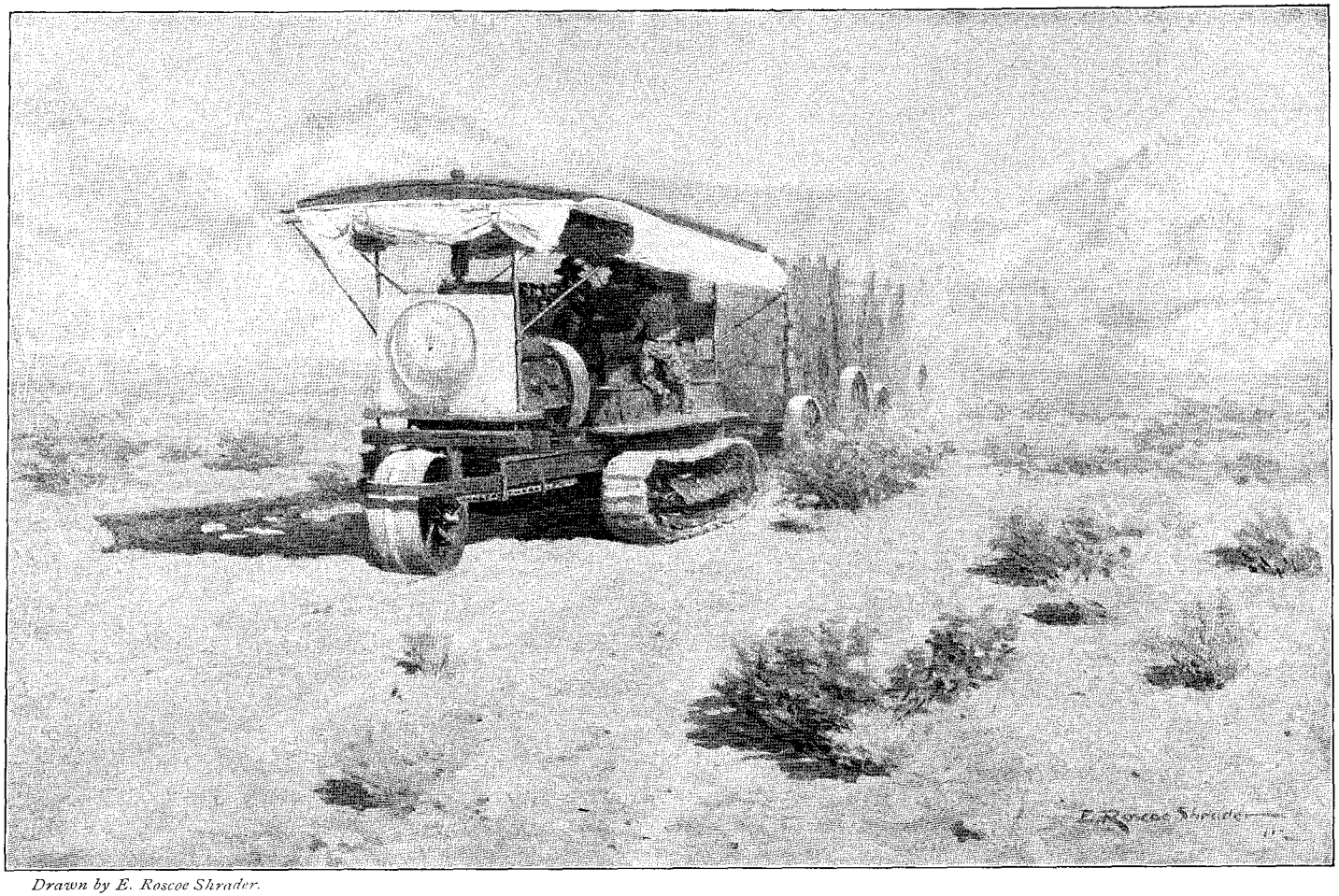

Drawn by E. Roscoe Shrader.

Perched in the rear, up under a flapping canvas canopy, sits the helmsman of this new "ship of the desert."—Page 545.

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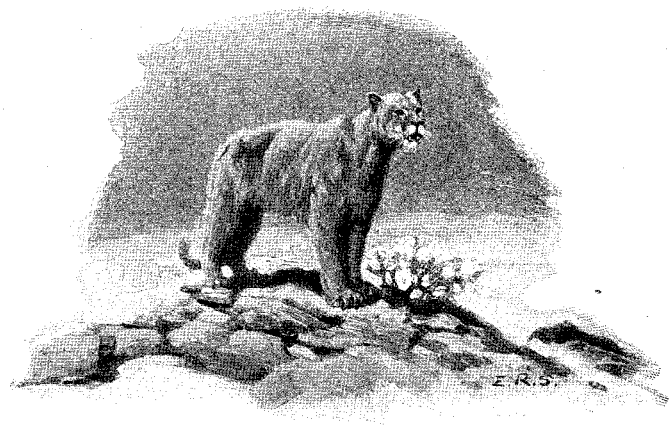
of star-dotted sky between canyon walls, hushed and looming. The talk going round cannot wander far from the ditch. It's told how "W" is held up for cement because his "caterpillars" are both knocked out; how "bum the grub is" down at Dove Springs; that "R" is going to bring his wife up with him to Sun Canyon; that "they're going away over seventy feet a day up on the Olancha"; and then, what they'll all do when the "durned old thing is finished." The "green one's" chance comes in, too, and he gives the intimate, personal news of the other part of the world to an appreciative audience. Gradually the groups break up, the porch becomes deserted, and all is quiet in the desert night.

Down in the camp's draughting rooms are maps and blue prints, covered with curves and angles and figures. Up in the mountains and across the mesas the great bore is repeating them in proportions unerring and heroic. Section is joining section, tunnel is meeting tunnel; here a "siphon" links together the opposing arteries, and there a great reservoir stands ready with open gates. Soon a great day will come for the city, a day when the "staker" will swing blankets to back, and fill the water-bottle for the last time; when miners and engineers will lay aside their tools and troop back to civilization. The turbines of the huge power-houses will begin to turn, and a flood from the far Sierras will pour forth to quench the thirst of the Southland.

And the lank mountain lion, atop some one of Mojave's grizzled crags, remonstrant at encroaching habitation, raises his voice in melancholy yowl.



The lank mountain lion, atop some one of Mojave's grizzled crags, raises his voice in melancholy yowl.

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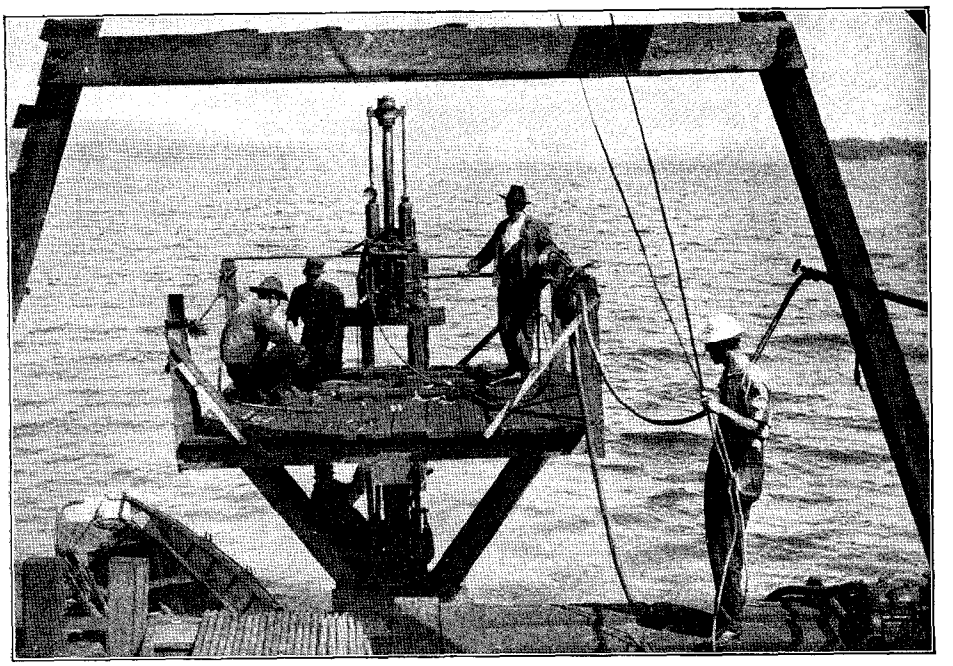

Boring in the middle of the Hudson River with a diamond drill to determine character of underlying strata.

The drill platform is supported by the steel tube or casing which followed the drill down 700 feet to prevent the hole caving in.—Page 556.

THE DEEPEST SIPHON TUNNEL IN THE WORLD

By Robert K. Tomlin, Jr.

WHEN we were little tads, sailing toy boats in the big wash-tub out in the backyard, we learned how a siphon may be used to make water pump itself. After we had grown tired of playing with our miniature Dreadnaughts grandpa showed us the trick of emptying the tub with a siphon made of an old piece of garden-hose; he simply filled the hose with water, stuck one end in the tub, let the other hang over the side, and the water lifted itself over the edge and flowed away. Another sort of a siphon—one big enough to run a subway train through—is being built to drain a tub, in the form of a reservoir, large enough to float all the battle-ships of the United States navy, and forms the master-link in the hundred-mile chain of dams, aqueducts, tunnels, and pipe-lines which Father Knickerbocker is building to carry water from the Catskill Mountains to his family of five million in New York City. It is not, scientifically speaking, a siphon, but the engineers call it an "inverted siphon." It is really a mighty tunnel in rock, driven a quarter of a mile below the surface of the Hudson River, and is capable of belching forth in a single day enough water to fill two and one-third million miles of one-inch garden-hose.

The Hudson River siphon is shaped like a letter U which some Titan might have traced, for its legs or shafts are almost as long as the two tallest sky-scrapers in the world, placed one on top of the other, and the cross-bar or tunnel covers a distance of more than ten city blocks. It is the deepest

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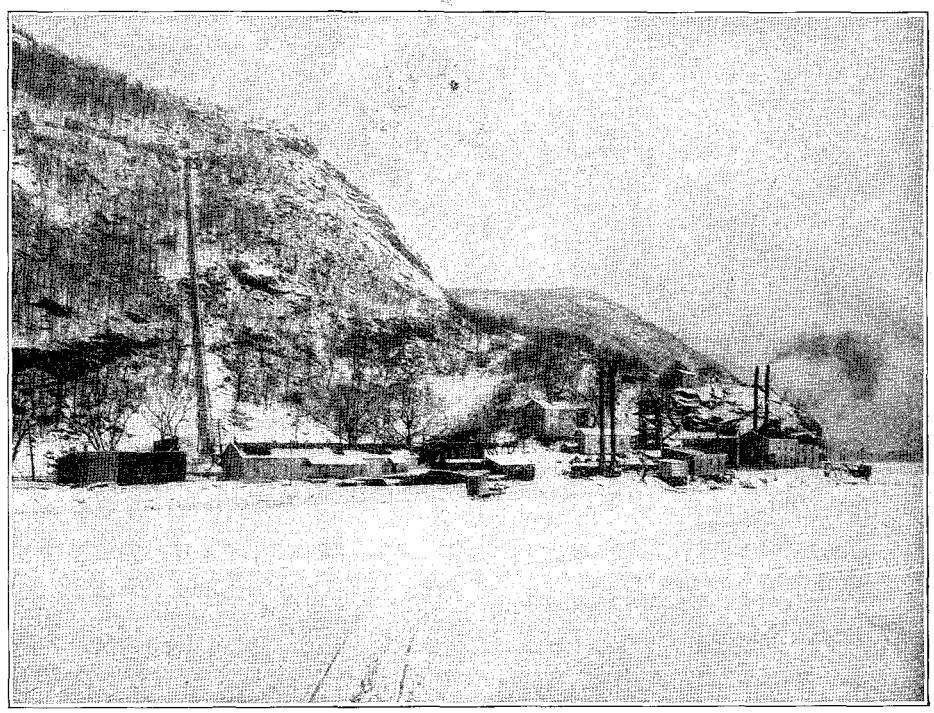
water-works pressure tunnel in existence today. The Catskill water supply will be fed into the big black maw of this monster tube under a pressure of 44,000 pounds per square foot, and as the depth of the tunnel below the surface is approximately 1,100 feet, the static pressure at the bottom will be 94,260 pounds per square foot—probably as much as existed in the very early types of cannon which fired chunks of rock instead of steel projectiles. The siphon has to be built to withstand great bursting stress, and is in reality a colossal concrete gun loaded with water instead of powder.



The power-plant at the Breakneck Mountain end of the siphon, showing tramway leading to shaft which taps the aqueduct heading.

When the siphon is filled with water no diver could hope to descend more than a fifth of the distance into one of its shafts and come out alive, for the greatest depth at which any submarine worker has accomplished useful salvage is somewhat less than 200 feet. Angel Erostarbe, a Spaniard, is reported to have recovered $45,000 in silver bars from the wreck of the *Skyro*, off Cape Finisterre, in 182 feet of water; the pressure which he withstood was 11,360 pounds per square foot. In some of the deepest pneumatic caisson work ever undertaken to provide foundations for a building the "sand hogs" were put under a pressure of 7,240 pounds per square foot, although experimenters in England have entered a steel chamber and withstood the enormous pressure of 13,200 pounds per square foot. The pressure in the Hudson River siphon when it is filled with water, however, will exceed many times over anything that man has been able to live through.

Comptroller Prendergast will have to unlock his strong-box and count out something like $162,000,000 to pay for the new Catskill water-supply system, and in order to get the best results for this vast outlay there has been assembled the best engineering brains in the country to solve the various problems of design and construction incident to the building of the dams, aqueducts, tunnels, and steel pipe-lines. The engineering staff numbers about 1,000 men, while the contractors' forces aggregate about 16,200.

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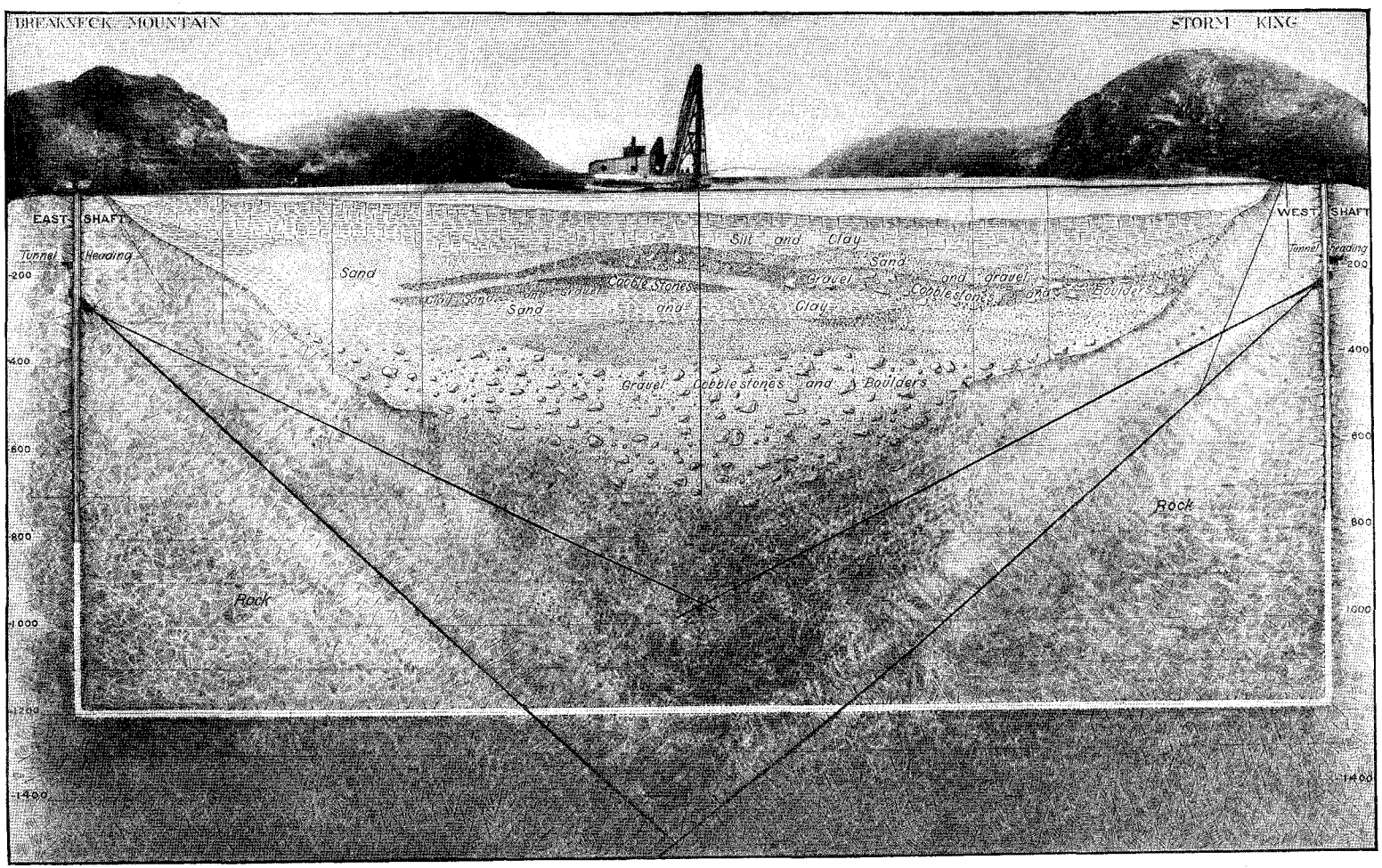

Cross-section of the great Hudson River siphon.

Showing the two vertical shafts and connecting tunnel, and the character of the material forming the river bed. The black inclined lines show the paths followed by the long diamond-drill borings which demonstrated the existence of a safe foundation for the high-pressure conduit.—Page 556.

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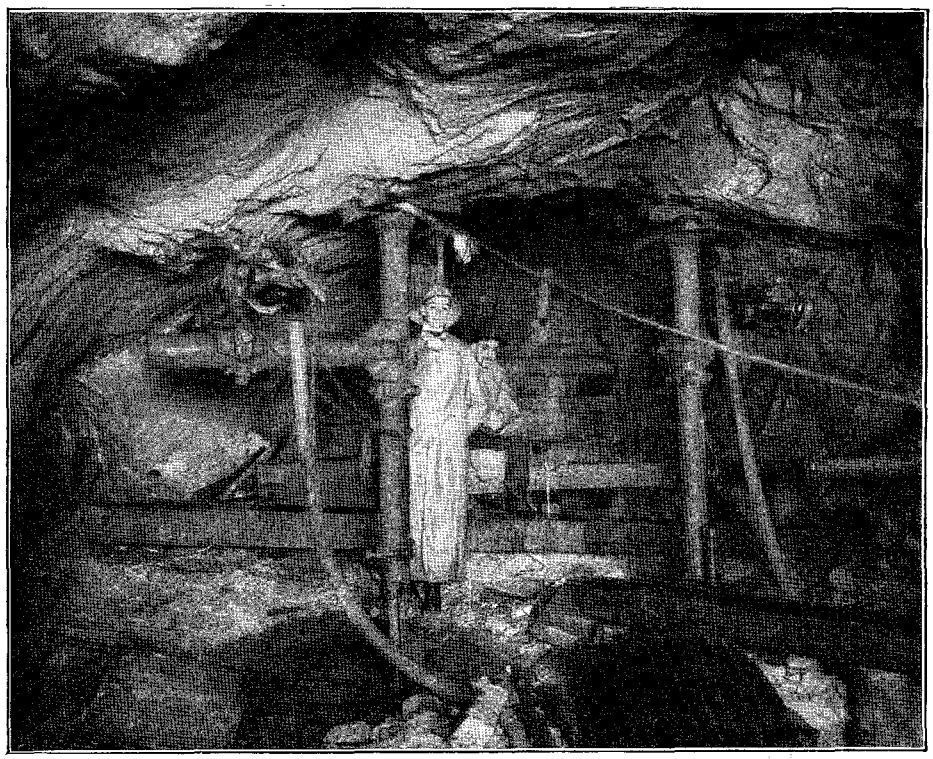
No ordinary man could hope to start at the City Hall and walk to the upper end of the Catskill aqueduct line in much less than a week.

Any one who has ever sailed up the Hudson on the Albany day boat remembers the two big mountains which tower up from the water's edge a few miles beyond West Point. Storm King, on the west side, and Breakneck, on the east, form a mighty gorge through which the river flows on its way to New York harbor. These massive piles of granite, the result of some geologic convulsion, stand guard over the Hudson River siphon, for underneath the narrow band of water between them lies the mighty waterworks tunnel, deep down in bed-rock. The scene is one of silent bigness, of huge black shadows and tons of giant bowlders, poised on the mountain-sides ready to break loose.

Water under great pressure is always a dangerous captive. It is like a wild beast caged and waiting to break its bonds at any moment. But New York's engineers know the strength of their prisoner and have made its cage strong beyond all chance of failure.

The water which will pour down into the gullet of this subterranean monster of concrete and rock will be collected in the vast Ashokan reservoir which is being formed by the Beaver Kill dikes and the Olive Bridge dam, a massive barrier of cyclopean masonry and concrete blocks whose crest will tower 210 feet above the existing bed of Esopus Creek. The huge basin will hold 130,000,000,000 gallons of water, enough to flood the entire area of Manhattan Island to the upper window-sills of a three-story flat. The length of its shore line, forty miles, will measure about half the distance between New York and Philadelphia, and when the gates in the big dam are closed and water is allowed to rise seven villages within the reservoir area will be submerged, one of them under twenty-five fathoms of water. In this vast work for the living the



In the tunnel heading, a quarter of a mile below the Hudson.
Showing how vertical columns support pneumatic percussion drills which bore holes for blasting charges.

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Storm King Mountain where the aqueduct goes under the Hudson.

A fleet of drill scows, the surveyors of the deep tunnel, aligned off the power-station at the base of Storm King.

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dead are not forgotten; within the limits of the tract to be submerged are thirty-five cemeteries from which 2,800 bodies are being exhumed and moved to new burial grounds upon which the waters of the big artificial lake will not encroach.

From the dam the aqueduct line extends south, twisting and turning among the hills and valleys of the Hudson Highlands in sinuous bends like a monster snake. It continues down the west side of the Hudson piercing through hills and dipping under valleys until it reaches Cornwall, in the shadow of Storm King Mountain, where the crossing under the river is being made by the siphon.

J. Waldo Smith, chief engineer and commanding officer of the army of engineers forming the Board of Water Supply's force, had made extensive preliminary investigations with diamond drills of the depth and character of the rock through which it was proposed to tunnel, and when tunnelling was begun every reasonable doubt regarding the successful completion of the project had been removed. To build a siphon capable of resisting such great hydrostatic pressure it was necessary to locate the tunnel in solid ledge-rock and send the bore through at so great a depth that the weight of the rock cover above the tube would be more than sufficient to withstand the upward thrust of the water.

The task of finding ledge-rock suitable for driving the tunnel through was one of the most difficult problems of the work, and investigations extending over several years were made before it was considered safe to start actual work. The bed of the Hudson River is a mass of silt, clay, gravel, and bowlders, material which the geologists call "glacial drift," and vertical borings put down from scows anchored in the river over the tunnel line showed that this soft material extended down to a depth of over 700 feet below the surface. It was necessary to locate the siphon tunnel below this soft material in sound rock.

Away back in the preglacial days the indications are that the country in the region of the Hudson River valley was considerably higher than at present and that it has since undergone a very marked settlement, with the result that the old stream bed in its lowered position was filled in with débris of silt, clay, and bowlders.

Thousands of years ago the stream, in its journey to the sea, had worn out a deep gorge or U-shaped notch in the rock floor. Then the glacial period came and went, and as the vast ice sheet melted and moved into the sea it acted like a huge chisel gouging the gorge between Storm King and Breakneck Mountains still deeper. The melting of the ice resulted also in the deposition of vast quantities of silt, clay, and bowlders in the old stream bed, so that by degrees the gorge was filled in with glacial drift and the river is now separated from the old rock bed through which it flowed ages ago by at least seven hundred feet of this soft material.

To determine how far below the glacial drift solid rock existed vertical borings were first put down from scows anchored in the river, but although the engineers probed into the depths of the gorge with their drills, like a surgeon at work on a patient under ether, they were not successful in locating ledge-rock at mid-stream. Finally, it was decided to attack the work from the sides of the river instead of from the water surface, and inclined borings were started with diamond drills, one from each shore, pointed downward so as to cross each other away down underneath the Hudson where it was thought that rock existed. Two pairs of these inclined holes, which are only an inch or two in diameter, were drilled successfully from chambers in shafts about 300 feet below the surface, and the paths they followed are shown by the long black lines in the illustration on page 553. The longest boring measured over 2,000 feet. Both sets of borings crossed in solid ledge-rock at the points shown, and the tunnel, therefore, was located between the bottoms of the two sets of holes, making it absolutely certain that the siphon could be driven entirely through solid ledge if located 1,100 feet below the level of the Hudson River.

The deep inclined diamond-drill holes are one of the most interesting features of the Hudson River siphon work. On account of their length—the deepest one measuring 2,051.6 feet and the shortest one 1,651.4 feet—they are unique in this part of the country, although longer borings have been made—for example, at the South African gold-fields and in some of the mining regions in the West. The holes are made by a hollow steel cutting-bit in whose lower edge is set a ring of costly black diamonds. The dia-

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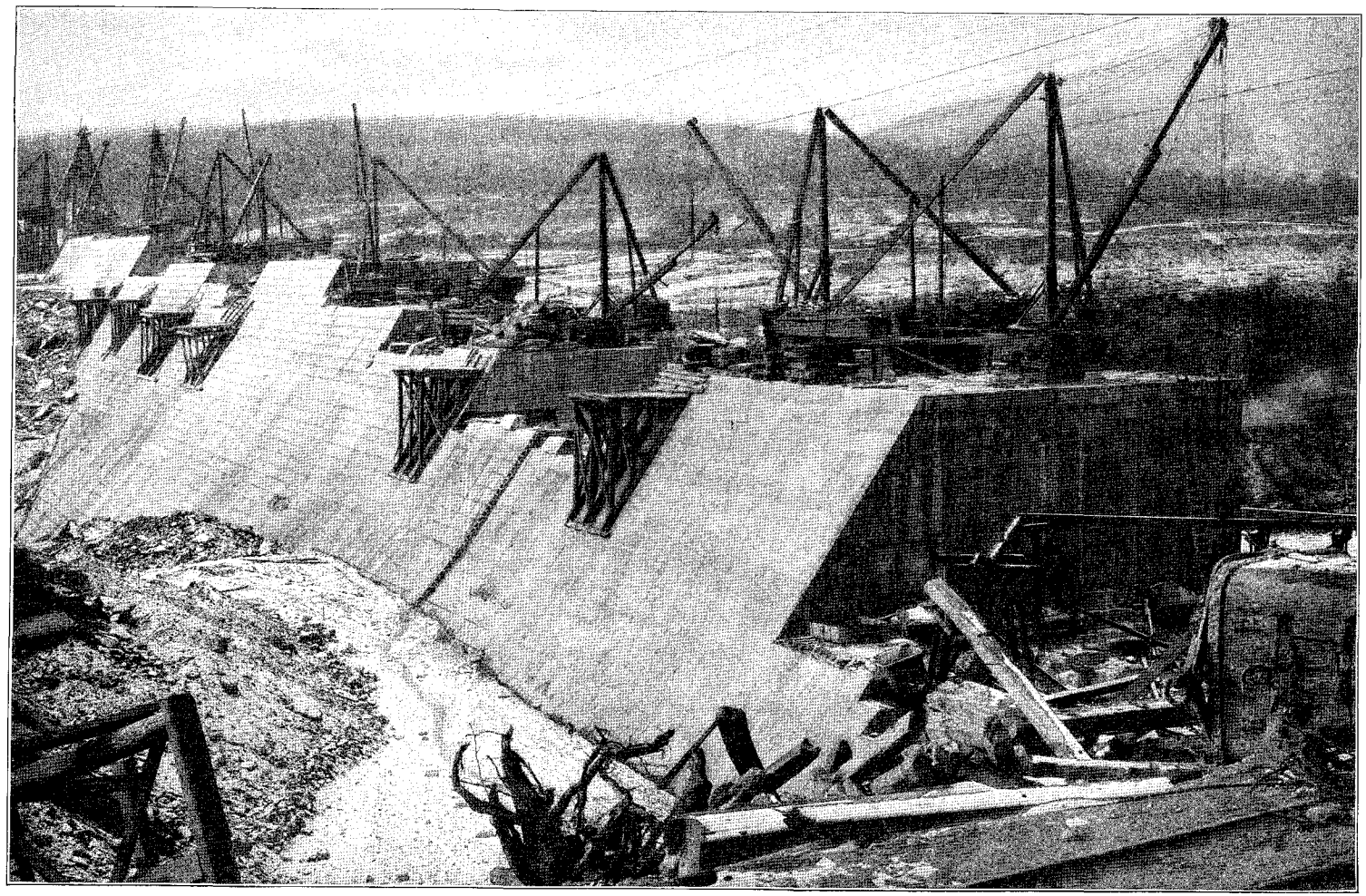

A glimpse into the methods of building the immense Ashokan dam, behind which all the battle-ships of the United States Navy could ride.

Derricks shown on top for handling the concrete, and laborers' platforms which are elevated as each course is laid. The completed dam will be 1,000 feet long, 210 feet high, and 190 feet wide at the base.

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monds mounted in a drilling-bit often have a value of several thousand dollars. The bit is several inches in diameter and is rotated through a long line of rods by an engine driven by compressed air. The diamonds cut a small circular ring in the rock, leaving what is known as a "core" of rock at the centre. This core passes up through the hollow bit as the drill eats its way downward, and is held fast by a device known as a "core lifter," which grips the slender column of rock around which the diamonds have cut and allows it to be pulled up to the ground surface and examined. It was therefore possible to obtain samples of rock throughout the entire length of the holes, so that before starting upon the tunnelling under the Hudson River the engineers knew exactly the character of the material through which the bore would be driven.

The grinding of the diamonds upon the tough rock generates enormous heat, and a stream of cold water has to be pumped down into the hole through the hollow drill rods to cool the cutting-bit and wash up chips of rock to the surface. In one of the holes the amount of cooling water was insufficient, and the heat generated by the friction of the rapidly rotating diamonds became so great that the steel cutting-bit was converted into a molten mass and drilling had to be temporarily abandoned. Later another and larger drill was put in to ream out or enlarge this hole, and the core lifter brought to the surface a mass of steel, rock, and diamonds fused into a solid lump by the high temperatures to which they had been subjected.

Sometimes one or more of the costly black diamonds are torn loose from their settings in the drilling-bit, and when this happens the drillers are in as much of a predicament as a girl who loses the stone in her engagement ring, but they resort to an ingenious scheme for recovering the diamonds from the depth of the holes. They pull up the drilling rods, remove the bit, and smear the end with cobbler's wax. The rods are then lowered into the hole until they reach the bottom. The diamonds sink into the sticky wax and are held fast while the rods are withdrawn. The diamonds then may be picked out of the wax and used again. This simple trick has saved thousands of dollars.

Old diamond-drillers are very intelligent and resourceful men. Years of experience teach them to interpret the chatter of their machines, and they can readily tell by the sound of the drill alone when different rock strata are being penetrated. To them every little movement of the drill has a meaning all its own, while to one not schooled in such work there is apparently no variation in the action of the machine. It is simply a mass of revolving cog-wheels which keeps up an incessant and meaningless din.

Deep diamond-drill holes very seldom follow a straight line, the tendency often being to incline upward. This fact was realized by the engineers in charge of the work, and they followed the generally adopted method of surveying such borings in order that they might know the exact inclination of the hole at frequent intervals in its length. This method, which is highly ingenious, consists in lowering into the hole a glass test-tube or vial of the type used so commonly by the homœopathic practitioners for carrying their pills; this vial was half filled with a dilute solution of hydrofluoric acid which has one peculiar property: it is a very corrosive liquid and attacks all silicates, such as glass or porcelain, with which it comes in contact. It is therefore used to a large extent in etching glass, and on account of its destructive action on an ordinary bottle must be preserved in vessels of platinum, lead, or gutta-percha. Its ability to etch glass was the property which made it invaluable to the engineers upon whom was imposed the task of finding out just what course the deep borings were following.

The glass vial, containing the acid, was lowered into the inclined boring and allowed to remain absolutely undisturbed for about half an hour. In this position the axis of the vial was at the same inclination as the axis of the boring, while the surface level of the acid was, of course, horizontal. In the half-hour interval, during which the vial was at rest, the hydrofluoric acid started its attack upon the glass walls of the tube which contained it, etching a clearly defined ring around the inside of the vial. The glass tube then was pulled up to the surface and the angle between the axis of the tube and the plane of the etched ring measured. This angle, after certain corrections had been applied for the capillarity of the liquid and for the refraction of light through glass, gave the information sought —the slope of the boring at the point of

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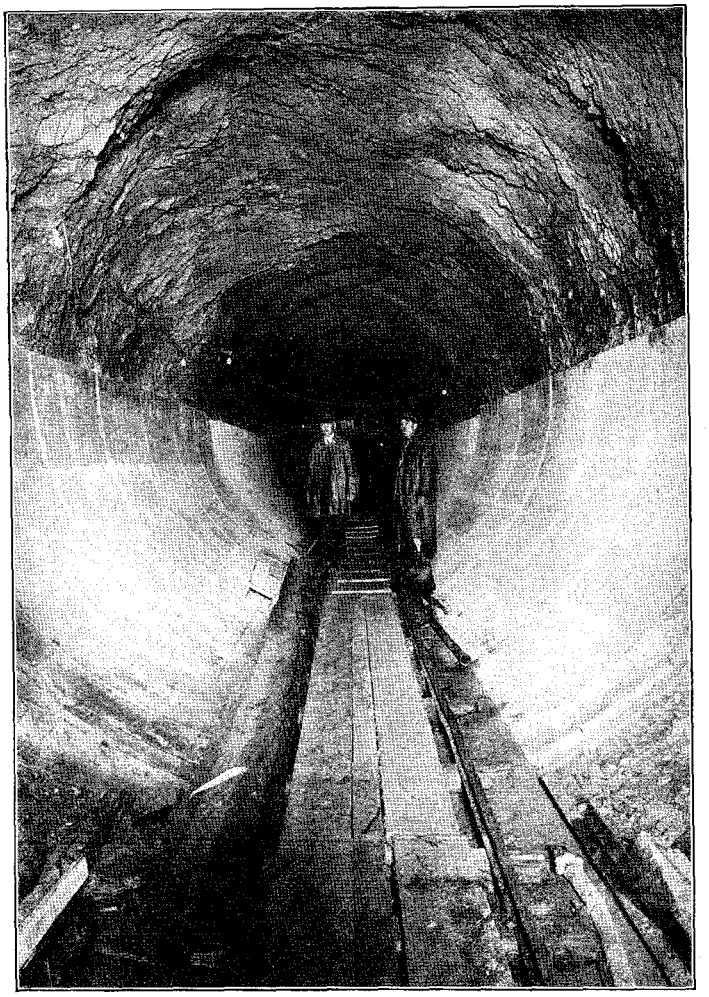
measurement. By taking these observations at frequent intervals in the hole it was possible to plot the entire course of the boring with considerable accuracy.



Section of a siphon half lined with concrete and collapsible steel moulds removed. The roof also will be coated with concrete.

The all-important question in tunnelling concerns the number of feet the headings are advanced each day. Night and day, in eight-hour shifts, the contractors' men toiled underground with drills and dynamite until the headings met on January 30, the last blast being fired by Mayor Gaynor. It is from the bottom of one of the 1,100-foot shafts that the bigness of the Hudson River tunnel makes itself felt. Out in the direction of the river extends a murky, fog-laden hole with a line of electric lights losing itself in the blackness. In the distance the pandemonium let loose by drills hammering on rock drifts back, near at hand the sibilant gasp of the drainage pumps creates an intermittent roar, and way up above is a little circular patch of daylight which gives one the sensation of looking through the wrong end of a telescope at a distant object.

Upon the engineers rests the responsibility of keeping the two bores at the right line and grade. With transits and levels the line is surveyed time and again to eliminate any chance of error and with the pre-

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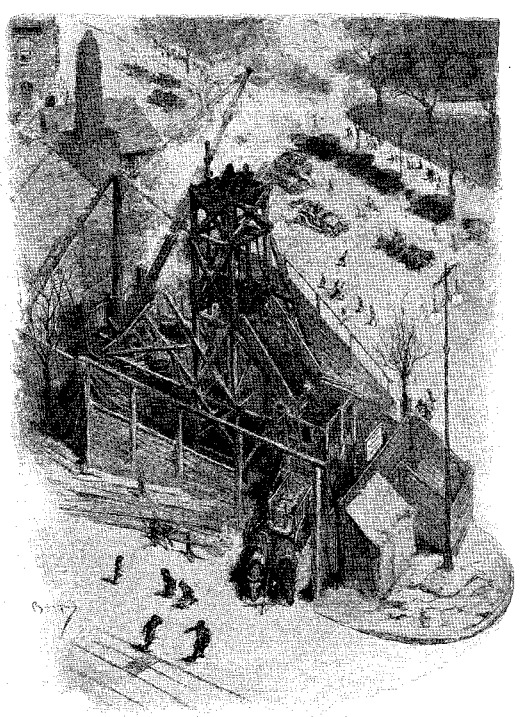
cautions now taken and the high accuracy of the surveying instruments obtainable it is not uncommon to have tunnel headings meet with an error of only a fraction of an inch.

Although the headings have met and communication is established between the two sides of the river the work is by no means complete, for the rough surfaces of the rock bore would obstruct the flow of water through the hole and it is possible that pieces of rock might cave in and clog up the tunnel. The finishing work of building the siphon, therefore, consists in lining it with a thick circular shell of concrete. Collapsible steel "forms," or moulds, will be used for this work; they will be set up within the tunnel and concrete will be packed in between their outer surfaces and the rock walls and roof of the bore. When the concrete has hardened these forms will be removed, leaving a smooth, white, finished cylinder, fourteen feet in diameter, through which the Catskill water will flow.

The Hudson River siphon has involved a great deal of careful study on the part of those who conceived and designed the structure. There was no precedent for a water-works tunnel at such a depth, so that many new problems arose in connection with it, and every precaution was taken to explore the river-bed thoroughly. The men who planned this work and are now directing its construction are the engineers of the Board of Water Supply of the City of New York. Mr. J. Waldo Smith, the chief engineer, has general charge of the entire Catskill aqueduct project. Mr. Robert Ridgway, department engineer, directs the work on about sixty miles of the line, including the Hudson River siphon, and Mr. William E. Swift, division engineer, has immediate supervision over the deep tunnel under the river. The designs of the structure were prepared by the head-quarters department at the Water Board, Mr Alfred D. Flinn, department engineer, and Mr. Thomas H. Wiggin, Sr., designing engineer.

Preparing the way for the Catskill water supply for the boroughs of New York City.

The tunnel shaft at the Worth monument, Madison Square, where Fifth Avenue and Broadway cross. One of many in connection with tunnelling under Manhattan. It is known as shaft No. 18. Depth 205 feet.



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THE HEART OF THE HILLS

BY JOHN FOX, JR.

ILLUSTRATION BY F. C. YOHN.

V

DOWN the river road loped Arch Hawn the next morning, his square chin low with thought, his shrewd eyes almost closed, and his straight lips closed hard on the cane stem of an unlighted pipe. Of all the Hawns he had been born the poorest in goods and chattels and the richest in shrewd resource, restless energy, and keen foresight. He had gone to the settlements when he was a lad, he had always been coming and going ever since, and the word was that he had been to far-away cities in the outer world that were as unfamiliar to his fellows and kindred as the Holy Land. He had worked as teamster and had bought and sold anything to anybody right and left. Resolutely he had kept himself from all part in the feud—his kinship with the Hawns protecting him on one side and the many trades with old Aaron Honeycutt in cattle and lands saving him from trouble on the other. He carried no tales from one faction to the other, condemned neither one nor the other, and made the same comment to both—that it was foolish to fight when there was so much else so much more profitable to do. Once an armed band of mounted Honeycutts had met him in the road and demanded news of a similar band of Hawns up a creek. "Did you ever hear o' my tellin' the Hawns anything about you Honeycutts?" he asked quietly and Old Aaron had to shake his head.

"Well, if I tol' you anything about them to-day, don't you know I'd be tellin' them something about you to-morrow?"

Old Aaron scratched his head.

"By Gawd, boys—that's so. Let him pass!"

Thus it was that only Arch Hawn could have brought about an agreement that was the ninth wonder of the mountain world, and was no less than a temporary truce in the feud between old Aaron Honeycutt and old Jason Hawn until the land deal in which both leaders shared a heavy interest could come to a consummation. Arch had interested Colonel Pendleton in his "wild lands" at a horse sale in the blue-grass. The mountaineer's shrewd knowledge of horses had caught the attention of the colonel, his drawling speech, odd phrasing, and quaint humor had amused the blue-grass man, and his exposition of the wealth of the hills and the vast holdings that he had in the hollow of his hand, through options far and wide, had done the rest—for the matter was timely to the colonel's needs and to his accidental hour of opportunity. Only a short while before old Morton Sanders, an Eastern capitalist of Kentucky birth, had been making inquiry of him that the mountaineer's talk answered precisely, and soon the colonel found himself an intermediary between buried coal and open millions, and such a quick unlooked-for chance of exchange made Arch Hawn's brain reel. Only a few days before the colonel started for the mountains, Babe Honeycutt had broken the truce by shooting Shade Hawn, but as Shade was going to get well, Arch's oily tongue had licked the wound to the pride of every Honeycutt except Shade, and he calculated that the latter would be so long in bed that his interference would never count. But things were going wrong. Arch had had a hard time with old Jason the night before. Again he had had to go over the same weary argument that he had so often travelled before: the mountain people could do nothing with the mineral wealth of their hills; the coal was of no value to them where it was; they could not dig it, they had no market for it; and they could never get it into the markets of the outside world. It was the boy's talk that had halted the old man, and to Arch's

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amazement the colonel's sense of fairness seemed to have been touched and his enthusiasm seemed to have waned a little. That morning, too, Arch had heard that Shade Hawn was getting well a little too fast, and he was on his way to see about it. Shade was getting well fast, and with troubled eyes Arch saw him sitting up in a chair and cleaning his Winchester.

"What's yo' hurry?"

"I ain't never agreed to no truce," said Shade truculently.

"Don't you think you might save a little time—waitin' fer Babe to git tame? He's hidin' out. You can't find him now."

"I can look fer him."

"Shade!"—wily Arch purposely spoke loud enough for Shade's wife to hear, and he saw her thin, worn, shrewish face turn eagerly—"I'll give ye just fifty dollars to stay here in the house an' git well fer two more weeks. You know why, an' you know hit's wuth it to me. What you say?"

Shade rubbed his stubbled chin ruminatively and his wife Mandy broke in sharply:

"Take it, you fool!"

Apparently Shade paid no heed to the advice nor the epithet, which was not meant to be offensive, but he knew that Mandy wanted a cow of just that price and a cow she would have; while he needed cartridges and other little "fixin's," and he owed for moonshine up a certain creek, and wanted more just then and badly. But mental calculation was laborious and he made a plunge:

"Not a cent less'n seventy-five, an' I ain't goin' to argue with ye."

Arch scowled.

"Split the difference!" he commanded.

"All right."

A few minutes later Arch was loping back up the river road. Within an hour he had won old Jason to a non-committal silence and straightway volunteered to show the colonel the outcroppings of his coal. And old Jason mounted his sorrel mare and rode with the party up the creek.

It was Sunday and a holiday for little Jason from toil in the rocky corn-field. He was stirring busily before the break of dawn. While the light was still gray, he had milked, cut wood for his mother, and eaten his breakfast of greasy bacon and corn bread. On that day it had been his habit for months to disappear early, come back for his dinner, slip quietly away again and return worn out and tired at milking time. Invariably for a long time his mother had asked:

"Whut you been a-doin', Jason?" And invariably his answer was:

"Nothin' much."

But, by and by, as the long dark mountaineer, Steve Hawn, got in the daily habit of swinging over the ridge, she was glad to be free from the boy's sullen watchfulness, and particularly that morning she was glad to see him start as usual up the path his own feet had worn through the steep field of corn, and disappear in the edge of the woods. She would have a long day for courtship and for talk of plans which she was keeping secret from little Jason. She was a Honeycutt and she had married one Hawn, and there had been much trouble. Now she was going to marry another of the tribe, there would be more trouble, and Steve Hawn over the ridge meant to evade it by straightway putting forth from those hills. Hurriedly she washed the dishes, tidied up her poor shack of a home, and within an hour she was seated in the porch, in her best dress, with her knitting in her lap and, even that early, lifting expectant and shining eyes now and then to the tree-crowned crest of the ridge.

Up little Jason went through breaking mist and flashing dew. A wood-thrush sang, and he knew the song came from the bird of which little Mavis was the human counterpart. Woodpeckers were hammering and, when a crested cock of the woods took billowy flight across a blue ravine, he knew him for a big cousin of the little red-heads, just as Mavis was a little cousin of his. Once he had known birds only by sight, but now he knew every calling, twittering, winging soul of them by name. Once he used to draw bead on one and all heartlessly and indiscriminately with his old rifle, but now only the whistle of a bob-white, the darting of a hawk, or the whir of a pheasant's wings made him whirl the old weapon from his shoulder. He knew flower, plant, bush, and weed, the bark and leaf of every tree, and even in winter he could pick them out in the gray etching of a mountain-

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side—dog-wood, red-bud, "sarvice" berry, hickory, and walnut, the oaks—white, black, and chestnut—the majestic poplar, prized by the outer world, and the black-gum that defied the lightning. All this the dreamy stranger had taught him, and much more. And nobody, native born to those hills, except his uncle Arch, knew as much about their hidden treasures as little Jason. He had trailed after the man of science along the benches of the mountains where coal beds lie. With him he had sought the roots of upturned trees and the beds of little creeks and the gray faces of "rock-houses" for signs of the black diamonds. He had learned to watch the beds of little creeks for the shining tell-tale black bits, and even the tiny mouths of crawfish holes, on the lips of which they sometimes lay. And the biggest treasure in the hills little Jason had found himself; for only on the last day before the rock-pecker had gone away, the two had found signs of another vein, and the geologist had given his own pick to the boy and told him to dig, while he was gone, for himself. And Jason had dug. He was slipping now up the tiny branch, and where the stream trickled down the face of a water-worn perpendicular rock the boy stopped, leaned his rifle against a tree, and stepped aside into the bushes. A moment later he reappeared with a small pick in his hand, climbed up over a mound of loose rocks and loose earth, ten feet around the rock, and entered the narrow mouth of a deep, freshly dug ditch. Ten feet farther on he was halted by a tall black column solidly wedged in the narrow passage, at the base of which was a bench of yellow dirt extending not more than two feet from the foot of the column and above the floor of the ditch. There had been mighty operations going on in that secret passage; the toil for one boy and one tool had been prodigious and his work was not yet quite done. Lifting the pick above his head, the boy sank it into that yellow pedestal with savage energy, raking the loose earth behind him with hands and feet. The sunlight caught the top of the black column above his head and dropped shining inch by inch, but on he worked tirelessly. The yellow bench disappeared and the heap of dirt behind him was piled high as his head, but the black column bored on downward as though bound for the very bowels of the earth, and only when the bench vanished to the level of the ditch's floor did the lad send his pick deep into a new layer and lean back to rest even for a moment. A few deep breaths, the brushing of one forearm and then the other across his forehead and cheeks, and again he grasped the tool. This time it came out hard, bringing out with its point particles of grayish-black earth, and the boy gave a low shrill yell. It was a bed of clay that he had struck—the bed on which, as the geologist had told him, the massive layers of coal had slept so long. In a few minutes he had skimmed a yellow inch or two more to the dingy floor of the clay bed, and had driven his pick under the very edge of the black bulk towering above him.

His work was done, and no buccaneer ever gloated more over hidden treasure than Jason over the prize discovered by him and known of nobody else in the world. He raised his head and looked up the shimmering black face of his find. He took up his pick again and notched foot-holes in each side of the yellow ditch. He marked his own height on the face of the column, and, climbing up along it, measured his full length again, and yet with outstretched arm he could barely touch the top of the vein with the tips of his fingers. No vein half that thick had the rock-pecker with all his searching found, and the lad gave a long, low whistle of happy amazement. A moment later he dropped his pick, climbed over the pile of new dirt, emerged at the mouth of the passage, and sat down as if on guard in the grateful coolness of the little ravine. Drawing one long breath, he looked proudly back once more and began shaking his head wisely. They couldn't fool him. He knew what that mighty vein of coal was worth. Other people—fools—might sell their land for a dollar or two an acre, even old Jason, his grandfather, but not the Jason Hawn who had dug that black giant out of the side of the mountain.

"Go away, boy," the rock-pecker had said. "Get an education. Leave this farm alone—it won't run away. By the time you are twenty-one, an acre of it will be worth as much as all of it is now."

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No, they couldn't fool him. He would keep his find a secret from every soul on earth—even from his grandfather and Mavis, both of whom he had already been tempted to tell. He rose to his feet with the resolution and crouched suddenly, listening hard. Something was coming swiftly toward him through the undergrowth on the other side of the creek, and he reached stealthily for his rifle, sank behind the bowlder with his thumb on the hammer just as the bushes parted on the opposite cliff, and Mavis stood above him, peering for him and calling his name in an excited whisper. He rose glowering and angry.

"Whut you doin' up here?" he asked roughly, and the girl shrank, and her message stopped at her lips.

"They're comin' up here," she faltered.

The boy's eyes accused her mercilessly and he seemed not to hear her.

"You've been spyin'!"

The dignity of his manhood was outraged, and humbly and helplessly she nodded in utter abasement, faltering again:

"They're comin' up here!"

"Who's comin' up here?"

"Them strangers an' grandpap an' Uncle Arch—an' another rock-pecker."

"Did you tell 'em?"

The girl crossed heart and body swiftly.

"I hain't told a soul," she gasped. "I come up to tell *you*."

"When they comin'?"

The sound of voices below answered for her. The boy wheeled, alert as a wild-cat, the girl slid noiselessly down the cliff and crept noiselessly after him down the bed of the creek, until they could both peer through the bushes down on the next bend of the stream below. There they were—all of them, and down there they had halted.

"Ain't no use goin' up any furder," said the voice of Arch Hawn; "I've looked all up this crick an' thar ain't nary a blessed sign o' coal."

"All right," said the colonel, who was puffing with the climb. "That suits me—I've had enough."

At Jason's side, Mavis echoed his own swift breath of relief, but as the party turned, the rock-pecker stooped and rose with a black lump in his hand.

"Hello!" he said, "where did this come from?"

The boy's heart began to throb, for once he had started to carry that very lump to his grandfather, had changed his mind, and thoughtlessly dropped it there. The geologist was looking at it closely and then he began to weigh it with his hand.

"This is pretty good-looking coal," he said, and he laughed. "I guess we'd better go up a little further—this didn't come out all by itself."

The boy dug Mavis sharply in the shoulder.

"Git back into the bushes—quick!" he whispered.

The girl shrank away and the boy dropped down into the bed of the creek and slipped down to where the stream poured between two bowlders over which ascent was slippery and difficult. And when the party turned up the bend of the creek, Arch Hawn saw the boy, tense and erect, on the wet black summit of one bowlder, with his old rifle in the hollow of his arm.

"Why hello, Jason!" he cried, with a start of surprise; "found anything to shoot?"

"Not yit!" said Jason shortly.

The geologist stepped around Arch and started to climb toward the foot of the bowlder.

"You stop thar!"

The ring of the boy's fiery command stopped the man as though a rattlesnake had given the order at his very feet, and he looked up bewildered; but the boy had not moved.

"Whut you mean, boy?" shouted Arch. "We're lookin' for a vein o' coal."

"Well, you hain't a-goin' to find hit up this way."

"Whut you want to keep us from goin' up here fer?" asked the uncle with sarcastic suspicion. "Got a still up here?"

"That's my business," said little Jason.

"Well," shouted Arch angrily again, "this ain't yo' land an' I've got a option on it an' hit's my business to go up here, an' I'm goin'!"

As he pushed ahead of the geologist the boy flashed his old rifle to his shoulder.

"I'll let ye come just two steps more," he said quietly, and old Jason Hawn be-

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gan to grin and stepped aside as though to get out of range.

"Hol' on thar, Arch," he said, "he'll shoot, shore!" And Arch held on, bursting with rage and glaring up at the boy.

"I've a notion to git me a switch an' whoop the life out o' you." The boy laughed derisively.

"My whoopin' days air over." The amazed and amused geologist put his hand on Arch's shoulder.

"Never mind," he said, and with a significant wink he pulled a barometer out of his pocket and carefully noted the altitude.

"We'll manage it later."

The party turned, old Jason still smiling grimly, the colonel chuckling, the geologist busy with speculation, and Arch sore and angry, but wondering what on earth it was that the boy had found up that ravine. Presently with the geologist he dropped behind the other two and the latter's frowning brow cleared into a smile at his lips. He stopped, looking still at the black lump and weighing it once more in his hand.

"I think I know this coal," he said in a low voice, "and if I'm right you've got the best and thickest vein of coking coal in these mountains. It's the Culloden seam. Nobody ever has found it on this side of the mountain, and it is supposed to have petered out on the way through. That boy has found the Culloden seam. The altitude is right, the coal looks and weighs like it, and we can find it somewhere else under that bench along the mountain. So you better let the boy alone."

Little Jason stood motionless looking after them, little Mavis crept from her hiding-place. Her face showed no pride in Jason's triumph and few traces of excitement, for she was already schooled to the quiet acquiescence of mountain women in the rough deeds of the men. She had seen Jason going up that ravine, she could simply not help going herself to learn why, she was mystified by what he had done up there, but she had kept his secret faithfully. Now she was beginning to understand that the matter was serious, and for that reason the boy's charge of spying lay heavier on her mind. So she came slowly and shyly and stood behind him, her eyes dark with penitence.

The boy heard her, but he did not turn around.

"You better go home, Mavie," he said, and at his very tone her face flashed with joy. "They mought come back agin. I'm goin' to stay up here till dark. They can't see nothin' then."

There was not a word of rebuke for her; it was his secret and hers now, and pride and gratitude filled her heart and her eyes.

"All right, Jasie," she said obediently, and down the bowlder she stepped lightly, and slipping down the bed of the creek, disappeared. And not once did she look around.

The shadows lengthened, the ravines filled with misty blue, the steep westward spur threw its bulky shadow on the sunlit flank of the opposite hill, and the lonely spirit of night came with the gloom that gathered fast about him in the defile where he lay. A slow wind was blowing up from the river toward him, and on it came faintly the long mellow blast of a horn. It was no hunter's call, and he sprang to his feet. Again the winding came and his tense muscles relaxed—nor was it a warning that revenues were coming—and he sank back to his lonely useless vigil again. The sun dipped, the sky darkened, the black wings of the night rushed upward and downward and from all around the horizon, but only when they were locked above him did he slip like a creature of the gloom down the bed of the stream.

VI

The cabin was unlighted when Jason came in sight of it and apprehension straightway seized him; so that he broke into a run, but stopped at the gate and crept slowly to the porch and almost on tiptoe opened the door. The fire was low, but the look of things was unchanged, and on the kitchen table he saw his cold supper laid for him. His mother had maybe gone over the ridge for some reason to stay all night, so he gobbled his food hastily and, still uneasy, put forth for Mavis's cabin over the hill. That cabin, too, was dark and deserted, and he knew now what had happened—that blast of the

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horn was a summons to a dance somewhere, and his mother and Steve had answered and taken Mavis with them, and the boy sat down on the porch, alone with the night and the big still dark shapes around him. It would not be very pleasant for him to follow them—people would tease him and ask him troublesome questions. But where was the dance, and had they gone to it after all? He rose and went swiftly down the creek. At the mouth of it a light shone through the darkness, and from it a quavering hymn trembled on the still air. A moment later Jason stood on the threshold of an open door and an old couple at the fireplace lifted welcoming eyes.

"Uncle Lige, do you know whar my mammy is?"

The old man's eyes took on a troubled look, but the old woman answered readily:

"Why I seed her an' Steve Hawn an' Mavis a-goin' down the crick jest afore dark, an' yo mammy said as how they was aimin' to go to yo' grandpap's."

It was his grandfather's horn, then, Jason had heard. The lad turned to go, and the old circuit rider rose to his full height.

"Come in, boy. Yo' grandpap had better be a-thinkin' about spreadin' the wings of his immortal sperit, stid o' shakin' them feet o'clay o' his'n an' a-settin' a bad example to the young an' errin'!"

"Hush up!" said the old woman. "The Bible don't say nothin' agin a boy lookin' fer his mammy, no matter whar she is."

She spoke sharply, for Steve Hawn had called her husband out to the gate, where the two had talked in whispers, and the old man had refused flatly to tell her what the talk was about. But Jason had turned without a word and was gone. Out in the darkness of the road he stood for a moment undecided whether or not he should go back to his lonely home, and some vague foreboding started him swiftly on down the creek. On top of a little hill he could see the light in his grandfather's house, and that far away he could hear the rollicking tune of "Sourwood Mountain." The sounds of dancing feet soon came to his ears, and from those sounds he could tell the figures of the dance just as he could tell the gait of an unseen horse thumping a hard dirt road. He leaned over the yard fence—looking, listening, thinking. Through the window he could see the fiddler with his fiddle pressed almost against his heart, his eyes closed, his horny fingers thumping the strings like triphammers, and his melancholy calls ringing high above the din of shuffling feet. His grandfather was standing before the fireplace, his grizzled hair tousled and his face red with something more than the spirits of the dance. The colonel was doing the "grand right and left," and his mother was the colonel's partner—the colonel as gallant as though he were leading mazes with a queen and his mother simpering and blushing like a girl. In one corner sat Steve Hawn, scowling like a storm-cloud, and on one bed sat Marjorie and the boy Gray watching the couple and apparently shrieking with laughter; and Jason wondered what they could be laughing about. Little Mavis was not in sight. When the dance closed he could see the colonel go over to the little strangers and, seizing each by the hand, try to pull them from the bed into the middle of the floor. Finally they came, and the boy, looking through the window, and Mavis, who suddenly appeared in the door leading to the porch, saw a strange sight. Gray took Marjorie's left hand with his right and put his right arm around her waist and then to the stirring strains of "Soapsuds Over the Fence" they whirled about the room as lightly as two feathers in an eddy of air. It was a two-step and the first round dance ever seen in these hills, and the mountaineers took it silently, grimly, and with little sign of favor or disapproval, except from old Jason, who, looking around for Mavis, caught sight of little Jason's wondering face over her shoulder, for the boy had left the blurred window-pane and hurried around to the back door for a better view. With a whoop the old man reached for the little girl, and gathered in the boy with his other hand.

"Hyeh!" he cried, "you two just git out thar an' shake a foot!"

Little Mavis hung back, but the boy bounded into the middle of the floor and started into a furious jig, his legs as loose from the hip as a jumping-jack and the soles and heels of his rough brogans thumping out every note of the music with astonishing precision and rapidity. He hardly noticed Mavis at first, and then he

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began to dance toward her, his eyes flashing and fixed on hers and his black locks tumbling about his forehead as though in an electric storm. The master was calling and the maid answered—shyly at first, coquettishly by and by, and then, forgetting self and onlookers, with a fiery abandon that transformed her. Alternately he advanced and she retreated, and when, with a scornful toss of that night-black head, the boy jigged away, she would relent and lure him back, only to send him on his way again. Sometimes they were back to back and the colonel saw that always then the girl was first to turn, but if the lad turned first, the girl whirled as though she were answering the dominant spirit of his eyes even through the back of her head, and, looking over to the bed, he saw his own little niece answering that same masterful spirit in a way that seemed hardly less hypnotic. Even Gray's clear eyes, fixed at first on the little mountain girl, had turned to Jason, but they were undaunted and smiling, and when Jason, seeing Steve's face at the window and his mother edging out through the front door, seemed to hesitate in his dance, and Mavis, thinking he was about to stop, turned panting away from him, Gray sprang from the bed like a challenging young buck and lit facing the mountain boy and in the midst of a double-shuffle that the amazed colonel had never seen outdone by any darkey on his farm.

"Jenny with a ruff-duff a-kickin' up the dust," clicked his feet.

"Juba this and Juba that!
Juba killed a yaller cat.
Juba! Juba!"

"Whoop!" yelled old Jason, bending his huge body and patting his leg and knee to the beat of one big cowhide boot and urging them on in a frenzy of delight:

"Come on, Jason! Git atter him, stranger! Whoop her up thar with that fiddle — Heh — ee—dee — eede-eedle — dedee-dee!"

Then there was dancing. The fiddler woke like a battery newly charged, every face lighted with freshened interest, and only the colonel and Marjorie showed surprise and mystification. The double-shuffle was hardly included in the curriculum of the colonel's training-school for a gentleman, and where, when, and how the boy had learned such Ethiopian skill, neither he nor Marjorie knew. But he had it and they enjoyed it to the full. Gray's face wore a merry smile, and Jason, though he was breathing hard and his black hair was plastered to his wet forehead, faced his new competitor with rallying feet but a sullen face. "The Forked Deer," "Big Sewell Mountain," and "Cattle Licking Salt" for Jason, and the back-step, double-shuffle, and "Jim Crow" for Gray; both improvising their own steps when the fiddler raised his voice in "Comin' up, Sandy," "Chicken in the Dough-Tray," and "Sparrows on the Ash-Bank"; and thus they went through all the steps known to the negro or the mountaineer, until the colonel saw that game little Jason, though winded, would go on till he dropped and gave Gray a sign that the boy's generous soul caught like a flash; for, as though worn out himself, he threw up his hands with a laugh and left the floor to Jason. Just then there was the crack of a Winchester from the darkness outside. Simultaneously, as far as the ear could detect, there was a sharp rap on a window-pane, as a bullet sped cleanly through, and in front of the fire old Jason's mighty head sagged suddenly and he crumbled into a heap on the floor. Arch Hawn had carried his business deal through. The truce was over and the feud was on again.

VII

KNOWING but little of his brother in the hills, the man from the lowland blue-grass was puzzled and amazed that all feeling he could observe was directed solely at the deed itself and not at all at the way it was done. No indignation was expressed at what was to him the contemptible cowardice involved—indeed little was said at all, but the colonel could feel the air tense and lowering with a silent deadly spirit of revenge, and he would have been more puzzled had he known the indifference on the part of the Hawns as to whether the act of revenge should take precisely the same form of ambush. For had the mountain code of ethics been explained to him —that what was fair for one was fair for the other; that the brave man could not

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fight the coward who shot from the brush and must, therefore, adopt the coward's methods; that thus the method of ambush had been sanctioned by long custom —he still could never have understood how a big, burly, kind-hearted man like Jason Hawn could have been brought even to tolerance of ambush by environment, public sentiment, private policy, custom, or any other influence that moulds the character of men.

Old Jason would get well—the colonel himself was surgeon enough to know that —and he himself dressed and bandaged the ragged wound that the big bullet had made through one of the old man's mighty shoulders. At his elbow all the time, helping, stood little Jason, and not once did the boy speak, nor did the line of his clenched lips alter, nor did the deadly look in his smouldering eyes change. One by one the guests left, the colonel sent Marjorie and Gray to bed and grandmother Hawn sent Mavis, and when all was done and the old man was breathing heavily on a bed in the corner and grandmother Hawn was seated by the fire with a handkerchief to her lips, the colonel heard the back door open and little Jason, too, was gone—gone on business of his own. He had seen Steve Hawn's face at the window, his mother had slipped out on the porch while he was dancing, and neither had appeared again. So little Jason went swiftly through the dark, over the ridge and up the big creek to the old circuit rider's house, where the stream forked. All the way he had seen the tracks of a horse which he knew to be Steve's, for the right forefoot, he knew, had cast a shoe only the day before.

At the forks the tracks turned up the branch that led to Steve's cabin and not up toward his mother's house. If Steve had his mother behind him, he had taken her to his own home; that, in Mavis's absence, was not right, and, burning with sudden rage, the boy hurried up the branch. The cabin was dark and at the gate he gave a shrill, imperative "Hello!"

In a few minutes the door opened and the tousled head of his cousin was thrust forth.

"Is my mammy hyeh?" he called hotly.

"Yep," drawled Steve.

"Well, tell her I'm hyeh to take her home!" There was no sound from within.

"Well, she ain't goin' home," Steve drawled.

The boy went sick and speechless with fury, but before he could get his breath Steve drawled again:

"She's goin' to live here now—we got married to-night." The boy dropped helplessly against the gate at these astounding words and his silence stirred Steve to kindness.

"Now, don't take it so hard, Jason. Come on in, boy, an' stay all night."

Still the lad was silent and another face appeared at the door.

"Come on in, Jasie."

It was his mother's voice and the tone was pleading, but the boy with no answer turned, and they heard his stumbling steps as he made his way along the fence and started over the spur. Behind him his mother began to sob and with rough kindness Steve soothed her and closed the door.

Slowly little Jason climbed the spur and dropped on the old log on which he had so often sat—fighting out the trouble which he had so long feared must come. The moon and the stars in her wake were sinking and the night was very still. His reason told him his mother was her own mistress, and had the right to marry when she pleased and whom she pleased, but she was a Honeycutt, again she had married a Hawn, and the feud was starting again. Steve Hawn would be under suspicion as his own father had been, Steve would probably have to live on the Honeycutt side of the ridge, and Jason's own earlier days of shame he must go through again. That was his first thought, but his second was a quick oath to himself that he would not go through them again. He was big enough to handle a Winchester now, and he would leave his mother and he would fight openly with the Hawns. And then as he went slowly down the spur he began to wonder with fresh suspicion what his mother and Steve might now do, and what influence Steve might have over her, and if he might not now encourage her to sell her land. And, if that happened, what would become of him? The old hound in the porch heard him coming and began to bay at him

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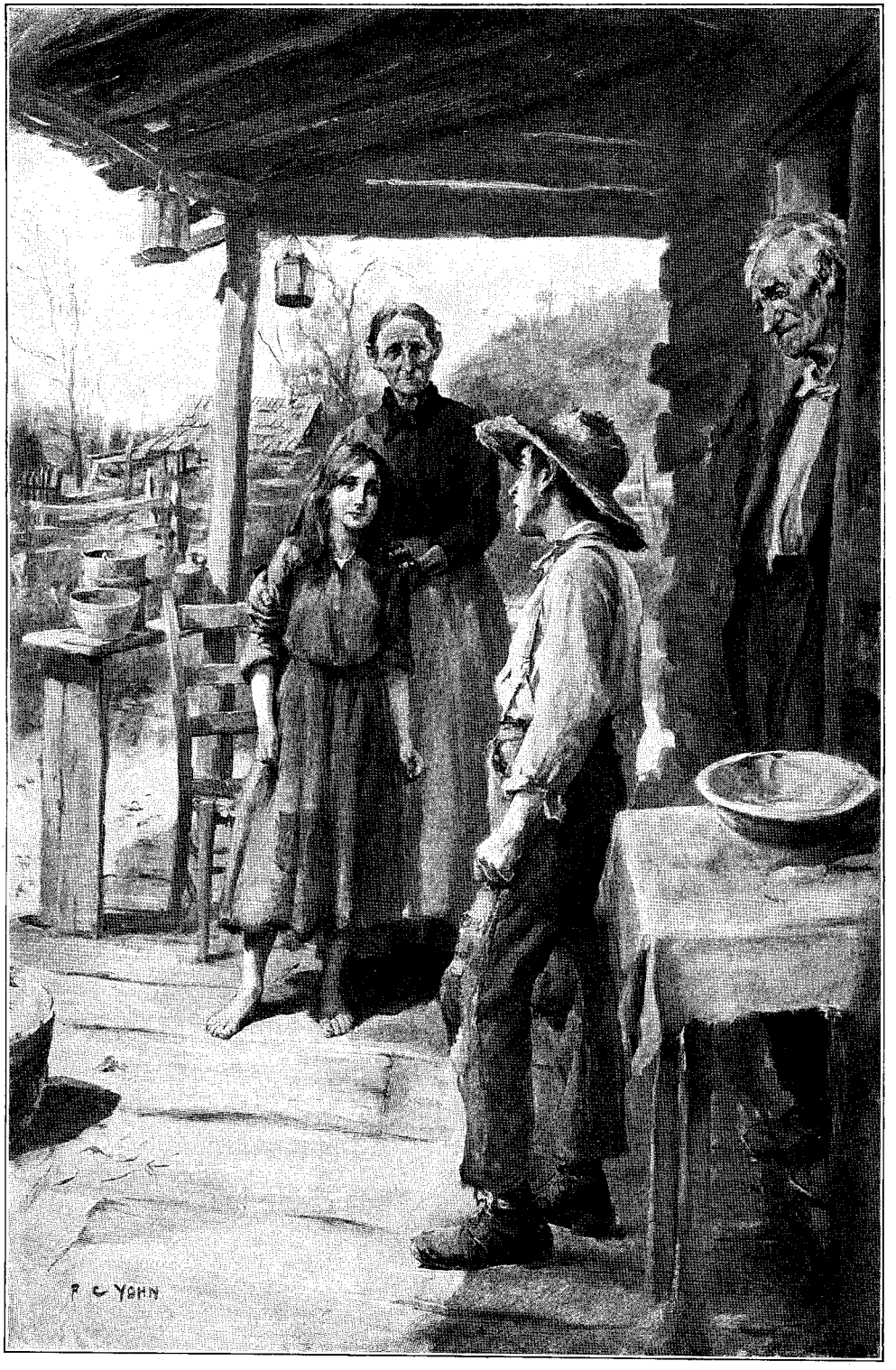

Drawn by F. C. Yohn.

"Hit aint no use, Mavis," he said, "the law's agin us an' we got to wait."—Page 570.

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fiercely, but when he opened the gate the dog bounded to him whining his joy and trying to lick his hands. He dropped on the porch and the loneliness of it all clutched his heart so that he had to gulp back a sob in his throat and blink his eyes to keep back the tears. But it was not until he went inside finally and threw himself with his clothes on across his mother's empty bed that he lost all control and sobbed himself to sleep. When he awoke it was not only broad daylight, but the sun was an hour high and streaming through the mud-chinked crevices of the cabin. In his whole life he had never slept so long after daybreak and he sprang up in bed with bewildered eyes, trying to make out where he was and why he was there. The realization struck him with fresh pain, and when he slowly climbed out of the bed the old hound was whining at the door. When he opened it the fresh wind striking his warm body aroused him sharply. He wondered why his mother had not already been over for her things. The chickens were clustered expectantly at the corner of the house, the calf was bawling at the corner of the fence, and the old cow was waiting patiently at the gate. He turned quickly to the kitchen and to a breakfast on the scraps of his last night's supper. He did not know how to make coffee, and for the first time in his life he went without it. Within an hour the cow was milked and fed, bread crumbs were scattered to the chickens, and alone in the lonely cabin he faced the new conditions of his life. He started toward the gate, not knowing where he should go. He drifted aimlessly down the creek and he began to wonder about Mavis, whether she had got home and now knew what had happened and what she thought about it all, and about his grandfather and who it was that had shot him. There were many things that he wanted to know, and his steps quickened with a definite purpose. At the mouth of the creek he hailed the old circuit rider's house, and the old man and his wife both appeared in the doorway.

"I reckon you couldn't help doin' it?"

"No," said the old man. "Thar wasn't no reason fer me to deny 'em."

He looked confused and the old woman gulped, for both were wondering how much the lad knew.

"How's grandpap?"

"Right porely I heerd," said the old woman. "The doctor's thar, an' he said that if the bullet had 'a' gone a leetle furder down hit would 'a' killed him."

"Whar's Mavis?"

Again the two old people looked confused, for it was plain that Jason did not know all that had happened.

"I hain't seed her, but somebody said she went by hyeh on her way home about an hour ago. I was thinkin' about goin' up thar right now."

The boy's eyes were shifting now from one to the other and he broke in abruptly:

"Whut's the matter?"

The old man's lips tightened.

"Jason, she's up thar alone. Yo' mammy an' Steve have run away."

The lad looked at the old man with unblinking eyes.

"Don't ye understand, boy?" repeated the old man kindly. "They've run away!"

Jason turned his head quickly and started for the gate.

"Now, don't, Jason," called the old woman in a broken voice. "Don't take on that way. I want ye both to come an' live with us," she pleaded. "Come on back now."

The little fellow neither made answer nor looked back, and the old people watched him turn up the creek, trudging toward Mavis's home.

The boy's tears once more started when he caught sight of Steve Hawn's cabin, but he forced them back. A helpless little figure was sitting in the open doorway with head buried in her arms. She did not hear him coming even when he was quite near, for the lad stepped softly and gently put one hand on her shoulder. She looked up with a frightened start, and at sight of his face she quit her sobbing and with one hand over her quivering mouth turned her head away.

"Come on, Mavie," he said quietly.

Again she looked up, wonderingly this time, and seeing some steady purpose in his eyes rose without a question.

With no word he turned and she followed him back down the creek. And the old couple, sitting in the porch saw them coming, the boy striding resolutely ahead, the little girl behind, and the

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faces of both deadly serious—the one with purpose and the other with blind trust. They did not call to the boy, for they saw him swerve across the road toward the gate. He did not lift his head until he reached the gate, and he did not wait for Mavis. He had no need, for she had hurried to his side when he halted at the steps of the porch.

"Uncle Lige," he said, "me an' Mavis hyeh want to git married."

Not the faintest surprise showed in Mavis's face, little as she knew what his purpose was, for what the master did was right; but the old woman and the old man were stunned into silence and neither could smile.

"Have you got yo' license?" the old man asked gravely.

"Whut's a license?"

"You got to git a license from the county clerk afore you can git married, an' hit costs two dollars."

The boy flinched, but only for a moment.

"I kin borrer the money," he said stoutly.

"But you can't git a license—you ain't a man."

"I ain't!" cried the boy hotly; "I *got* to be!"

"Come in hyeh, Jason," said the old man, for it was time to leave off evasion, and he led the lad into the house while Mavis, with the old woman's arm around her, waited in the porch. Jason came out baffled and pale.

"Hit ain't no use, Mavis," he said, "the law's agin us an' we got to wait. They've run away an' they've both sold out an' yo' daddy left word that he was goin' to send fer ye whenever he got wharever he was goin'."

Jason waited and he did not have to wait long.

"I hain't goin' to leave ye," she flashed.

(To be continued.)

AMFORTAS

By Corinne Roosevelt Robinson

I AM the Sinner purer than the sin,
I am the Doer worthier than the deed,
I am the Loser, who was meant to win,
I, the Forswearer, yet who loved the creed.

I, the Inheritor of Holiness,
The Knighted Guardian of the Mystic Grail—
Lo! I am lost in deep and dire distress,
For I have loved the best, and yet could fail—

I was the bearer of the Holy Spear,
But, through my sin, the sacred Thing I bore
Turned on my breast, and what I held most dear
Has left an anguished wound for evermore.

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Mine was a Soul free born to love the light,
Astir with wingèd hope and fair emprise,
Self-slain, and chained to dark and dreadful night,
Though doomed to deathlessness, it faints and dies.

To love the right, and yield unto the wrong,
To have the best, and know it, yet to lose,
To be the weak, though born to be the strong,
To crave the pure, and yet the loathly choose—

Perchance the tortured terror which I bear
Forever burning in my bleeding breast
Shall purge my sin and win for me a share
In the Redeemer's gift of perfect Rest.

I am the Sinner purer than the sin,
I am the Doer worthier than the deed,
I am the Loser, who was meant to win,
I, the Forswearer, yet who loved the creed!

OUT THERE

By Arthur Ruhl

ILLUSTRATIONS BY DAVID ROBINSON

SARAH HYDE lived with her mother and her sister Sybyl in an old-fashioned apartment house downtown, about midway between Fifth Avenue and the "L." At any rate, there she slept and spent most of her evenings and Sundays,—except when helping at the settlement,—but her days were spent under an electric drop-lamp in a law office in Wall Street. She was a trifle pale, therefore, and subdued, but nobody noticed that, because she was so good and self-sacrificing, and listened with a quick, bright look to everything other folks said.

Her middle name was De Puyster, but one of the bright young men in the office said it ought to be Cinderella. Mrs. Hyde, whose forbears had been important people on the Island of Manhattan since the days when the Battery was uptown, belonged to various societies for the preservation of such memories, and she could talk authoritatively and even with a sort of faded affection about the times when Broadway stages had sleigh-runners in winter and straw was put on the floor to keep the passengers' feet warm.

Not much interested in anything that had happened since 1880, she was, at other moments, rather difficult. She went out little, for the city seemed to forget the Hydes after their money disappeared, and when one has kept one's own horses in one's own stable, in one's own back yard, before loft buildings crowded with guttural fur-and-feather merchants flowed over and buried the place, taxicabs seem a trifle new and vulgar, even if not expensive. Mrs. Hyde might be found at her tea-table every afternoon at

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five, but most of the rest of her time she spent in rereading the early English novels and deploring the fact that New York society had become a mere whirling mass of disintegrated units.

Sybyl Hyde "sculpted." The north room of the little apartment—properly its dining-room—had been turned into a studio. There was always a queer smell of oil and clay about the place, and various queer, greenish lumps which were some day going to be finished. Indeed, Sybyl had once completed a bas-relief of a friend of the family—by enlarging on paper with a pantograph a portrait of the gentleman published in *Town and Country*, cutting out and pinning the diagram to a flat surface of clay and working over the composition for several months. Mrs. Hyde thought it all rather odd, but Sybyl's bohemian friends said that it was very artistic and promising, and the gentleman himself paid her twenty-five dollars and sent it to an elderly aunt in New Hampshire for a Christmas present.

Sybyl was determined to leave no stone unturned in the cultivation of her talent, and she was indefatigable in her attendance at Carnegie Hall concerts, matinée performances of "plastic" dancers and studio teas. These necessaries counted up, and some of Sarah's salary as a stenographer went for tickets, or to pay for the beer and sandwiches and cigarettes which assisted in alluring for an evening Sybyl's artistic friends. But as they and Sybyl agreed, it was hard for a girl brought up in a strict conventional environment really to advance unless she got a breath now and then of the fresh ozone of the world of those who do things.

Sarah always spoke proudly of Sybyl's work, and although she rarely could stay up for her sister's parties because of next morning's alarm clock, she often got home in time—it was on these days that the colored maid who came in each morning from Minetta Lane was most likely to be indisposed—to wash the glasses and things left over from the evening before. At this hour, too, she wrote her mother's notes—for Mrs. Hyde had not allowed herself to fall into the habit of doing without a social secretary and such things, together with playing the piano at the Parish House socials on Friday evenings and similar odds and ends, kept her quite free of the perils of introspection. Sybyl often wished she had been born practical and domestic, like her sister—for after all, as she said, one was really much more contented so—and Mrs. Hyde, although she rather shrank from the thought of a young unmarried girl leaving her proper sphere to elbow about in business, was genuinely grateful for the addition which Sarah's salary made to their slender income, and she expressed a common sentiment when she told her daughter, as she often did, that she didn't know what they would do without her.

Leatherbee and Wigett, for whom Sarah had written letters and copied briefs until it was sometimes playfully said that she knew the law better than the judge himself, felt the same way. They had begun, especially the younger men, who worked for nothing and did most of the slaving, as it seemed to them, for which the firm got the fees, by finding it pleasant to have a fresh young girl about their dusty offices. She was a ray of sunshine in their dark lives. They grew quite sentimental about her, indeed, when, a case well won and a comfortable dinner before them in their college club uptown, they fell into a mellow enough humor to stop talking law in the abstract and merely gossip.

They were less frequently seized with these fits as the years went by. Possibly Sarah had faded a bit. At any rate, fresher rays of sunshine came into the office, and the men, ever adaptable, dropped back to the younger generation. If Sarah noticed these barometric changes she did not show it, and whatever she may have lost in merely superficial bloom she more than made up by those subtler services with which women make themselves indispensable and revered.

It was she who stayed after hours, of her own free will and gladly; who protected the preoccupied males from visitors whom they were too busy or disinclined to see; who typed without dictation semi-social notes whose addresses her employers, dashing out of the office for the country, flung back as they ran (she had learned to make neat forgeries of all their bold signatures); who banked and grudgingly doled out, after almost documentary proof that he needed it, the office boy's weekly salary. Indeed, among the girls who, having no ancestors to live up to, merely toiled for theatre tickets and clothes designed to make their help-

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less employers forget home and country, the whispered phrase, "Let Sarah do it!" became a recognized part of the office slang. She steadily grew in grace. There is no reason, indeed, why she should not eventually have worked away every atom of the dross of self and become an uncanonized saint, had she not suddenly discovered, one rainy April morning, that she was thirty years old.

No woman, perhaps, reaches that event without having scrutinized it from afar, but the complete realization, at any rate, struck her with the crashing suddenness of thunder. She was riding down to work in the "L." It was at the season when a sagging but persistent winter had not yet given way to spring and all the Olympians are sailing for Bermuda or the Riviera; when pavements are a shiny paste of melted snow and mud; when people catch germs and things, and New York is a sodden, dripping cavern through which, day and night, echoes the sullen sound of grinding dollars.

The cold which Sarah had caught in November, after staying downtown three nights running without her dinner, had hung on. Awakening at two that morning, she had listened and shivered in her bed—it had seemed for weeks as if she were never really warm—until half-past five, then dropped off and slept through the alarm clock's warning to jump up in a sort of shaky terror, dress by lamp-light, and scurry to her train without bath or breakfast. The car was crowded and smelt of damp rubbers and wool and a few faintly smoking and carefully cherished cigar-butts. There were no seats, and hollow and trembling a little she hung to a strap as the train wrenched round the turn at Bleecker Street and rasped into West Broadway.

Over the top of the newspaper with which the man before whom she swung maintained his ignorance of her presence, she suddenly found herself looking into the yellow glass eyes of the great black cat which, lighted at night, had once served to lure adventurous spirits into a restaurant behind it, there to engage in unequal combat with its fifty-cent table d'hôte. The black cat had thus looked at her every morning for nearly ten years, but to-day she unexpectedly saw it as she had seen it one June evening during the first summer that the family had found it necessary to give up Narragansett and keep to their flat in town.

She remembered the dress she wore and the straw hat of the man—boy he must have been—who conducted that thrilling adventure, and she could see herself leaning on the table poking a straw into a little glass of green mint, while the orchestra howled "Santa Lucia" and the young man—disappeared these many years—blew cigarette smoke impressively through his nose and talked on and on, eagerly, without taking his eyes from her face. A depression almost physical in its weight, as if the atmosphere itself had turned thick and viscous, seemed to descend upon her and envelop her. At the same instant her thoughts flung forward to the present, and she awoke as if to something wholly new and terrible, that this was her birthday.

Her heart stopped, then rushed into her throat. Her neck throbbed, her cheeks burned, and she looked round as if something sudden and fatal were threatening her, looked round for a way of escape. The train rumbled on, the loft buildings filed past in monotonous repetition, the men pored over their papers, and the brakes were just grinding down for Park Place, when she found herself reading an advertisement above her head.

It was the picture of a young man jogging along on a cow-pony in the blue-and-gold brilliance of a western desert. In the distance was a range of terra-cotta hills toward which a faint trail meandered through scanty chapparal, and as the horseman proceeded, lazily rolling a cigarette, his bronze face under its well-worn slouch hat bore a wise and vaguely humorous smile, as if life brought him no more difficult problem than to capture three square meals a day, ride round in the sunshine, and sleep under the stars. In large letters at the top of the placard were the words:

OUT THERE.

The toilers of the world, it appeared, were invited to come and pitch their tents. "Out there the sun is shining. Come where it shines all the year round and life is big and free. There's room for everybody. There's a place for YOU. For full particulars, time-tables, etc., consult Eastern Passenger Agent S. F. & P., 225 Broadway."

Sarah read the placard over several times. She looked at the men round her,

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still inextricably absorbed in their papers. She returned to the placard. From the background of her consciousness something was approaching. Nearer and nearer and stronger and stronger it came, like hoof-beats in the fog, and all at once gripped and swept her away. The men changed. The city changed. The rectangular buildings with their rivers of people flowing at their feet changed. From being something fixed and inexorable, they became amusingly, grotesquely accidental and small. She was another person. It only happened that she was doing what she was in a particular way. There were other ways, countless ways; other worlds, infinite worlds, bigger, more real—out there.

"I'm *not* old!" she thought as she hurried down the narrow canyon of Wall Street. The gray walls of the Sub-Treasury and J. P. Morgan's offices were like pictures in some old magazine. "You've had me—you've had me for ten years, but you can't have me now! I'm out for myself and nobody can stop me!"

She ripped through mountains of work that morning like a reaper through ripe wheat. It was Monday and every one out of sorts and cross. Yet even Mr. Wigett's sarcasm left her unafraid. "Only a poor old man!" she thought.

At lunch time she drew her balance from the bank. There was three hundred and sixty-three dollars and eighty-five cents. Then she went to the ticket office.

"Yes?" said the clerk. "Where do you want to go?" She had no idea. She murmured something about their advertisement in the elevated.

"California?" asked the young man with a smile.

"Yes," she answered severely. "Give me a ticket to California. That's as far as one can go, isn't it?"

"Unless," ventured the young man, "you want to come back."

"I don't want to come back," said Sarah. She returned to the office with a green ticket, folded over and over and long enough, it seemed, to take her around the world. Sarah had never been farther away from New York than Boston. Her work kept her that evening until every one was gone. Then she wrote a note to Judge Leatherbee and took the "L" uptown. She stopped at a dairy-lunch place near the Eighth Street station for her supper and hurried home.

The Van Cortlandt Dames, a newly organized society for the preservation of the colonial spirit, was giving its first reception that evening, so that Mrs. Hyde was not at home, but Sybyl called faintly as Sarah passed her room. The gas was lit and Sybyl lay in bed, a bowl of hot water steaming on a chair beside her and her face buried in hot cloths.

"Ah!" Sybyl sighed her relief. "I thought you'd never come! Some people are coming in to-night—we'll have to get something for 'em."

Sybyl lifted the wet cloth and folded it closer about her eyes, and from an invisible crack in it emerged a languid and rather hopeless "Sandwiches?" Sarah, in her damp mackintosh, gripping her still dripping umbrella, stared at, and, as it were, through her sister. "I can't," she said quietly "I can't do it to-night!"

She turned into her own room. "But, Sarah," a muffled protest followed, "you've got to. *I* can't make sandwiches!"

She pulled a suit-case down from the upper shelf of the closet and swiftly stowed away in it a few necessary things. From time to time there came a semi-audible wail from the adjoining room. Once, "Is there any peanut butter in the house?" came cold and clear—evidently in the interval between cloths. Sarah continued packing.

She snapped the bag shut, washed her hands and face, poked up her hair, put on her mackintosh again, and picked up her suit-case and umbrella. As she paused at her sister's door Sybyl was moaning ceilingward. "You've got to feed 'em—right after dinner—just the same. . . ." Carefully balancing the steaming cloth on her upturned face, she punched the pillow into a more sustaining fulness. Sarah watched her.

"Sybyl," she started, "I—" then suddenly ran forward, threw her arms about her sister, and brushing aside the towel, pressed her face against the moist, steaming cheek.

"Good-by!" she said. Sybyl jumped and sat up in bed, her hair tumbling over her incarnadined face, her eyes blinking in the sudden light.

"What's the matter!" she cried. She took in the mackintosh, suit-case, umbrella.

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"I'm going away!" said Sarah.

"*Away!*" The younger sister slid part way out of bed, and sitting erect, gripped the sheet as if to save herself from being swept away. "Sarah, you're not yourself! Something's happened!"

"I'm quite myself," answered the older girl evenly. "I'll write you. . . . Good-by!" she cried, and she hurried down the hall.

"Sarah! . . . Sarah!" Over the fourth-floor banister the artistic sister leaned, dishevelled and aghast. "You can't leave me like this . . . where are you going . . . *where* are you going?"

"Never mind!" cried Sarah, a little shrill and shaky now, "somewhere—out there!"

For two days it rained. The whole world seemed to have dissolved into water and mists and sodden gray. Crouched in the soiled plush embrace of the Pullman, Sarah watched in a sort of waking trance towns and forests, the uncanny monotony of mist-hung plains, stream past her dripping window. She went to sleep the third night to the windy thresh of raindrops on the metal roof overhead and a thunder that rolled and rumbled across the empty prairies as if all the gods were bowling. She was alone, free, a little terrified and strangely happy.

She awoke slowly next morning into consciousness of a strange aerial stillness—a stillness in which the train seemed to be sailing like a balloon, remote, alone. A blade of light at the edge of her closed window-curtain slit the twilight of her berth, and even the lifeless air of the closed car was pierced by something from without, keen and cool, inexpressibly clean and untarnished.

Leaning on her elbow, she pushed up the curtain a few inches—everything she had known and been seemed brushed aside like so many marks wiped from a slate.

They were floating on the rim of an untouched world. Across a gulf of terra-cotta rock, of gray-green sage below—miles below—and black-green pines above, she was looking straight out and up, to summits of virgin snow. Incandescent in the morning sun, they blazed against the blue behind, rising through that incredible clearness, the very soul of light. It seemed as if she could sail across that intervening ether, companion of those bright ascending snows. Nothing was impossible.

"Good God!" she said reverently, and felt she was born again.

She threw on her clothes. To a woman she found in the dressing-room—a shabby woman in a red wrapper, rubbing cold cream into the lines about her eyes—she prattled as to a life-long friend. She talked to the waiter in the dining-car with a strange, unprecedented sensation of clairvoyantly understanding and sharing the existence of that dusky gentleman without in the least pausing in the swift flight of her own. The cup of coffee went to her head like some rare unearthly wine. She hurried to the back platform—the rear half of the Pullman had been turned into an abbreviated observation-car—with the feeling that there was not a moment to lose; that the world had suddenly become crowded with things of which one must seize all one could as they poured dizzily by. On a camp-stool in the corner sat a plump, pink, placid young woman with a baby in her arms. Sarah gathered her in with mountain shoulders and canyons.

"Heavens!" said Sarah, and she threw out her arms and hugged them to her breast.

"Like it?" said the young woman pleasantly. "It *is* pretty. It's too bad we missed the Devil's Gorge, though. We came through that in the night. I seen it once goin' down the other way. You go through in the afternoon and see it fine."

Sarah looked down at the young woman, —at her clear skin, her unlined face and general air of being at home in the world,—at her and the baby. Even the baby seemed different. Even he was conscious of the general excellence of the universe. Healthy as a young trout, he gazed complacently heavenward, apparently aware that his eyes matched the mountain sky and thoroughly approving of it. Sarah bent over him and touched his incredibly soft cheek, and as he enthusiastically reached upward and gripped one of her fingers in both his strong, damp little fists, and thus held, proudly stiffened his little back and let himself almost be lifted off his mother's lap, she gave a quick cry, and dropping to her knees wrapped baby and mother both in her hungry, inexperienced arms. They were strong young arms, not the less so, perhaps, from having pounded the keys of a typewriter eight hours a day for the better half of ten years.

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The mother looked down approvingly. "He likes you," she said.

The train panted slowly up and over the divide and then in wide descending loops began to roll down the western slope. "Maybe," suggested the cheerful mother, "you'd like to watch him a while. I haven't had breakfast yet. Don't let him fall overboard. . . ."

It was one of those leisurely trains which, meandering off into a region of washouts and sagging road-beds, live up to the dashing phrases of the time-table by trailing behind their day coaches and a "tourist" car or two an antiquated Pullman. Voyagers less guileless than Sarah joined swifter caravans, and on the deserted platform, surveying that bright aerial world, she and her baby were quite alone.

A strange excitement, sweet, poignant almost to the point of pain, thrilled through her as she felt that plump, soft, warm little body in her arms. She lifted and mothered it gently. She pressed it to her until the little fellow, squirming deliciously, began a whimper, which, releasing him quickly, she quieted with renewed gentleness. She devised fancied discomforts for him and hurriedly and with business-like despatch remedied them.

The train entered a belt of pines, rumbled across short trestles up through which, from foaming streams beneath, came sharp, cool breaths, and presently straightened out into open country again—a wide plateau country, spotted here and there with brown range cattle. Holding that little body, Sarah felt a new warm strength and courage in her own; a sense of belonging to those splendid unfolding distances, with a grip on things, and as the train whistled for a station and the mother took her child, something of Sarah herself seemed to go.

A dripping water-tank slipped by, a freight-shed, and as the train stopped before a low station with a corrugated-iron roof, a horseman, jogging in from the trail that disappeared in the horizon, swung off his pony, and picking up a bag on the station platform approached the train. Sarah caught her breath. For she had seen him before. He was the young man of the "L" train picture.

She threw him a quick look as he came out on the rear platform and snapped open a camp-stool—a lean, tanned, young man with pleasingly compact shoulders and sensible gray eyes—and at once she noticed that instead of not having a care in the world, he looked as if he had all of them. He seemed driven and tired. He flopped down, and leaning back against the car with almost an air of defiance, waved an ironical hand at the distant foot-hills. "Good-by!" he sang out.

Sarah watched him out of the corner of her quiet eye.

"It's a lovely country, isn't it?" she ventured.

The young man turned on her savagely, stopped short, blinked, and the taut lines of his face relaxed.

"Do you think so?" he demanded.

"I should say I did!" cried Sarah. "It's like the things you see in pictures!"

"Oh!" assented the young man. He leaned back and surveyed the horizon again with his ironical smile. "You see, I live here." The train bowled on down the slight down grade. The flour-like desert dust raced after them in a little cloud, and from below came the soothing clickity-clack and long *whee-ee-sh—wha-aa-sh* of ties and rails.

"Is it a ranch?" asked Sarah.

"It may be some day," said the young man dryly.

Sarah could feel his quick appraising eyes. "Do you see that gray peak—there behind the foot-hills—the bare one, with the patch of snow? Well, that's it. Down in that strip of ultramarine. That's my ranch."

Sarah followed his arm. She looked at the young man, returned to that distant strip of misty blue, and so stared from one to the other as if he were some sort of prestidigitateur.

"Think of living in a place like that!" she whispered. "The bigness of it!"

"Yes," assented the young man without enthusiasm, "there's plenty of room."

"All the wide out-doors!" Sarah turned toward him, her quiet eyes suddenly bright. The young man scowled slightly.

"Have you any idea how wide that is—up on my place, for instance? It's eighteen miles in an air line from my front door to the top of that peak. It's twenty miles to the nearest neighbor and he's a human grizzly that crawls in his cave at the first snow and stays there until spring. He ought to be in a zoo. It's forty miles to

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Some of Sarah's salary went to pay for the beer and sandwiches and cigarettes.—Page 572.

the mail, and you can't get there for four months except on snow-shoes."

"Yes!" said Sarah, "but think of the things you get away from! Where they can't get at you. Just be yourself and live!"

"That's all right," nodded the young man. "Did you ever try it?"

"You mean you're lonesome?"

"Lonesome?" he almost shouted. "Ha!" he jammed his hands in his pockets and stared down the retreating track. "Roll on!" he waved again, "roll on!"

He turned to Sarah. "Yes, lonesome, if it comes to that! But you don't mind that if you're making money at it. Wait

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till you show your friends 'how to make the ranch pay'! . . . Oh, it can be done all right," he added hastily. "Only——"

The young man's voice trailed off into gloomy silence. "It's like anything else. There's a lot of things you don't allow for. Here's a forest supervisor, for instance. Wants to make a record for his district—we pay so much a head for cattle, you know—and he lets in a big outfit from across the range—over behind that peak. Summer range is overstocked, winter feed cleaned off, and what with that and the the snow—we've had six feet of it all over the place—half my stock died on my hands.

His face stiffened. "They crawled right up to my door—hung on the fences, too weak to get over. No hay—nothing under the snow—and there they were, dying and freezing before our eyes. I tell you it isn't so blamed picturesque as you might think!"

He caught himself suddenly. "I don't know why I'm boring you with all this! I—" he stopped, turned away, then slowly back at her with a look—boyish, wistful, unspoiled—that sent through her a quick and almost terrifying desire. All at once she wanted to stroke the young man's curly hair, to press his tanned cheeks to hers, to mother that healthy troubled face in the hollow of her neck and shoulder.

"It doesn't bore me," she said in a whisper. Their eyes met, and she felt a quick surge of gratitude as he rescued her with a frank "Oh well, I guess it got on my nerves. One thing and another—it hit me all at once, and I put on my hat and ran. That's it—ran away!"

"I know," nodded Sarah. "It was just that way with me." She met him with level, defiant eyes. "I just had to."

"*You?*"

"Yes," said Sarah quietly. "I just flopped over. It was time to swing and I swung. And I don't mind telling you"—Sarah twisted her slim muscular hands one over the other—"I don't care if I never swing back! That's the way I feel about it!"

The young man stared, drew a sharp, quavering breath, and then suddenly leaned forward and looked into her eyes. "Why do you?" he said. Sarah trembled a little.

There was a crash which threw them back against the car, then a series of thumps, and the antique Pullman veteran, doubtless of many such encounters, calmly rolling over, somersaulted both into the sage-brush and gravel on the other side of the fence.

Sarah found herself sitting bolt upright,—in front of her, like some incredible biograph picture, the smoking locomotive, a helpless beetle on its back,—the express car wedged sidewise and smashed, the overturned coaches through whose broken windows the passengers were dragging themselves; and staring at her, with a thread of crimson running down his forehead, a very pale young man.

She felt like fainting, but as no arrangements for such dissipations had been made at Leatherbee and Wigett's, she had learned to get over them, even on those occasional late afternoons when the keys mixed and the room went round and round. So she got over this now, and tearing a strip from her petticoat, soaked it in the stream across which they had been wrecked and returned to wash the blood and dust from the young man's face.

He took it obediently, murmuring, however, "Poor little girl!" and resting a slightly shaky hand on Sarah's arm as if he imagined, somehow, that he were helping along. And then, in the middle of it, the world became strangely quiet and suddenly went black. She was just about to fall—down—down—but pulled herself up and came back. The young man had his arm about her and he was smoothing the hair from her forehead with the damp cloth. "I'm not hurt!" she said and started to rise, but he insisted that she was. There was something new and delightful about that to Sarah.

"All right, then, I am!" she said, and her head dropped back in his arm. It was a capable arm. The strong curve of the biceps pressed through the sleeve against her cheek. His free hand smoothed her forehead and she looked past it, through lashes nearly closed, up into the peace of cloudless blue. And the young man kept whispering, "Poor little girl!"

All at once, opening her eyes, she abruptly sat up. "I insist on it!" she said, and began to straighten her damp hair. "I—" She turned away quickly, but he seized her and drew her toward him and kissed her wet cheek.

"I've been lonesome so long!" he said brokenly, pressing her face to his. Sarah shut her eyes tightly.

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"So have I!" she whispered. . . .

Leaving the passengers gathered proudly about the wreck, figuring out exactly what they had been saying and thinking just before the crash came, they disappeared in the cool aisles of the canyon at the bottom of which the little stream ran. Far above, where the sun hit, terra-cotta peaks shone sharp against the blue; below these, sheer faces of rock dropped earthward, down and down to the tumbling stream and their tiny selves. It was as still as a cathedral —cool, shadowy, abysmal, except where a cross canyon, like a transept, poured down its transverse beam of light.

The man before whom she swung maintained his ignorance of her presence.—Page 573.

Sarah was soon herself again — more

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than herself. She sprang from rock to rock. She climbed after her leader—eager, quick to understand—and all the time with the feeling of beginning life over again. "Aren't you tired?" he asked once.

"Never!" said Sarah. She was standing on a rock a bit above him. "Catch me!" she cried, and she laughed and leaped down into his arms. She could have flown if she wished.

They climbed to a high ledge, made coffee and toast. Far away and below—incredibly far—they could see the passengers gathered, ant-like, about the wreck.

They drank up their little pail of coffee and the young man scrambled down for more water. Lying flat, with elbows on the rock and chin in her hands, Sarah proudly watched him, careless and sure as a mountain sheep. Looking up as he kneeled at the stream a full quarter-mile drop from where she lay, he waved and she fluttered her handkerchief. And this exchange, across the silent, unprecedented distance, was strangely exciting and delightful—she, quiet little Sarah Hyde, talking across the mountain tops.

"Sarah! Sarah!" Over the fourth-floor banister the artistic sister leaned, dishevelled and aghast.—Page 575.

They came down the canyon as the cool mountain twilight was closing in. The east-bound trains, it appeared, were held up by a washout, there was no down train until next morning, and the passengers had settled down to a very passable imitation of a camp of happy brigands. Little fires twinkled in the canyon bed; down by the trestle some one was playing an accordion and two or three women's voices quavered plaintively into song.

The young man spread some Pullman blankets on the ground. He unearthed sandwiches and canned peaches and tea and made a little fire. Then, after they had finished supper, he rolled two cigarettes, one of which he gave to Sarah.

"Never mind," he smiled, "you've got to this time. It's very symbolical. . . .

"It means forever and forever," he said, as the two little clouds of smoke mingled in the still air.

The fires burned down, the tired passengers huddled closer in their blankets and gradually the canyon was still. As Sarah and the young man watched, still awake, the intense blackness above them began to be thinned with a misty radiance. In the zenith the sky grew almost blue, and the sharp canyon rim far above to the east became rimmed with living silver. The silhouettes of the slim pines developed clearer and blacker against the growing light behind, and finally, over the canyon edge, climbed the round moon. It rose, cool and radiant, above the dead rocks, and down across the rim, as clear against the blackness as the beam of a search-light, spread its silver mist.

Sarah caught her breath and put out her hand until it touched the young man's arm. His own hand closed on it and he bent and kissed the tips of her cold fingers. And the silver mist poured over the canyon rim and buried them, hands clasped and faces upturned. . . .

The moon climbed slowly up the sky and hung small and bright nearly overhead. Sarah had dropped back in her blanket and

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with hands under her head looked up at the stars.

"I think we could make that ranch pay," she said. The young man tossed fresh wood in the fire. "Of course we could!" he agreed. She did not see him slip his own blanket under her head and carefully cover her up. She did not see him because, gazing up at the stars, wearier in body and wider awake in mind, it seemed, than ever she had been before, she quite shamelessly dropped asleep. She fell asleep, and the watchman beside her little knew that it was only the husk of Sarah Hyde that lay there and that she herself had fled two thousand miles away.

She had fled back to the city—to a town transfigured, glamoured over with the in-

. . . and staring at her, with a thread of crimson running down his forehead, a very pale young man.—Page 578.

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effable radiance of dreams. The iron music of the streets; the fragrant warmth of rooms, through which, in the soft glow of shaded lamps or firelight, flowed familiar welcoming faces; all that life she had run away from, its tingle and rush and sweet security, suddenly, in the night's strange clairvoyance, took on a new and overpowering significance.

It leaned toward her, so to speak, to rescue her before too late—to snatch her from something that closed in, sinister, threatening, implacable, materializing into a shape and face. . . . She tried to run, strained to escape it and suddenly, with a cry, woke up.

The moon had gone, a mist was falling and a cold breath, the melancholy chill that comes before the dawn, moaned up the canyon. The river-bed was still black and tenebrous, but the peaks, dimly lit now by the first streaks of the graying morning, lifted aloof, trailing their ghostly scarfs of fog into a world cold, sterile, cruelly still. All about her, like shrouded corpses, lay the companions of her incredible adventure, and now her young man—a terrible and terrifying presence—was stretched beside the ashes of last night's fire, sound asleep as a locked door.

A surge of unendurable homesickness swept over her. She ached for home; for her own little room, her familiar bed near the airshaft window, with the muslin curtains stirring peacefully, a far-off "L" train rumbling by at the end of the street and the early morning milk-bottles clinking at the foot of the shaft. She touched the young man's arm.

"It means forever and forever," he said, as the two little clouds of smoke mingled in the still air.
Page 580.

"Yes!" he answered, wide-awake at once, "what's up?"

"Listen!" Sarah cried, gripping his coat-sleeve and thrusting toward him her pale wild face; "I can't! Do you understand? It's a mistake—I was out of my mind yesterday! I'm going back, I want to go home!"

He regarded her keenly. "That's all right," he said gently, "it's the altitude—it gives you the willies when you aren't used to it—just wait till I make you some coffee."

"I do know what I'm saying!" cried Sarah. She shook her fists up at the cold, gray peaks. "Listen—I hate those dreadful mountains! I hate the whole country—it's horrible! It's all empty and horrible!"

"You want to go back to New York?"

"I want to go back to people! People—do you understand? Tame people—all about you. And things where they belong!"

A curious light shone in the young man's eyes. "So you wouldn't make a good ranchman's wife?" he said.

Sarah shot him a look. "I don't think I'd make a good wife for anybody. I don't want to!" She jumped to her feet and

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"Listen!" Sarah cried. "I can't! Do you understand? It's a mistake."—Page 582.

shaking out her skirt began to jab hairpins into her hair. "Just let me work. Yes, work! I'd be going down to the office now with the men reading their morning papers and me reading mine and as good as any of them!"

The young man nodded, but said nothing.

"Working *with* 'em!" cried Sarah, stung by his unconcern. "Do you know what that means? All those minds—overhead, downstairs, across the street, all about you—doing things! Concentrated vitality—that's what it is! And you just dive in and swim in it! I tell you it's tremendous to get mixed up with men's brains that way! You can't imagine what it means!"

The young man regarded her steadily. "So *that's* what it does to you," he said. . . . "I suppose you'd get attached to a jail even, if you stayed there long enough." He stepped close to her. "Do you know what all that really is? Riding on the engine—that's what it is. Riding on the engine when you could be engineer. I thought you women were practical."

"I am practical," insisted Sarah, "that's the trouble with me."

"Then let the men chase their fancy pictures." He took off his hat and solemnly tapped his head. "Here's a mind to get mixed up with—what's the matter with it?"

Sarah turned away with a little cry of impatience. "You don't understand," she persisted, staring off into the thinning mist.

"Oh, yes I do," he said, "I've been there. It was a fine picture of myself as a pioneer—breaking the trail and all that—that got me." He threw his arm toward the mountains they had left behind. "We got the ranch on a foreclosure—there was my chance, and my partner bet me I couldn't make it pay and—and here we are. That's the kind of a pioneer *I* am!"

"You mean you're not?" asked Sarah.

"I'm a broker," said the young man cheerfully. "I'm one of those men across the street. I'm one of those great minds."

His look suddenly tightened. "And I want you. I hadn't been on that platform more than a minute yesterday before——"

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Sarah huddled away from him, twisting her cold fingers over and over. "I want to forget yesterday," she shivered.

The young man was silent for a moment. Down by the trestle some one shook himself out of his blanket and stretched his arms. All over the little camp gray bundles began to come to life. "Leave out yesterday," he said suddenly. "It's morning now. Here we are—two people with a chance. The question is, are we going to take it?" He bent closer to Sarah and closed his hand over her cold fingers. "Hadn't we better stay together?" he asked.

"Oh, I don't know," sobbed Sarah.

"Back to New York. . . ." The young man threw up his head and seemed to listen as if, through the graying light, he, too, could hear the far-off, familiar rumble of the town. . . . "Do you know those rainy nights with the asphalt shining under a blanket of mist . . . an autumn night with everybody back in town and the new plays on. . . . Can't you see people at dinner—that's what you think of it back here—just the right light and just the right people—and then up the avenue through the rain, past all the other people scooting off to their dinners and things and down to our seats just in time for the curtain? . . ."

"How do *you* know?" Sarah protested. The young man laughed.

"There's a place waiting," he said steadily—"just as I left it. We'll keep the ranch for summers. . . . You ought to see my old-fashioned mantel and the real mahogany doors. . . ."

"Where?" demanded Sarah.

"Tenth Street, just west of Fifth—fifth floor, front."

Sarah gave a quick little shriek and covered her face with her hands. "Oh!" she cried, whirling toward him with a happy break in her voice. "That's the flat overhead!"

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THE CONVICTIONS OF A GRANDFATHER

BY ROBERT GRANT

IX

"I DO trust you draw the line at old-age pensions."

The remark was addressed to me by my neighbor, Hugh Armitt Dawson, in the lounging-room of his summer palace at Ocean-Lea where a party of both sexes was gathered after luncheon.

The shade of deprecation in his tone, inspired doubtless by consciousness that he was the host, was contradicted by his failure to await my response—thus showing that he suspected me of the worst—for he proceeded as follows:

"It is both absurd and futile for a citizen of a democratic country to profess disbelief in democracy. I have said more than once to some of you that I am second to none in loyalty to our national principles and institutions. Is it surprising, however, that persons in my position—men of considerable substance through no wrong-doing—should talk intemperately nowadays? Be goaded into saying more than we actually mean? Reflect a moment. We have seen cherished landmark after landmark disappear within a surprisingly short period. Less than a generation ago it was axiomatic that a human being could do as he chose with his own—conduct and enlarge his business without let or hindrance, enjoy the increment of sagacious investments in the shape of stock dividends, make a testamentary disposition of property which the courts would protect, bequeath his estate at death without curtailment (except in rare emergencies due to war), and in general feel secure as to those rights of property which the strong minds of immemorial generations have termed vested and sacred. Society—a noisy portion of it—has stepped in and revolutionized this tradition. One may be indicted to-day who transacts business in the old-fashioned method. You, Mr. Philosopher"—he waved his hand at me—"assure me that a progressive legacy tax, the imposition of a higher rate on my comparative abundance than on my neighbor's scantier possessions, is an emblem of enlightened justice for the reason that I am better able to bear the burden than he. I am unable to discern the equity or the logic of such a discrimination, but I submit to it as the established law. So, too, I recognize that it is within the power of the courts to set my well-considered ante-mortem wishes at naught by entering into a partnership with my contesting heirs and my legatees to frame a will repugnant to my intentions. As a good American I bow with all the grace at my command to the decision of the majority in these matters, whatever my private feelings. But I cannot forbear to utter my warning against the measure at which society is now casting unmistakable sheep's eyes, which might fairly be defined as a stride in furtherance of public bankruptcy. When the State says to the proletariat (let us substitute 'plain people' if you prefer), 'On reaching a certain age you will be supported from the public till,' the entire social structure, the key-stones of which are thrift, ambition, filial affection, and becoming pridê, will be imperilled. Can you imagine a greater menace to the foundations of organized society than such a standing invitation to inebriety and shiftlessness? It would discountenance saving, put a premium on heedless living, encourage children to let their aged parents shift for themselves, and serve to atrophy all those qualities the flower of which is manly self-respect."

Mr. Dawson knows how to marshal his arguments effectively and at the same time appear to emulate reasonableness. Those present gave unmistakable signs of approval, which encouraged him to add the portentous words:

"No economic system will stand it."

Even Josephine who, in view that I was under fire, might have been expected to ab-

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stain from applause, saw fit to remark, "The generosity of wage-earners toward their aged relations is a constantly impressive moral lesson to those of us who are better off. If this pious incentive were taken away would not the world be the worse for it?"

"And there is another factor in the case, Mr. Dawson, which supplements your unanswerable presentation," exclaimed my friend Dr. Meredith, who happened to be a guest. "As a physician I find myself in my more thoughtful moments confronted with a disturbing doubt. Perhaps those of you not in close touch with my profession are unaware of the progress made by modern medicine in the arrest of zymotic disease—the prevention of the spread of fevers, smallpox, and kindred ailments traceable to rapidly multiplying and pernicious organisms. As a consequence, human life has been appreciably lengthened; thereby increasing the number of the infirm and aged. In prolonging existence at the expense of plagues and epidemics, are we not necessarily playing into the hands of arterial degeneration, cancer, and the other progressive ills which prey upon decrepitude and longevity? Statistics cannot fail to demonstrate this. Nor are we merely protecting healthy persons from germs in order that they may live longer; we are doing our best in the name of enlightened philanthropic medicine to keep alive those constitutionally incapacitated for the struggle of life—the insane, the epileptic, the feeble-minded, and the criminally shiftless. Soft-hearted democracy exalts the right of the maimed individual to continue to live—and to live in comfort; and though we segregate him and sometimes limit his or her power of reproduction, we keep the breath in his body as long as possible. So sacred a thing is tainted human existence, that the modern tendency is to incarcerate the murderer in preference to electrocuting him; and yet, quaintly enough, our American democracy makes light of the annual toll of healthy lives levied by the revolver, the railroad, and the automobile, the total of which far surpasses that of any nation under the sun. But whether the thought which sometimes haunts me—that democracy in its zeal to remedy certain evils is verging on medico-philanthropic hysteria—be well-founded or not, the conclusion is inevitable that the current attitude of society tends to swell largely the army of those to be reckoned with under any system of pensions based on needy old age."

I was about to respond, but Josephine anticipated me. "Surely," she said, "few would seek State aid who could possibly avoid it. The stipend fixed would be exceedingly small—a bare living emolument—and decent self-respect would limit the applicants mainly to the dregs of society and the genuinely unfortunate."

Both capital and science laughed simultaneously, evidently regarding this statement as naïve.

"My diagnosis," said the physician, "would be that thousands upon thousands would shape their lives to take advantage of it—obtain something for nothing. It would remove the chief incentive for saving and help to paralyze human ambition."

"Our national experience with the Civil War pension list scarcely leads to your opinion, my dear lady," said Mr. Dawson; and capital followed up this painful reminder by inquiring, "What security have we that the stipend would remain exceedingly small? Is it not reasonable to assume that the terms of such an easy method of subsistence would presently be made more attractive?"

"Now I for one don't think so meanly of human nature." Again it was a woman who ventured to controvert such authority—no other than our mutual friend Mrs. Mabel Flanders Foote. "Nor can I believe that your panicky predictions of economic disaster are justified. Is the old-age pension anything more than a decent, twentieth-century substitute for the almshouse?"

"Precisely this and nothing else," I asserted, feeling that inasmuch as Mr. Dawson's initial speech had been addressed to me, it was time to take part in the controversy. And yet it was by no means clear why our host had singled me out as likely to defend this special form of socialism. We had been talking of nothing more agrarian or obnoxious than the remote prospect of free municipal theatres as a sequel to free hospitals, free libraries, free band concerts, and free art museums. I regretted the absence of my radical daughter-in-law and her still more radical brother, Luther Hubbard, who would have been able to take up the cudgels with conviction; whereas, in

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justice to my own scruples, it was necessary to qualify my bold beginning by explanation.

"Let me say, however, by way of preface," I proceeded, "that firmly as I believe some pecuniary provision should be made for those who have outlived their usefulness as subordinates—I believe even more firmly that, wherever possible, a portion of any such fund should be supplied by automatic contribution on the part of those to be benefited—clerks, school-teachers, mill hands, or who ever they may be."

"Now you talk like a sane man," said Mr. Dawson, which, considering I had been silent hitherto, savored of aggression. Nevertheless I accepted the encomium as a compliment seeing that it served to set me straight in the estimation of my two sons-in-law, Jim Perkins, the architect, and Harold Bruce, the Congressman and man of affairs, both of whom had been staring at me with eyes which suggested that they were wondering how much of a lunatic I was capable of becoming under the spur of obstinate controversial loquacity.

"We—I mean the great world of business," continued Mr. Dawson, "admit the desirability from several points of view that a system of pensions for superannuated employees should be established in every large enterprise. Initiated and safeguarded by the employer, if you choose, but maintained in part at least through regular contribution by each individual of a portion of his salary as a condition of future benefit. Under such a system of give and take the portion which the employer or corporation voluntarily sets aside from its profits for this purpose is never begrudged, whether it be regarded as a humane gratuity or a sensible business expense. For by this mutual arrangement the worn-out subordinate is enabled to retire gracefully and the employer saved the choice between keeping on his pay-roll men no longer efficient and cutting off their livelihood. But alike in the interest of world political economy, justice, and proper human dignity, the first requisite is that those chiefly to be benefited should bear a suitable share of the burden."

The expansiveness of Mr. Dawson's concluding words intimated that he had conceded all any reasonable philanthropist should ask and had at the same time defined a theory of conduct which should by its sheer equability keep even lunatics at bay.

"Your system covers the ground admirably so far as it goes," I answered. "But let me put you a question. Suppose, for example, that I, who am now a reasonably respected grandfather, had started life with no revenue but my own strong arms—emigrated as a young man to this country. We will grant me honest, but uneducated and not over intelligent, and so unlikely to rise higher than my associates. Suppose that instead of prospering as many do, I had been followed by hard luck through no fault of my own. Hard luck is not solely due to drink and idleness, as the well to do are apt to insinuate with some complacency. I obtain municipal employment as a day laborer. The work is well suited to my capacities, and I buckle down to it with the vigor of youth. The vigor of youth prompts me also to marry, and the girl of my class who accepts me is content to live on the two dollars a day which I earn—rather fat pay in our estimation. I keep sober and steady, but the inevitable happens—a baby is born. As we live in close quarters and the church to which we belong favors large families, you can scarcely blame us that we find ourselves before we know it the parents of several children; one of whom is sickly. But we manage well enough until my wife develops out of a clear sky symptoms of tuberculosis. The doctors are hopeful and generous; the neighbors kind; and she is sent by charitable visitors to a cure for consumptives. But the loss of the woman of the house entails expense which keeps a day laborer at his wit's end to avoid debt. She comes back after a number of months cured—but she is never strong. We struggle along, and, though we have our ups and downs, I manage to keep my head above water. Now and again, owing to bad times or politics, I lose my job; but my strong sinews and my reputation for steadiness save me from remaining idle long. The years slip away and—to prolong my hypothetical case sufficiently to introduce the climax—I am still hale at sixty-five, when I hear some fine morning from the foreman, 'Sorry, but you're through. The boss says he must have a younger man.' I've half realized I was not so strong as I once was, but this strikes me all of a heap. I've been honest and temperate, but honesty and temperance won't restore the vanished strength to my back and arms. The truth dawns on

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me—I'm worn-out, and if I were a horse or a dog, they'd knock me on the head or chloroform me. Being a human being who has reared a family and done the best he could under the circumstances, I've got to choose between living on charity or go to an institution as a penalty for not having saved from my abundant means enough to support me in my old age."

As I paused there was silence. I could see Mr. Dawson frown. But, oddly enough, it was Josephine who reinforced him with the artless speech, uttered as though in reverie: "Yet every now and then one hears wonderful tales of how a workingman has brought up a large family, sending his sons to college and fitting his daughters to be trained nurses or opera singers, on some such paltry wages. Presumably they must be true—but it's a mystery how they manage."

"Yet they do manage somehow," resumed my antagonist. "'Thrift, thrift, Horatio.' And when they're superannuated they smoke their pipes at their children's firesides and do odd jobs about the premises for their board. The hypothetical case you instance was a municipal employee, who in this country receives at least two dollars daily—fat pay according to his own statement. If I correctly distinguish the object of your pathetic narrative, it was to demonstrate that twelve dollars per week cannot bear the strain of automatic contribution.

"I am certainly suspicious of the inexorability of a system which insists that one in such circumstances should bear what you term his share of the burden," I answered.

"Is it your desire, then, to pension every city laborer? If so, why, pray, are his circumstances more deserving than those of the employee of the private contractor who receives from twenty-five to fifty cents a day less?"

"Or why is a day laborer more deserving than the worker in any other class?" broke in my architect son-in-law, Josie's husband. "I rather think the average small man of almost any occupation—the fellow who hasn't been successful and has rusted out—shopkeeper, mechanic, or professional man, has quite as hard a time at the fag end of life as the day laborer."

I flashed a glance of gratitude at the last speaker, though I recognized his words as an offshoot of dissent. At the same moment I heard Josephine say under the influence of what appeared to me almost second sight (an occasional miraculous way she has of anticipating and summarizing my deductions):

"Perhaps it's the unsuccessful man of every sort—the one who has rusted out—whom grandpapa has in mind." Then turning to me she added: "I wasn't aware, Fred, that you were an advocate of old-age pensions."

"I have never proclaimed myself as one. It was Mr. Dawson who took my advocacy for granted," I replied guardedly. "At the same time (for I can't answer every one at once), why is there greater economic iniquity in pensioning the day laborer than in providing pensions for our judges, policemen, firemen, and school-teachers? The tendency is to permit all these public servants to retire at a certain age after a lengthy term of service and not to require automatic contribution from their salaries during employment. Oh, yes, I know the familiar arguments in support of the distinction and the exemption. The fireman, like the war veteran, risks his life; the policeman protects the public property; the judge maintains the conscience and dignity of the State; the school-teacher moulds the intelligence of the precious future generations. Their several callings are ordinarily inconsistent with much saving. Society can afford the extra expenditure as an inducement to efficient men and women to grow old in these employments, and the pension awarded them represents a blending of attenuated gratitude and civic humanitarianism."

"Compare the insufficient salaries paid our American judiciary, excepting those of the State of New York, with the lordly provision made in England," commented Mr. Dawson. "It is niggardly for one of the wealthiest nations in the world to pay, for instance, a Federal judge, who has the power to dissolve huge corporations, but six thousand dollars a year for his services."

"Yet," I replied, "the moment you give him ten or twelve his ability to contribute automatically from his salary toward his own pension increases. And at six thousand, although he is expected to present a neat front to the world, his ability to contribute is far greater than that of the day laborer. I agree that democracy is inclined

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to be niggardly in recompensing its useful public servants; but please remember at the same time that in exempting certain callings from the self-respecting burden of contribution we are showing favoritism. If we choose to justify the discrimination on the ground that the pension is partly by way of reward for service to society—analogous to the largesse which a nation bestows on a victorious captain—well and good; but there's no logic in it. If the pension is to be a premium on success and respectability to the exclusion of the under dog, we further exemplify the saying that unto him who hath shall be given and from him who hath not shall be taken away even that which he hath."

My friend Dr. Meredith does not conceal his impatience when convinced that the other man is talking nonsense, and the instant I paused he rebuked me with "A premium on success? My dear sir, ever since the world began the rewards of human society have been based on some kind of success, and must be until the end of time. It's a law both of nature and of human morals that the prizes of life should fall to those who help the world along whether by genius and exceptional gifts or by honesty, thrift, and sobriety, rather than to those who retard its progress by sloth, inefficiency, intemperance, and all the proclivities of vice. It is sentimentality not to recognize that a considerable proportion of the population of the globe is congenitally lazy, congenitally defective, congenitally criminal, and congenitally shiftless. Which of the greatest nations has not risen to power by abetting the laws of nature—rewarding and advancing those best qualified to serve her? Democracy may see fit to equalize or redistribute the rewards, but she cannot hope to run counter to processes which are as old as the evil which is in man."

"And in woman," murmured Josephine. "Why is it that the older one grows, the more perplexing the world becomes? I used to imagine that a grandmother, when not happy in the present, would be fondly dreaming of the past. But thanks to Fred's insatiate appetite for new problems, I am kept constantly harrowed by discussing what ought to be and peering into the future."

"Because your husband is an incorrigible radical under the guise of an innocent philosopher," ventured Mr. Dawson.

"And on this special subject purblind to the influence of certain innate, immutable tendencies," proclaimed Dr. Meredith. "If I understand him correctly, he would pension the enemies of society at the expense of those who have benefited it."

"Hear, hear!" cried our host defiantly. But it was some comfort to me that my two sons-in-law refrained from swelling the note of hostility and seemed waiting for the completion of my argument. Having been forced into the discussion, I felt a little like one whose back is against a wall. There was no alternative but to capitulate or defend myself. And yet I was fighting Luther Hubbard's battle rather than my own. No wonder Josephine was surprised to hear that I favored old-age pensions, for, to tell the truth, until attacked I had been but dimly aware of it. Yet now the reply flowed from my lips with all the fervor of belief:

"Why does not he who has made a miserable failure of life stand more in need of assistance in his latter days than the man who has prospered? You approach the subject from the point of view of what a human being has deserved—and you steel your hearts and fortify your bank accounts with the complacent creed that it is every man's fault if he is poverty-stricken in his old age. You lay the entire blame on his shortcomings—the catalogue of which you have just graphically set forth—and maintain that the only claim which he has on the community is that of the mendicant. If he cries 'peccavi!' you are prepared to relieve his urgent necessities in the name of charity which warms the cockles of your heart. For a long time you sent him to the almshouse, pointing to it with pride. That outpost of philanthropic mercy has been superseded by the soup kitchen, the charitable society, the social visitor, and the various institutions for the care of the defective."

"Involving an enormous cost, levied by taxation on the prosperous and thrifty," Mr. Dawson succeeded in interjecting; which gave an opportunity to his ally to inquire ironically, "And while you are about it, why not provide a stipend for the criminal? Then the logic of the situation would be flawless."

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Thus goaded I retorted: "Yet I am confident that the time is coming, and is not far off, when society will be ashamed that it ever approached the question of relief for the impecunious aged from any other point of view except their dire necessities. When you conjure up the old-age pension list you behold a long line which stretches out to the crack of doom—millions of lazy, shiftless mortals reaching out their dirty palms for the pittance which the State provides after they have become unfitted to labor. Your frenzied imagination depicts human ambition palsied, filial love atrophied, and the pittance swollen by the greed of the multitude to a ruinous allowance for everybody, the inevitable sequence of which will be universal bankruptcy. The difficulty is that you underestimate both the dignity of human nature and its common sense. I am unable to foresee the likelihood of any such carnival of extravagance as the result of relieving the individual superannuated in the struggle of life from the reproach of mendicancy. I see in it the working of a more enlightened sense of justice, which refuses longer to lay almost hysterical stress on the frailties of human nature as the underlying cause of human lack of success, but weighs in the same scale with these the other contributing factors, some congenital, some due to opportunity and chance, which contribute to the production of the man who has rusted out. It means the growing recognition that henceforth sheer failure under our economic system is not to be regarded as a crime, the punishment for which is starvation or an almshouse, without regard to extenuating circumstances for which the system itself is partly responsible. The case I cited was an average one; average in that it presented no larger element of fault in the victim than that of thousands; and the mistake you gentlemen make is in assuming that a modest provision by the State in lieu of the work-house for those incapacitated by age or infirmity for the labor or employment in which they have grown feeble, will tempt humanity in the gross to throw economy to the winds and wallow in idleness. As Mrs. Foote says, I have not such a mean opinion of human nature, despite our disreputable Civil War pension statistics. Nor," I added with a glance at Dr. Meredith, "shall we be any less likely to keep our criminals under lock and key because society affords to the worn-out veteran of a life of travail or even of inefficiency the bare means of subsistence."

X

My friend Dr. Meredith showed what he thought of my involuntary defence of old-age pensions by confiding to my son-in-law Harold Bruce as they walked down our host's avenue—but in so loud a whisper that I could not avoid overhearing:

"I fear the old gentleman is breaking up. I have known various cases like this—men of sound and discriminating judgment, who have suddenly become susceptible to every sentimental whimwham of an irresponsible age. It's a well-recognized form of mental degeneracy."

"He may be losing his grip a little," assented my son-in-law, for whose reply I deliberately listened, "but that political doctrine is in the air; and a man who like myself has to speak in public must be familiar with both sides of the question, if only to be able to warn people intelligently of its dangers."

This was almost exoneration from the charge of lunacy, and let me down gracefully. For if a man of my years can get a fairly favorable verdict from his family on that score, when he is supposed to be out of ear-shot, he need not fear the judgment of the rest of the world.

It would have been easy to take umbrage at Dr. Meredith's insinuation and thus imperil our long intimacy. He is two years my senior and, apart from his distinguished attainments as a physican, cherishes what I regard as pessimistic opinions. He surveys the present by the light of the past and is constantly making invidious comparisons which reflect on current conditions and theories. You will recall how set he was in his belief in the degeneracy of the rising generation because of its ignorance of the classics, the Bible, and Shakespeare. An old-fashioned disciplinarian himself as well as scholar, he is only too ready to distrust and anathematize any panacea which militates against his pious inherited conviction, fortified by personal observation, that the poverty, misery, and lack of success of the multitude are mainly due to their own shortcomings. He would tell you that human nature in the gross is essentially evil—and

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that in order to distinguish the sheep from the goats and keep the latter from multiplying unduly, we can not afford to dispense with any of the stringent safeguards by means of which society has hitherto kept its vicious and degraded members at bay. If he could have his individual way, he would sterilize by law the criminal and the shiftless. Why, if we exert ourselves to destroy the noxious germs in milk by chemical treatment, to improve the breed of animals and enhance the quality of fruit and vegetables (I can hear him say), should we be so mealy-mouthed and sentimental in dealing with degraded human nature?

Dr. Meredith is what might be termed a Calvinist of human science. There is no exertion or sacrifice he would not make to assist the economically elect; but when it comes to the rank and file of comparative outcasts he steels his heart and satisfies his intelligence by the formula that whatever has been must be, and devotes his energies to the improvement of our penitentiaries, mad-houses, soup kitchens, and hospitals to the exclusion of any form of relief which involves a change in economic preconceptions.

On such a man the perusal of this extract which a great uncle of mine of the same name transcribed from the prison records of Newgate in proof of what he himself witnessed in London in 1788, little more than a hundred years ago, ought to have the effect of the worst jolt which a modern taxi-cab can inflict on the human system relaxed, though doubtless the economic Calvinists of the period saw nothing monstrous in the spectacle. "Phoebe Morris was barbariously (sic) executed, and burned before Newgate for coining. A well-made woman of thirty, of pale complexion and not disagreeable features. When she came out of prison she trembled greatly at the appearance of the stake, which was fixed half-way between the scaffold and Newgate Street. She was then tied by the neck to an iron bolt fixed near the top of the stake, and after praying fervently for a few minutes, the steps on which she stood were withdrawn and she was left suspended. A chain fastened by nails to the stake was then put round her body, two cart-loads of fagots were piled round her, and after she had hung for half an hour the fire was kindled. The body hung by the iron chains, and the fire had not quite burned out by noon, in nearly twenty-four hours, that is to say. A great concourse of people attended on this melancholy occasion."

Were I to call this episode to Dr. Meredith's attention by way of demonstrating how rapidly the point of view of posterity has altered, it would be just like him to reply after a moment of appalled silence: "We have gone to the other extreme in our day. I wouldn't have any one burned in chains; but more than half the murderers who ought to be executed escape either through sentimentality or technicalities of legal evidence."

And the difficulty is that I could not deny the truth of the impeachment. Moreover, my sympathies would be with him on this particular point, in spite of my admitted compassion for human derelicts.

But the tendency of philanthropic legislation seems to suggest that we shall both soon be in the minority in our conviction that the criminal who takes the life of another human being with malice aforethought should be electrocuted with all possible despatch rather than incarcerated at the cost of State. There is reason to fear that humanity's ethical instincts have been so completely swept away from their ancient moorings by the swelling tide of the brotherhood of man that the penalty of a life for a life will presently appear no less barbarous than the horror chronicled by my ancestor.

It is just here that I find in the lurking suspicion that he may not have been altogether wrong regarding my mental condition the true cause why I failed to take offence at Dr. Meredith's indignity. While I stoutly insist that, if I am breaking up, so is he, certain very live doubts, akin to my belief in capital punishment, lead me to wonder whether a maudlin tendency to palliate original sin may not be an even more insidious sign of advanced mental decay than fossilized faith in the past or whispering so loud that every one can hear. It is to be remembered that I was goaded into advocacy of old-age pensions. Consequently, while I still cling to my opinion, I am not deaf to the plausibility of the argument that these doubts which harass me are the product of lucid intervals in an otherwise senile train of thought. I prefer, of course, to believe the converse true, and that the doubts are mere symptoms of failing vigor in a

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sanely progressive outlook. But be this as it may, they claim the right to discredit, if they can, the modern philanthropic programme.

Consider, for instance, the issue cited by Dr. Meredith, the growing prejudice against capital punishment, which in certain communities has culminated in its abolition. Is it not a flagrant case of putting the cart before the horse to hold sacred the life of the brutal murderer before taking the requisite steps to protect the reputable citizen from a variety of deadly perils due to easy-going democratic indifference to homicide? Is it not an anomaly that as a nation we should be suffering qualms at the execution of criminals and yet taking no effective measures against the annual harvest of death from railroad accidents, the automobile, the ubiquitous pistol, and other perils by which hurrying and law-violating America constitutes a single human life one of the cheapest commodities in the market? Even my opponents in argument were shocked by the reminder that the burning of a colored woman in chains had the sanction of English law at a later date than our Declaration of Independence. Yet who is unaware that to tie a negro to a tree and roast him to death without opportunity for a trial receives the tacit approval of one section of what our native glorifiers are fond of describing as God's people, and is no uncommon spectacle?

A progressive, optimistic grandfather suspected of harboring the delusion that the democratic mass will aspire in proportion to its opportunities must certainly face the charge that ours is an age of mob judgment which supplies condonation for whatever suits the public fancy. "Any one would do the same in our place, and so it's right; it's got to be right" threatens to become the rule-of-thumb hysterical motto of conduct. Summary vengeance has latterly become the fashion because the public chooses not to be "too hard" on the offender who takes the law into his own hands under circumstances which excite its sympathies. Nearly every one reserves the right to break the law which happens not to suit him or her. It is only the open menace of public disgrace coupled with imprisonment which prevents constant unblushing violation of our custom regulations by men and women who claim to be our social leaders. Is it surprising that the chauffeur clad in a little brief authority, should, in imitation of the returning traveller who says "I've a right to bring in my own wardrobe free of duty, and I will if I can," revolt at being required to slow down when a pedestrian blocks the crossing? We are asked to take notice that engines tearing through our streets have "come to stay," that the man who desires to live must recognize this and keep out of the road, and are reminded that the citizen who is run over by a vehicle in Paris has to pay the damages.

In consequence of the national craving to be carried from one destination to another as rapidly as possible, coupled with the fear of losing time if additional safeguards be required, we remain comparatively callous to the death of our neighbor if we escape. The easy-going democratic tendency to take chances and not to fix the responsibility for catastrophes finds an ally in the popular disposition to "let up" on an offender after the first outburst of indignation on the plea that he may "lose his job." This pathetic but hideous phrase serves constantly as a screen for the negligent and guilty and serves to lower the standard of efficiency.

So hysterical is our concern for the living at the expense of the dead that it is notorious how speedily we forget the silent sufferings of those bereaved and left destitute through murder or homicide in our eagerness to find some loop-hole of escape for the accused. Compared with the rejoicing of the multitude over one murderer saved from the electric chair, the sympathy for the random ninety and nine victims is apt to be a tepid emotion. For the first few days following an exceptionally picturesque taking of life the public heart throbs with avenging compassion for the slain and his family. In its eagerness to detect or run down the assassin, the community through its hired agents, the reporters, endeavors on each new occasion to reinterpret the word indelicacy. Nothing is too sacred for its feverish probings. It violates the privacy of the afflicted in order to lay bare their sufferings, adding by means of the camera a fresh pang to human grief. And we are all familiar with the plausible but disingenuous plea by which a congratulatory press defends itself and patrons from the charge of sickening, morbid curiosity. How often after a lurid inquisitional campaign are we invited on

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the editorial page to contemplate the efficacy of the modern newspaper (and this one in particular) in unearthing the important evidences of crime. Once proclaimed as the henchman of the white-robed goddess Justice, it is easy to maintain that private sensibilities must not impede the search-light of the myriad-eyed modern detective; though no one knows better than any editor that nine-tenths of the harrowing details printed pander to the appetite of the mass for fresh horrors.

But very shortly the emphasis changes. The victim and his household no longer occupy the centre of the stage, which is now held by the accused. The dead man is safely buried, and, unless exhumed by the District Attorney, is of no more use as copy. His unhappy family, prostrate from suffering and publicity, are permitted to sink into obscurity, fortunate if they have escaped insult or recrimination. The accused, lately condemned on every side as the assassin, has become suddenly almost a hero, and an object of envy to a considerable constituency in humdrum circumstances who, through scruples or lack of temperament, have never attained notoriety.

The fortunes of a successful brigand or highwayman at large of the olden days were perilous compared with those of the contemporary murderer after indictment. Though supposed to bear a charmed life, the brigand or highwayman was tolerably certain to be shot or hanged sooner or later; whereas no one has a surer prospect of dying in his own bed than he who commits a picturesque or popular contemporary murder. How can it be otherwise while society remains so squeamishly afraid of appearing "too hard" on any one, that it connives at the elimination from the panel of all jurors whose intelligence or moral sense would fit them to serve? It is notorious that the dearest and but thinly concealed hope of counsel for the defence is to obtain a disagreement by working on the sympathies of perverted or ignorant natures. Is it strange that picturesqueness should associate itself in the popular imagination with the career of one who, notwithstanding wide-spread secret belief in his guilt, succeeds in thwarting justice by disagreements, long delays, innumerable exceptions to the admission of evidence, the success of any one of which may involve a new trial, and flimsy appeals to the Supreme Court of the United States? Indeed it would be odd if the easy-going rank and file did not class him with the other successful men of the day who have thrust their heads above their fellows into the "lime-light"—trust magnates, aviators, North Pole discoverers, and the like—and think of him after a decent lapse of time as "under a cloud," but pretty nearly a national hero.

If indeed we who seek to promote the brotherhood of man claim that a more sensitive spirit of mercy and the desire to do more exact justice are at the root of democracy's leniency toward law-breakers, rather than the blunted moral sense which suggests itself, we certainly cannot ignore American democracy's lack of sensitiveness in other relations. A grandfather who sums up impartially the changes which have taken place since he was young, must include sundry manifestations which people half a century ago were accustomed to associate with a lack of delicate feelings. The attitude of much of our democracy to-day is so rampantly optimistic that its favorite phrase, "I feel good," is typical no less of its general self-satisfaction than of its superiority to grammar. The noble hope which our Republic—and indeed all democracies—holds out to every individual of being able to make the most of him or herself seems strangely coupled in the ordinary mind with emancipation from many of the ancient courtesies or niceties of life.

In the closely-packed, ill-ventilated cattle pens which the free-born American tolerates as a conveyance in every city and its suburbs—preferring the agony of hanging to a strap to a moment's delay—is not the prevailing sentiment a purpose to obtain a seat by superior struggling and keep it? The excuses are plausible enough: the tired man needs rest and wishes to read his newspaper; the recipient is so rarely grateful; whoever is nearest the door is sure to rise for a cripple or tottering octogenarian; and one of the "rights" of the modern woman is to stand. But the impression left on the unprejudiced observer is that the idea of "making good" in every competition so completely possesses the average young American that renunciation of anything won by agility or force seems almost quixotic, unless the beneficiary be an elderly acquaintance, a pretty girl, or some one on

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crutches. The rows of able-bodied youths who hold the best seats in every public conveyance would suggest the doubt whether mothers still continue to impress upon their offspring that amiable self-sacrifice and deference to seniority are virtues which no triumphant democracy can afford to discard. Yet the day-dreams of many of these same scorners of politeness unquestionably include the risk of life for a drowning child or fidelity at his post in the hour of danger.

Altruistic as we believe ourselves in our large social conceptions, there are many signs that the tacit American motto in small things is "the devil take the hindmost." The old-fashioned theory that a gentleman will not grab the best seems a far-fetched and unbusiness-like neglect of opportunity to many who despise what they term aristocratic "frills." We laugh at and ascribe to Semitic sources the oft-quoted reply of the diner who complained that his companion had left him the smaller duck. "You in my place would have chosen the smaller? Vell, you've got what you wanted; what you kicking at?" But we detect with relish therein a certain discriminating logic symbolical of the times. There is reason to believe that many of the miscreants who despoil gardens of their flowers and orchards of their fruit would have serious compunctions at stealing a purse, and deem the appropriation of these tempting trifles as the mere justifiable exercise of a democratic prerogative concerning anything which is ripe. "The owner ought to have been quicker"; and, provided they are not caught (or sometimes even if they are), they can feel sure that this humorously practical view of the situation will make the offence seem trivial to a considerable portion of the community. But (I can hear Hugh Armitt Dawson inquire), if democratic self-complacency can thus temper the Eighth Commandment, why might it not easily breed a frame of mind which would discover in the old-age pension a tempting stimulus to premature inertia?

Perhaps the most signal change in our sensibilities is the growth of the appetite for publicity; a more or less world-wide by-product of the brotherhood of man, and partly due to much ampler advertising facilities and means of quick communication, but nowhere more conspicuous than in our native civilization. To be sure its seed is the noble human craving for glory. But so strangely streaked has the original pure flower become by successive graftings induced by a confused sense of values that renown in the popular mind to-day is largely synonymous with the ability to attract attention. Indeed, so prolific is the contemporary hot-house horticulture of greatness, that at the mention of a familiar name one often is at a loss to remember whether it represents distinguished service or monumental chicanery. Though it might be thought cynical to assert that the first requisite in any field of human endeavor is a capable press agent, few will deny that the once prized and graceful flower, individual privacy, appears old-fashioned to the younger generation.

That none but essentially vulgar people would court publicity regarding private entertainments used to be taken for granted, and would be still if it were not for the testimony of any editor whom one chooses to consult that a considerable portion of the information concerning social affairs set forth in the newspapers is volunteered by those who figure in them. Do you know the Wilmot Browns? If so, you will recognize them as an agreeable family with fashionable proclivities, but not exceptional in any way. Yet their rather unimportant doings are constantly heralded in the press; made at times the subject of a special despatch. I long ago grew weary of reading of their comings and goings, but have steadily refrained from harboring the suspicion that they connive at the publicity. Yet it was a staggering blow to me to hear one of my granddaughters say the other day that she envied the Wilmot Browns and would like to be equally conspicuous if she could. I found on questioning her that she looked on this ability to figure persistently in the public eye as a sign of real celebrity and regarded the means by which this was accomplished—direct communication with the press, polite attentions to a female society reporter, or complete particulars supplied by a discreet butler—as a mere secondary matter of detail.

The discovery of this covetous point of view—a sort of worm in the bud feeding on the damask cheek of one of my most intelligent granddaughters (whose name I will not disclose lest she change her opinion

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later), has served to open my eyes to the true importance of her cousin Dorothy Perkins, to whom I have occasionally referred in these pages, and who so conducts herself that nearly everything she does gets into the newspapers. Shocking as it may sound to those who regard maidenly decorum as essential to the evolution of a fine woman, she is already virtually a public character. I used to think that this must be mortifying or at least distasteful to her. But I have gradually come to the conclusion that she not merely likes, but dotes upon it, and regards (with the acquiescence of her contemporaries) the notoriety as a sign that she is "making good" according to the standards of the day.

No one can have kept track of my various convictions without coming to the conclusion that straitlaced reactionary is the last term which could be applied to me, and I have already indicated that the world has no patience with a peevish grandfather. It would, therefore, seem fruitless to cling to one's preconceptions of delicacy in the face of the new interpretation of an auto-intoxicated democracy. Though it used to be the fashion to let the office seek the man, even the most visionary idealist to-day should be satisfied if an aspirant for any vacancy awaits the interment of the deceased before announcing his candidacy and "placing himself in the hands of his friends." It costs so much to live that no self-respecting man can afford to run the risk of not being thought of. But when it comes to feminine sensibilities, especially those of the budding woman, with whom our dearest hopes for the race are tenderly associated—

At this precise point I was suddenly cut off by Josephine, who had been following my strictures closely without dissent.

"In the matter of cigarettes, Fred, you are aware how strongly I feel. I do not defend Dorothy; though many women of the highest refinement in foreign countries are addicted to their use. But if only that clergyman who preached against her—and he was seeking notoriety no less than she—had chosen to condemn at the same time the inelegant, unladylike, and disfiguring habit of chewing gum in which the rank and file of American women persistently indulge, he would have been doing better public service. They look so hideously complacent in the process."

It is obvious to me every now and then that Josephine's faith in the approaching brotherhood of man has its reserves, though she sympathized so acutely with John McGillicuddy's inability to recover suitable compensation for the loss of his leg. You will recall that she was chary of enthusiasm when I defended the theory of old-age pensions. Yet firmly convinced as I am that the day of the poor-house is over, I must say that her criticism served to supply me with one more count for the indictment I had just been drawing against the shortcomings of our self-complacent democracy. Perhaps no better example of the dangers of the triumph of democracy over aristocracy is its substitution of highly moral chewing gum for the deleterious cigarette.

(To be concluded.)

OF HIS OWN HOUSEHOLD

By Alice Learned Bunner

THE frightened fox, whom baying hounds pursue,
Flies to his hole and there is lost to view;
The dove, with arrow pointed at her breast,
Drops to the hidden covert of her nest;
The savage, with his enemies at hand,
Seeks tent and kinsman for his final stand;
Instinctively the hunted seeks its lair,
Hoping that peace and safety may be there.
How wretched he who to his hearth-fire goes
And there beside it finds his deadliest foes!

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WITCHING HILL STORIES

BY E. W. HORNUNG

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. C. YOHN

IV. THE ANGEL OF LIFE

COPLESTONE was the first of our tenants who had taken his house through me, and I was extremely proud of him. It was precisely the pride of the mighty hunter in his first kill; for Coplestone was big game in his way, and even of a leonine countenance, with his crested wave of tawny hair and his clear sunburnt skin. In early life, as an incomparable oar, he had made a name which still had a way of creeping into the sporting papers; and at forty the same fine figure and untarnished face were a walking advertisement of virtue. But now he had also the grim eyes and stubborn jaw of the man who has faced big trouble; he wore sombre ties that suggested the kind of trouble it had been; and he settled down among us to a solitude only broken in the holidays of his only child, then a boy of twelve at a preparatory school.

I first heard of the boy's existence when Coplestone chose the papers for his house. Anything seemed good enough for the "three reception-rooms and usual offices"; but over a bedroom and a play room on the first floor we were an hour deciding against every pattern in the books, and then on the exact self-color to be obtained elsewhere. It was at the end of that hour that a chance remark, about the evening paper and the latest cricket, led to a little conversation, insignificant in itself, yet enough to bring Coplestone and me into touch about better things than house decoration. Often after that, when he came down of an afternoon, he would look into the office and leave me his *Pall Mall*. And he brought the boy in with him on the first day of the midsummer holidays.

"Ronnie's a keen cricketer at present," said Coplestone on that occasion. "But he's got to be a wet-bob like his old governor when he goes on to Eton. That's what we're here for, isn't it, Ronnie? We're going to take each other on the river every blessed day of the holidays."

Ronnie beamed with the brightest little face in all the world. He had bright brown eyes and dark brown hair, and his skin burnt a delicate brown instead of the paternal pink. His expression was his father's, but not an atom of his coloring. His mother must have been a brunette and a beautiful woman. I could not help thinking of her as I looked at the beaming boy who seemed to have forgotten his loss, if he had ever realized it. And yet it was just a touch of something in his face, a something pensive and constrained, when he was not smiling, that gave him also such a look of Coplestone at times.

But as a rule Ronnie was sizzling with happiness and excitement; and it was my privilege to see a lot of him those hot holidays. Coplestone did not go away for a single night or day. Most mornings one met him and his boy in flannels, on their way down to the river, laden with their lunch. But because the exclusive society of the best of boys must eventually bore the most affectionate of men, I was sometimes invited to join the picnic, and on Saturdays and Sundays I accepted more than once. Those, however, were the days on which I was nearly always bespoke by Uvo Delavoye, and once when I said so it ended in our all going off together in a bigger boat. That day marked a decline in Ronnie's regard for me as an ex-member of a minor school eleven. It was not, perhaps, that he admired me less, but that Delavoye, who played no games at all, had nevertheless a way with him that fascinated man and boy alike.

With Ronnie, it was a way of cracking jokes and telling stories, and taking an extraordinary interest in the boy's preparatory school, so that its rather small beer

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came bubbling out in a sparkling brew that Coplestone himself had failed to tap. Then Uvo could talk like an inspired professional about the games he could not play, about books like an author, and about adventures like a born adventurer. In Egypt, moreover, he had seen a little life that went a long way in the telling; conversely, one always felt that he had done a bigger thing or two than he made out even to me. To a small boy, at all events, he was irresistible. Had he been an usher at a school like Ronnie's he would have had a string of them on either arm at every turn. As it was, a less sensible father might well have been jealous of him before the holidays were nearly over.

But it was just in the holidays that Coplestone was at his best; when the boy went back in September, we were to see him at his worst. In the beginning he was merely moody and depressed, and morose toward us two as creatures who had served our turn. The more we tried to cheer his solitude, the less encouragement we received. If we cared to call again at Christmas, he hinted, we should be welcome, but not before. We watched him go off bicycling alone in the red autumn afternoons. We saw his light on half of the night; late as we were, he was always later; and now he was never to be seen at all of a morning. But his grim eyes had lost their light, his ruddy face had changed its shade, and ere long I saw him reeling in broad daylight.

Coplestone had taken to the bottle—and as a strong man takes to everything—without fear or shame. Yet somehow I felt it was for the first time in his life; so did Delavoye, but on different grounds. I did not believe he could have been the man he was when he came to us, if this curse had ever descended on Coplestone before. Yet he took it rather as a blessing, as a sudden discovery which he was a fool not to have made before. This was no case of surreptitious, shamefaced tippling; it was a cynically open and defiant downfall, at once an outrage on a more than decent community, and a new interest in many admirable lives.

Soon there were complaints which I was requested to transmit to Coplestone in his next lucid interval. But I only pretended to have done so. I thought the complainants a set of self-righteous busybodies, and I vastly preferred the good-will of the delinquent. That was partly on Ronnie's account, partly for the sake of the man's own magnificent past, but partly also because his present seemed to me a fleeting phase of sheer insanity, which would end as suddenly as it had supervened. The form was too bad to be true, even if Coplestone had ever shown it before; and there was now some evidence that he had not.

Delavoye had come down from town with eyes as bright as Ronnie's.

"You remember Sawrey-Biggerstaff by name? He was second for the Diamonds the second year Coplestone won them, and he won them himself the year after. I met him to-day with a man who lunched me at the United University. I told him we had Coplestone down here, and asked him if it was true that he had ever been off the rails like this before, only without breathing a word about his being off them now. Sawrey-Biggerstaff swore that he had never heard of such a libel, or struck a more abstemious hound than Harry Coplestone, or ever heard of him being or ever having been anything else! So you must see what it all means, Gilly."

"It means that he's never got over the loss of his wife."

"But that happened nearly three years ago. Ronnie told me. Why didn't the old boy break out before? Why save it all up for Witching Hill?"

"I know what you're going to say."

"But isn't it obvious? Our wicked old man drank like an aquarium. His vices are the weeds of this polluted soil; they crop up one after the other, and with inveterate irony he's allotted this one to the noblest creature on the place. It's for us to save him by hook or crook—or rather it's my own hereditary job."

"And how do you mean to set about it?"

"You'll be angry with me, Gilly, but I shan't be happy till I see his house on your hands again. It's the only chance—to drive him into fresh woods and pastures new!"

I was angry. I declined to discuss the matter any further; but I stuck to my opinion that the cloud would vanish as quickly as it had gathered. And Coplestone of all men was man enough to stand his ground and live it down.

But first he must take himself in hand, instead of which I had to own that he was going from bad to worse. He was a man of

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leisure, and he drank as though he had found his vocation in the bottle. He was a lonely man, and he drank as though drink was a friend in need and not the deadliest foe. He was the only drunkard I ever knew who drank with an impenitent zest; and I saw something of him at his worst; he was more approachable than he had been before his great surrender. All October and November he kept it up, his name a byword far beyond the confines of the Estate, and by December he must have been near the inevitable climax. Then he disappeared. The servants had no idea of his whereabouts; but he had taken luggage. That was the best reason for believing him to be still alive, until he turned up with his boy for the Christmas holidays.

It would be too much to say that he looked as he had looked last holidays. The man had aged; he seemed even a little shaken, but not more than by a moderate dose of influenza; and to a casual eye the improvement was more astounding than the previous deterioration, especially in its rapidity. His spirits were at least as good as they had been before, his hospitality in keeping with the season. I ate my Christmas dinner with father and son, and Delavoye and I first-footed them on New Year's Morning. What was most remarkable on these occasions was the way Coplestone drank his champagne, with the happy moderation of a man who has never exceeded in his life. There was now no shadow of excess, but neither was there any of the weakling's recourse to the opposite extreme of meticulous austerity. A doctor might have forbidden even a hair of the sleeping dog, but to us young fellows it was a joy to see our hero so completely his own man once more.

Early in January came a frost—a thrilling frost—with skating on the gravel-pit ponds beyond the Village. It was a pastime in which I had taken an untutored delight, all the days of my northern youth, and now I put in every hour I could at the clumsy execution of elementary figures. But Coplestone had spent some winters in Switzerland, and he was a past master in the Continental style. Ordinary skaters would form a ring to watch his dazzling displays, and those who had not seen him in the autumn must have found it hard to credit the whispers of those who had. His pink skin regained its former purity, his blue eyes shone like fairy lamps, and the whole ice rang with the music of his "edge" as he came careening like a human yacht. It was better still to watch him patiently imparting the rudiments to Ronnie, who picked them up as a small boy will, and worked so hard that the perspiration would stand upon the smooth brown face for all that wondrous frost. It froze, more or less, all the rest of those holidays, and the Coplestones never missed a day until the last of all. I was hoping to find them on the ice at dusk, if only I could manage to get away in time, but early in the afternoon Uvo Delavoye came along to disabuse my mind.

"That young Ronnie's caught a chill," said he. "I thought he would. It'll keep him at home for another day or two, so the ill wind may blow old Coplestone a bit of good. I'm feeling a bit anxious about him, Gilly; wild horses won't drag him from this infernal hill! Just at this moment, however, he's on his way to Richmond to see if he can get Ronnie the new *Wisden;* and I'm sneaking up to town because I know it's not to be had nearer. I was wondering if you could make time to look him up while we're gone?"

I made it there and then at the risk of my place; it was not so often that I had Ronnie to myself. But at the very gate I ceased to think about the child. A Pickford van was delivering something at the house. At a glance I knew it for a six-gallon jar of whiskey—to see poor Coplestone some little way into the Easter term.

Ronnie lay hot and dry in his bed, but brown and bright as he had looked upon the ice, and sizzling with the exuberance of a welcome that warmed my heart. He told me, of course, that it was "awful rot" losing the last day like this; but, on the other hand, he seemed delighted with his room—he always was delighted with something—and professed himself rather glad of an opportunity of appreciating it as it deserved. Indeed, there was not a lazy bone in his little body, and I doubt if he had spent an unnecessary minute in his bedroom all the holidays. But they really were delightful quarters, those two adjoining rooms for which no paper in our stock had been good enough. Both were now radiant in a sky-blue self-color that transported one to the tropics, and certainly looked better than I

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thought it would when I had the trouble of procuring it.

In the bedroom the blue was only broken by some simple white furniture, by a row of books over the bed, and by groups of the little eleven in which Ronnie already had a place, and photographs of his father at one or two stages of his great career. I was still exploring when an eager summons brought me to the bedside.

"Let's play cricket!" cried Ronnie—"do you mind? With a pack of cards—my own invention! Everything up to six counts properly; all over six count singles, except the picture cards, and most of them get you out. King and queen are caught and bowled, but the old knave's Mr. Extras!"

"Capital, Ronnie!" said I. "Shall it be single wicket between us two, or the next test-match with Australia?"

Ronnie was all for the test, and really the rules worked very well. You shuffled after the fall of every wicket, and you never knew your luck. Tom Richardson, the last man in for England, made sixty-two, while some who shall be nameless went down like ninepins in the van. In the next test (at Lord's) we elaborated the laws to admit of stumping, running out, getting leg-before and even hitting wicket. But the red kings and queens still meant a catch or what Ronnie called "a row in your timber yard." And so the afternoon wore on, until I had to mend the fire and light the gas; and then somehow the cards seemed only cards, and we put them away for that season.

I forget why it was that Ronnie suddenly wanted his knife. I rather think that he was deliberately rallying his possessions about him in philosophic preparation for a lengthy campaign between the sheets. In any case there was no finding that knife, but something much more interesting came to light instead.

I was conducting the search under directions from the bed, but I was out of sight behind the screen when I kicked up the corner of loose carpet and detected the loosened board. There, thought I, was a secret repository where the missing possession might have been left by mistake; there were the actual marks of a blade upon the floor. "This looks a likely place," I said; but I did not specify the place I meant, and the next moment I had discovered neither knife nor pencil, but the soiled, unframed photograph of a lovely lady.

There it had lain under the movable bit of board, which had made a certain noise in the moving. That same second Ronnie bounded out of bed, and I to my feet to chase him back again.

"Who told you to look in there? Give that to me this minute! No—no—please put it back where you—where you found it!"

His momentary rage had already broken down in sobs, but he stood over me while I quickly did as he begged and replaced the carpet; then I tucked him up again, but for some time the bed shook under his anguish. I told him how sorry I was, again and yet again, and I suppose eventually my tone bewrayed me.

"So you know who it is?" he asked, suddenly regarding me with dry bright eyes.

"I couldn't help seeing the likeness," I replied.

"It's my mother," he said unnecessarily.

His manner was curiously dogged and unlike him.

"And you keep her photograph under the floor?

"Yes; you don't see many about, do you?" he inquired with precocious bitterness.

There was not one to be seen downstairs. That I knew from my glimpse of the photograph under the floor; there was nothing like it on any of the walls; nothing so beautiful, nothing with that rather wild, defiant expression which I saw again in Ronnie at this moment.

"But why under the floor?" I persisted, guessing vaguely though I did.

"You won't tell anybody you saw it there?"

"Not a soul."

"You promise?"

"Solemnly."

"You won't say a single word about it, if I tell you something?"

"Not a syllable."

"Well—then—it's because I don't want Daddy to see it, for fear——"

"—it would grieve him?" I suggested as the end of his broken sentence. And I held my breath in the sudden hope that I might be right.

"For fear he tears it up!" the boy said harshly. "He did that once before, and this is the last I've got."

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I made no comment, and there were no further confidences from Ronnie. So many things I wanted to know and could not ask! I could only hold my peace and Ronnie's hot hand, until it pinched mine in sudden warning, as the whole house leaped under a springy step upon the stairs.

"Not a word to anybody, you know, Mr. Gillon?"

"Not one, to a single soul, Ronnie!"

But it was a heavy seal that was thus placed upon my lips; heavy as lead when I discussed the child with Uvo Delavoye; and that was almost every minute that we spent together for days to come.

For Ronnie became very ill.

In the beginning it was an honest chill. The chill turned to that refuge of the General Practitioner—influenza. Double pneumonia was its last, most definite stage; the local doctor made no mistake about that, and Coplestone appealed in vain against the verdict, before specialists who came down from London at a guinea a mile.

It was a mild enough case so far. The boy was strong and healthy, and capable of throwing off at least as much as most strong men. He was also a capital little patient—and Coplestone was a magnificent patient's father. He did not harry the doctors; he treated the elderly Scotch nurse like a queen; he was not always in and out of the sick-room by day, and he never set foot in it during the night. In the daytime Delavoye took him for long walks, and I sat up with him at night until he started nodding in his chair.

The first night he said: "You must have some whiskey, Gillon. I've got a new lot in." And when I said I seldom touched it —"I know you don't, in this house," he rejoined, with his hand for an instant on my shoulder. "But that's all right, Gillon!— Do you happen to know much about Dr. Johnson?"

"Hardly anything. You should try Uvo."

"Well, I don't know much myself; but I always remember that when the poor old boy was dying he refused the drugs which were giving him all the peace he got, because he said he'd made up his mind to 'render up his soul to God unclouded.' Now I come to think of it, there's not much analogy," continued Coplestone with a husky laugh. "But I know I'd rather do what Dr. Johnson wouldn't than go up clouded to my little lad if ever he—wanted me!"

And he took about a teaspoonful from a mistaken sense of hospitality, but no second allowance as the night wore on. The next night I was able to refuse without offending him; after that the decanter was never touched. Yet once or twice I saw the stopper taken out in sheer absence of mind, only to be replaced without flurry or hesitation.

Self-control? I never knew a man with more; it came out every hour that we spent together, and before long it was needed almost every minute. One day Delavoye dashed into the office in town clothes and with a tragic face.

"They want a second nurse! It's come to that already," he said, "and I'm going up about it now."

"But isn't that the doctor's job?" I asked, liking the looks of him as little as his news.

"I can't help it if it is, Gilly! I must lend a hand somehow or I shall crack up. It's little enough one can do, besides being day-nurse to poor old Coplestone, and this afternoon he's asleep for once. What a great chap he is, Gilly, and will be ever after, if only we can pull the lad through and then get them both out of this! But it's two lives hanging on one thread, and that cursed old man of mine trying all he knows to cut it! I'll euchre him, you'll see. By hook or crook I'll balk him——"

But white clouds were tumbling behind the red houses opposite, and Delavoye dashed out again to catch his train, like the desperate leader of a forlorn hope, leaving his dark eyes burning before mine and his wild words ringing in my ears.

Quite apart from the point on which he was never sane, he seemed to have lost the otherwise level head on which I had learnt to rely at any crisis; but Coplestone still kept his, and I admired him more and more. He still took his exercise like a man, refrained from harrying nurse or doctor, showed an untroubled face to the sick-bed, but avoided the room more and more, and altogether during the terrible delirious stages.

"If I were to stay there long," he said to me once, "I should make a scene. I

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I even saw him with his thin arms locked round the neck of the young nurse.—Page 602.

couldn't help it. There are more things than one to cloud your mind, and I've got to keep mine unclouded all the time."

He kept it very nearly serene; and his serenity was not the numbness of despair which sometimes wears the same appearance; for I do not think there was a moment at which Coplestone despaired. He had much too stout a heart. There was nothing forced or unnatural in his manner; his feelings were not deadened for an instant, but not for an instant would he give them rein. Only our sober vigils cut deeper lines than his excesses before Christmas, and every night left him a hard year older.

We spent them all downstairs in his study. Neither of us was a chess-player,

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and I was all unversed in cards, but sometimes we played draughts or dominos by the hour, as though one of us had been Ronnie himself. Often we talked of him, but never as though there were any question about his eventual recovery. Coplestone would only go so far as to bemoan the probability of an entirely lost hockey term, and his eye would steal round to the photograph of last year's hockey eleven at Ronnie's little school, in a place of honor on the mantel-piece, where indeed it concealed one of his own most heroic trophies.

Fitted and proportioned like half a hundred others on the Estate, that study of Coplestone's is one of those Witching Hill interiors that time cannot dismantle in my mind. It was filled with the memorials of a brilliant boyhood. There were framed groups of four Cambridge crews, of two Eton eights, of the Eton Society with Coplestone to the fore in white trousers, of the "long low wall with trees behind it" and of the "old gray chapel behind the trees." There were also a number of parti-colored caps under the oars, and more silver in the shape of cups, salvers, and engraved cigarette boxes than his modest staff of servants could possibly keep clean. Over the mantel-piece hung the rules of the Eton Society under glass—with a trophy of canes decked with bright blue ribbons.

"It all looks pretty blatant, I'm afraid," said Coplestone apologetically. "But I thought it would interest Ronnie and perhaps hound him on to cut me out. And now——"

He stopped, and I hoped he was not going on, for this was when Ronnie was at his worst and the second nurse had arrived.

"And now," said Coplestone, "the little sinner wants to be a dry-bob!"

I have not naturally a despondent temperament, but that night I for my part was wondering whether Ronnie would ever go to Eton at all. The delirious stage is always terrifying to the harrowed ignoramus watching by the bed; it is almost worse if one is downstairs, trying not to listen, yet doing little else, and without the nurse's calm voice and experienced eyes to reassure one. That was how I spent that night. The delirium had begun the night before, and been intermittent ever since. But Coplestone was not terrified; he kept both nerve and spirits like a hero. His thought for me brought a lump into my throat. Since I refused to leave him, I must take the sofa; he would do splendidly in the chair. He did better than I could have believed possible. He fell peacefully asleep, and I sat up watching his great long limbs in the lowered gaslight, but always listening while I watched.

Ronnie had not the makings of his father's fine physique. That was one of the disquieting features of the case. He was fragile, excitable, highly strung, as I felt his poor mother must have been before him. He was tragically like his hidden portrait of her. I saw it as often as I was permitted a peep at Ronnie. What had she done amiss before she died? Was she even dead at all? Those were the things I wanted to know about her, but after my pledge to Ronnie I felt unable even to discuss the poor soul with Delavoye. But she was only less continually in my mind than Ronnie himself and to-night it seemed she was in his as well.

"O mummie! Mummie—darling! My very, very own little mummie!"

God knows what had taken me upstairs, except the awful fascination of such wanderings, the mental necessity of either hearing them or knowing that they had ceased. On the stairs I felt so thankful they had ceased; it was in the darkened play room, now a magazine of hospital appliances, kettles, bottles, and the oxygen apparatus; it was here I heard the joyous ravings of his loving little heart—here, on the threshold between his own two rooms, that I even saw him with his thin arms locked round the neck of the young nurse who had taken over the night duty.

She heard me. She came to the door and stood in silhouette against the cheerful firelight of the inner room. Its glow just warmed one side of her white cap and plain apparel, then glanced off her high white forehead and made a tear twinkle underneath.

"He thinks I'm his mother," she whispered—"and I'm letting him!"

I went out and pulled myself together on the landing, before sneaking back into the study without waking Coplestone.

In the morning I was dozing behind my counter without compunction, for the vigil had been an absolutely sleepless one for me, when the glass door opened like a clap of thunder, and in comes Delavoye rubbing his hands.

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"I've saved your boy for you. Do you mind letting me go?"—Page 605.

"The doctor's grinning all round his head this morning!" he crowed. "You may take it from me that there's a lot of life in our young dog yet."

"What's his temperature?"

"Down to a hundred and a bit. One thing at a time. They've scotched that infernal delirium, at all events."

"Since when?"

"Sometime in the night. He's not talking any rot this morning."

"But he was fairly raving after mid-

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night. I went up and heard him myself."

Uvo broke into exulting smiles.

"Ah! Gilly," said he, "but now we've got an angel abroad in the house. You can almost hear the beating of her wings!"

"Is that your own, Uvo?"

"No; it's a bit of a chestnut in these days. But it was said originally of the angel of death, Gilly, and I mean the opposite sort of angel altogether."

"The young nurse?"

"Exactly. She's simply priceless. But I knew she would be."

"You knew something about her, then?"

"Enough to bring her down on my own yesterday and blow the doctor! But he's all for her now."

So, indeed, was I; for though a tear is nowhere more out of place than on the cheek of a trained nurse, yet in none is it such welcome evidence of human interest and affection. And there was the tender tact of the pretence to which she had lent herself before my eyes; even as a memory it nearly filled them afresh. Yet I could not speak of it to Coplestone, and to Delavoye I would not, lest I were led into betraying that which I had promised Ronnie to keep entirely to myself.

Nurse Agnes we all called her, but I for one hardly saw her again, save on the daily constitutional in gray uniform and flowing veil. The fact was that the improvement in Ronnie was so marked, and so splendidly sustained, that both his father and I were able to get to bed again. The boy himself had capital nights, and said he looked forward to them; on the other hand, for final sign of approaching convalescence, he became just a little difficult by day. Altogether it was no surprise to me to learn that two nurses would not be necessary after the second week; but I was sorry to hear it was Nurse Agnes who was going, and I thought that Uvo Delavoye would be sorrier still.

There was something between them. I felt sure of that. His rushing up to town to fetch her down, the absurd grounds on which he had pretended to justify that officious proceeding, and then his candid enthusiasm next day, when his protégé had shown her quality, all these were suspicious circumstances in themselves. Yet by themselves, at such a time, they might easily have escaped one's attention. It was a more than suspicious circumstance that brought the whole train home to me.

I was getting my exercise one mid-day when there was nothing doing; suddenly I saw Nurse Agnes ahead of me getting hers. Her thin veil flew about her as she stepped out briskly, but I was walking quicker still; in any case I must overtake her, and it was a chance of hearing more good news of Ronnie; for we never saw anything of her at night, except in firelit glimpses through the sick-room door. Evidently these were not enough for Uvo either; presently I saw him sauntering ahead, and when Nurse Agnes overtook him, instead of my overtaking her, he hardly took the trouble to lift his hat. But they walked on together at a pace between his and hers, while I waited in a gateway before turning back.

So that was it! I was delighted for Uvo's sake; I tried to feel delighted altogether. At any rate he had chosen a wonderful nurse, but really I had seen so little of the girl . . . if that was the word for her. In the apparent absence of other objections, I was prepared for a distinct grievance on the score of age.

However, she was going. That was something, and Uvo did not seem particularly cut up about it after all. But he brought the cab for her himself when the time came; he did not come in; but I saw him through the window as I sat at draughts once more with Coplestone, because it was a Saturday afternoon and Ronnie was not quite so well.

"This must be for Nurse Agnes," I said innocently. "It seems a pity she should go so soon."

"But she's not going yet!" cried Coplestone, upsetting the board. "She's going this evening; the other nurse told me she was. Of course I've got to see her before she goes!"

"I fancy that's her cab," said I, unwilling to give Delavoye away, but feeling much more strongly that Nurse Agnes had saved Ronnie's life.

"I didn't hear the bell," said Coplestone.

"Still, I believe that's Nurse Agnes on the stairs."

I had heard one creak, but only one, and the nurse was on tiptoe outside the door as Coplestone opened it. She might have been a thief, she seemed so startled.

"Why, nurse, what do you mean by trying to give me the slip?" he said in his

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hearty voice. "Do you know they all tell me you've saved my little chap's life, and yet I've hardly seen you all the time? You'd always fixed him up for the night by the time I'd finished dinner, and I've been so late in the morning that we've kept on missing each other at both ends. You've got to spare me a moment now, you know!"

But Nurse Agnes would only stand whispering and smiling in the half-lit hall.

"I—I mustn't lose my train," was all I heard.

And then I realized that even I had only heard her voice once before, and that now it did not sound the same voice. It was not meant to sound the same—that was why—I had it in a flash. And in that flash I saw that Nurse Agnes had been keeping out of our way all these days and nights, keeping us out of her way by a dozen little tacit regulations which had seemed only proper and professional at the time.

But a fiercer light had struck Coplestone like a lash across the eyes. And he started back as though stung and blinded, until Nurse Agnes tried to dart past the door; then his long arm shot out, and my blood ran cold as he dragged her in by hers.

"You!" he gasped, and his jaw worked as though he had been knocked out in the ring.

"Yes," she said coolly, facing him through her veil; "and they're quite right—I've saved your boy for you. Do you mind letting me go?"

I forced my way past the pair of them and rushed out to Delavoye waiting with the cab.

"Who is she? Who on earth is this nurse of yours?" I cried without restraint.

He drew me out of ear-shot of the cabman.

"Has Coplestone spotted her?"

"This very minute—but who is she?"

"His wife."

"I thought she was dead?"

"No; he divorced her three years ago."

"Who told you?"

"Ronnie."

"And you never told me!"

"I promised him I wouldn't tell a soul."

The little rascal! He had bound us both; but there was a characteristic difference, as between Delavoye and me, and the feelings that we inspired in that gallant little heart. Whereas I had surprised its secret, Ronnie had confided in Uvo of his own free will and accord.

"And it was he who begged me to bring her, Gilly, when he was at his worst! He said it was his one hope—that she could pull him through—that he knew she could! So I found her, and she did. She wasn't really a nurse, but she was his mother; she was his Angel of Life."

"Will she be forgiven?" I asked, when we had looked askance at the study windows, that gave us back only the wavering reflections of shrubs and of the chimneys opposite.

"Will she forgive him?" returned Uvo sardonically. "It's always harder for the one who's in the wrong, and there's always something to be said for him or her!"

"Does she know that her husband needs to be saved as well?"

"Hush!" said Delavoye. The door had opened. Coplestone came out upon the step and stood there feeling in his pockets.

I held my breath; and the only creature who counted just then, in all that road of bleak red houses, and in all the wintry world beyond, was the great shaken fellow coming down the path.

"You might give this to the cabby," said he, filling my palm with loose silver. "Just tell him we sha'n't want him now!"

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The road from Versailles to Louveciennes.

PIERRE AUGUSTE RENOIR

By Walter Pach

ILLUSTRATIONS FROM PAINTINGS BY RENOIR

TO have attained the famous three-score years and ten, and be producing work which surpasses that of his youth and middle age, to have seen the public change in its attitude from hostility to homage, to be one of the best-loved of living painters: such is the lot of Pierre Auguste Renoir.

Between the earliest and latest periods of Renoir's career, there are some twenty or twenty-five years where the artist, having reached a full knowledge of his means, passes from masterpiece to masterpiece, and produces, with astonishing rapidity, a large number of portraits, landscapes, and figure-pieces, like the "Moulin de la Galette," at the Luxembourg, the "Déjeuner," and the "Dancers" in the collection of M. Durand-Ruel, and the portrait of Mme. Charpentier and her family at the Metropolitan Museum.

Had Renoir ceased painting in 1875, he would still be placed among the great artists of France. From the early pictures, beautiful in their drawing, in their uniting of firmness with softness, in the effect of color, that he drew from combinations of the quietest tints—frequently almost monochrome—he passes by degrees to the opulence of his second period. Color suffuses the work with more and more of variety and intensity. If the amplitude of the colorists of the old time, like Rubens, has

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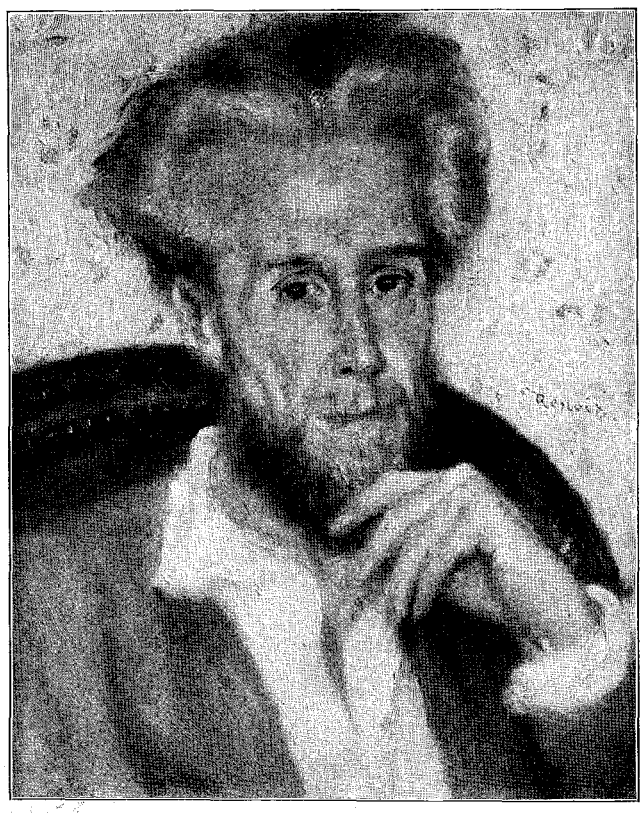
not again been reached, neither can it be claimed that they explored the realm of color in all the directions that have since been taken. A Renoir beside a Rubens is easily seen to fall short of the simplicity and breadth of organization that the older work possesses in such supreme degree, but we have come to understand that this is but a natural—if not absolutely necessary—effect of Renoir's penetration to hitherto unresolved phases of the problem. Let no one think that this simply means a search for nuances, a rendering little and precious what was before large and massive. On the contrary, Renoir's work is essentially large in conception. But with the modern study of light, with the substitution of color for blackness in representing shadow, for example, a whole world of new problems has confronted the painter, and it is Renoir who first of all has seized on these elements and transferred them from the science of optics to the art of the picture-maker. Where most other painters of the period, begun by Manet and Monet, have been content to say that sunlight is one thing, mist and rain another, or that objects out of doors look different from those in a studio, Renoir has felt the need of going beyond this. With his wonderful instinct for the æsthetic relations, with the lyric quality of his temperament, he has placed himself in line with the great colorists of the past in recognizing that color has a nature and function apart from the questions of representation—and by the pure beauty with which he invests it. And, as we always find with the very great men, he does not obtain the æsthetic qualities at the expense of his appreciation of nature, but carries along the two phases in perfect harmony.



Portrait of M. Chocquet.

At the end of his second period, Renoir is in control of a complete, well-balanced art. His draughtsmanship is one of the finest products of the great French tradition

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that has its source in both the Italian and the native genius; so too his stable design and his color, each original with the man.

Portrait of Mlle. X.

Before any picture by Renoir, we are impressed with his perfection — before a collection of pictures representing the successive phases of his development, we become aware of his indefatigable zeal for progress. There is even a certain wistfulness; perhaps at times it has seemed to him that it were well if he had more of the sternness of the profound Cézanne. With the full consciousness that he has never allowed his brush to run on in the aimless facility that is the pitfall of born painters like himself, it seems as if he sometimes wished that he might know more of the tragedy and great struggle that are so much a part of life, and across which men come nearest to the realities. And just this longing gives the final beauty to his art—without dulling the radiance of his color, without saddening for an instant the lovely personages of his pictures, there is the feeling of the art-

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ist's great seriousness. Even as his color is indescribably rich and subtle in its closeness to nature, so the whole joy of his art is subtle and redolent of its closeness to life.

Dancer.

The thought that work like Renoir's is being done to-day is full of stimulus. We are so often tempted to think that the past is overwhelmingly the domain of greatness. At such times it is important to be reminded of the great art of our own period, and thus to renew our belief that what has once been attained is attainable again. And while the work itself is what we must really consider, yet its closeness to us, its relationship with us is emphasized if we can see a little of the man who produced it.

In the few months of each year that Renoir's infirmities permit him to leave the warm climate of the south of France, he comes to Paris, sees pictures, works in his studio, or even abroad. Last summer he made a trip to Munich and painted portraits there.

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His manner of receiving a visitor is most simple and kindly; he is pleased at a new expression of liking for his pictures, is willing to talk or to listen. It was to hear him talk that I came, and the following notes are from long-to-be-remembered conversations with him:

The Dance in the Country.

"There are things about your work that we should like to know. When we find the colors in such perfect relation to one another, we wonder how you arrive at such a result. When you have laid in the first tones, do you know, for example, which others must follow? Do you know to what extent a red or a green must be introduced to secure your effect?"

"No, I don't; that is the procedure of an apothecary, not of an artist. I arrange my subject as I want it, then I go ahead to paint it, like a child. I want a red to be sonorous—to sound, like a bell; if it doesn't turn out that way, I put more reds or other colors till I get it. I am no cleverer than

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Mme. Charpentier and Her Family.

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that. I have no rules and no methods; any one can look over my materials or watch how I paint—he will see that I have no secrets. I look at a nude; there are myriads of tiny tints. I must find the ones that will make the flesh on my canvas live and quiver.

"Nowadays they want to explain everything. But if they could explain a picture it wouldn't be art. Shall I tell you what I think are the two qualities of a work of art? It must be indescribable, and it must be inimitable. Take a thing like the Eiffel Tower. It is not art, because it can be duplicated by any one who has it described to him, and who knows how to make such things. But you cannot make any more Titians, and you cannot copy Notre Dame. There is the Pantheon at Rome; they thought they could make a copy of it in that votive church at Naples, opposite the Royal Palace, but the Pantheon is a great thing, and that church is a dead thing. So when they try to build like the Parthenon, they find that those lines which seem so straight and regular and simple are very subtle and hard to follow. The more they measure, the more they realize how much the Greeks departed from regular and banal lines in order to produce their effect.

"So in our Gothic architecture: each column is a work of art, because the old French monk who set it up and carved its capital did what he liked—not doing everything alike, as results when things are made by machinery or by rules, but each thing different—like the trees in the forest.

"The work of art must seize upon you, wrap you up in itself, carry you away. It is the means by which the artist conveys his passion; it is the current he puts forth which sweeps you along in his passion. Wagner does this, and so he is a great artist; another composer—one who knows all the rules—does not do this, and we are left cold and do not call him a great artist.

"Cézanne was a great artist, a great man, a great searcher. We are in a period of searchers rather than of creators. We love Cézanne for the purity of his ideal. There

Garden at Sorrento.

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never once entered his mind any thought but that of producing art. He took no heed of money or of honors. With Cézanne it was always the picture ahead of him that he cared for—so much so that he thought little of what he had done already. I have some sketches of his that I found among the rocks of l'Estaque, where he worked. They are beautiful, but he was so intent on others—better ones—that he meant to paint that he forgot these, or threw them away as soon as he had finished them.

"I so much like a thing that Cézanne said once: 'It took me forty years to find out that painting is not sculpture.' That means that at first he thought he must force his effects of modelling with black and white, and load his canvases with paint, in order to equal, if he could, the effects of sculpture. Later, his study brought him to see that the work of the painter is so to use color that, even when it is laid on very thinly, it gives the full result. See the pictures by Rubens at Munich; there is the most glorious fulness and the most beautiful color, and the layer of paint is very thin. Here is a Velasquez" (he reached for a book of reproductions after that master, and hunted out a late portrait of the little Infanta); "it is a perfect picture. See that dress with all the heavy silver embroidery they used in Spain at the time. If you stand away from the painting, it gives you the impression of the weight of that dress. When you come close, you find that he has used only a very little pigment—a tone, and some touches for the metal. But he knew what the painter must do. Cézanne was a man of big qualities and big defects. Only qualities and defects make no difference. What counts is always that passion of the artist, that sweeping men with him.

"The person who goes hunting for defects is the professor. He thinks himself very smart when he says: 'There is a foot that is not well placed.' He finds them in Rubens and in Velasquez. I have always loved Giorgione's 'Concert Champêtre,' in the Louvre. Once, as I stood looking at it, some one said to me: 'That woman's arms are too short.' I had never thought of such a thing. But that is what the professor thinks of. He does not see how the work of the master is made up of good qualities and of defects, how every part of the picture should be as it is, for it is impossible to take one part and say: 'This produces the effect.' If you observe the great painting by Veronese, the 'Marriage at Cana,' you will find that the lines are not according to the rules of perspective, and he has made the figures in the different planes quite different from the proportionate size you would expect; but those people are in their place, everything has its true importance, and the picture is a great decoration. It is a rare gift, the sense of decoration. Rubens had it; Delacroix had it."

"And you would say Gauguin also, would you not?"

"Yes," was the reply, "his work was superb in that respect."

"If it had been that 'Concert Champêtre' that was stolen instead of the 'Joconde' I should have been more disturbed. Of our Leonardos I like better yet the 'Virgin with St. Anne,'—those two women,—how feminine they are! And the mystery of that background! The 'Joconde' is a great picture, but almost too beautiful. The Giorgione is unique, unparalleled."

"Have you found, M. Renoir, that your opinions of the old masters change much in the course of time?"

"No—only for some pictures it takes very long until one reaches the judgment one finally holds. With some pictures I do not think I realized their true beauty till I had known them for thirty years—the Poussins, for example. The greatest works reveal a new beauty each year I come back to them. There is the 'Marriage at Cana'—I admired it when I was young, one can scarce avoid doing so, one *knows* that it is a great thing. But it was only at a much later time that I could feel I had something of an intimate understanding of it—of the way he has controlled the architecture of that enormous picture, and the way all those brilliant, even violent colors work together with a break.

"Titian is a man who always stays great for me. His painting is a mystery. Raphael's you can understand, and you can see how he worked (that doesn't mean that you can paint Raphaels). But you can't tell how Titian worked. No one ever painted flesh as he did. And then that 'Virgin with the Rabbit' seems to have light coming out from it, like a lantern. It seems to rise above painting."

To a question concerning one of the younger painters who is much discussed at

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present, M. Renoir answered: "I cannot very well speak of him. I am prevented from going about freely; I cannot see everything that is going on. And then, too, one is of one's time, in spite of oneself. Ask me about Manet, Monet, Degas, and Cézanne, and I can give you clearly formed opinions, for I lived, worked, and struggled with them. But with the young men of the new generation—men who have not yet given the full measure of their art—the question is different, and I cannot speak so freely."

But if M. Renoir is unwilling to pass upon matters that he has not studied to his satisfaction, he has no doubt that there is a standard for works of art, and that they stand or fall according to their agreement, or non-agreement, with it.

"There is nothing outside of the classics. To please a student, even the most princely, a musician could not add another note to the seven of the scale. He must always come back to the first one again. Well, in art it is the same thing. But one must see that the classic may appear at any period: Poussin was a classic; Père Corot was a classic. When I was a student, Corot was unknown, Delacroix and Ingres were laughed at; the men considered great were Scheffer and Delaroche. That seems strange to-day, but it was really so. And the thing that corrupts taste is government patronage of art. Here is a case within my immediate knowledge. A rich banker had chosen amongst the most illustrious painters of his time to have the portraits of his family painted. These portraits are criticised, and he replies very sagely: 'I know about finance; I don't know about painting. If those portraits are bad, it is through no fault of mine, for I looked through the catalogue of the Salon, and chose the painter with the most medals, just as I would do in buying my chocolate. If I had gone to the painter you recommend, people would say I was trying to economize.'

"The bad system begins in the schools—I was in all of them and all were bad. The professors were ignorant men; they did not teach us our trade. Even to-day I do not know whether my pictures will last. When I have noticed them yellowing, I have tried to find out the cause. I have changed the colors on my palette ten times and I cannot be certain yet that I have arrived at a choice that will yield a permanent result.

"Now this was not always so; it is only since the Revolution that the principles of the old masters have been swept away. Look at Nattier's pictures—how well they are preserved; then look at what follows and you will see what I mean. The old masters were taught each step of their trade, from the making of a brush and the grinding of a color. They stayed with their teachers until they had learned well the ancient traditions of the craft. And the tradition has never been an obstacle to originality. Raphael was the pupil of Perugino; but that did not prevent his becoming the divine Raphael."

M. Renoir was here recurring to ideas expressed in an article, written as an introduction to the "Treatise on Painting," of Cennino Cennini. From M. Renoir's paper—the one piece of writing he has ever done—I cannot resist noting one or two passages. Nothing could be more interesting, for example, than to find the great artist—at once so modern and so much an inheritor from the past—speaking with veneration of the part a common religious sentiment had in harmonizing the efforts of the masters whom Cennino writes about, and how also their conception of the divine formed their ideals. "It will readily be agreed that if men conceived celestial personages in the image of earthly ones, it is truer still that this divine organism had, in its turn, a considerable influence on the mind and conditioned its ideal." In another place he speaks of what fine workmen do for a country. It is they, he says, more than the great artists—whose genius can but infrequently "be confined within frontiers and epochs"—who register the characteristics of their country. To-day workmen of this type scarcely exist; they have been succeeded by machinery, and the spirit of the old iron-workers, potters, and joiners is practically lost. M. Renoir once told me of a young frame-maker who applied to him for advice as to how he could make better frames. "I told him some things I knew about how the beautiful old frames were made, and he went off to have a try at it. Some days later he came back and said: 'Monsieur, I don't earn my nine cents an hour making frames like that.' 'My little friend,' I answered, 'when one is trying to advance,

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one doesn't estimate the progress by the number of cents one earns per hour. For twenty years my pictures did not sell, but I kept on with them. If my lunches were light, and my daily expenses very small, that was not the question that I considered. It was what I was doing in my painting.'"

One other little remark seems to me to show the spirit of the man. "Sometimes I talk with the peasants down there in the South. They say their lot is an unhappy one. I ask: 'Are you sick?' 'No.' 'Then you're fortunate—you have a little money; if you've had a bad season you don't suffer from hunger; you can eat, you can sleep, you have work that takes you out into the open air, into the sunlight. What more can any one want?' They are the happiest of men, and they don't even know it. After a few more years I am going to leave my brushes and do nothing but live in the sun. That suffices."

WEST AND EAST

By Henry Adams Bellows

A VAST new land, half wakened to the wonder
Of mighty strength; great level plains that hold
Unmeasured wealth; and the prophetic thunder
Of triumphs yet untold.

A land of eager hearts and kindly faces,
Lit by the glory of a new-born day;
Where every eye seeks the far-distant places
Of an untravelled way.

Oh generous land! Oh mighty inspiration
That floods the morning of the world to be!
Thy people are the builders of a nation,
Lofty, benignant, free.

Yet, at a trivial word, a star's clear gleaming,
A bird's sweet song, a sunset fading fast,
There comes a longing for the homeland, dreaming
Upon its sacred past.

A land of dear, remembered faces, moving
Through happy days that had to have an end;
Each stream is a companion known and loving,
And every hill a friend.

A longing to behold the mountains, rearing
Their great, gaunt heads; and once again to be
Upon the barren, wind-swept headland, hearing
The surges of the sea.

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THE TURNSTILE

BY A. E. W. MASON

XXIX

IN THE LADIES' GALLERY

AN hour later Cynthia drove down to the House of Commons, anxious and yet expectant of triumph. For on this afternoon Harry Rames should particularly excel; the occasion was so confederate with his gifts. In debate he was as yet too inexperienced to shine with any brilliancy. His success had been made with prepared speeches. He had not as yet the art to handle words, the tools of debate, with such precision that he could express vividly in an argument across the floor just what he meant, and no more, and no less. He was not at ease with his vocabulary when a sudden call was made upon it, and his lack of ease became manifest and spread, as it always does, discomfort. He was nervous within that chamber, and unless he was fortified by sedulous preparation the nervousness showed. He was, in a word, on the way to becoming a polished debater, but as yet he was at school. This afternoon, however, he had not to reply, not to intervene in the middle of a discussion; his business was to make the set speech which set the debate going. And here he was on his own good ground. He could prepare the vivid phrase and, a quality perhaps still more important, he could speak it. He had an invaluable gift which had stood him in good stead when he had delivered his maiden speech. He was able so to deliver a carefully concocted speech as to give the impression that he was thinking aloud. He gained his effect by an apt breaking off of sentences and a recommencement, by a sudden drop to the homeliest of colloquialisms, by a seeming deliberation in the choice of his words, so that the picturesque and living sentence which had been so carefully thought out, appeared to leap newminted from a furnace of conviction. He had been shrewd enough to recognize with his own unflattering estimation of his powers that an amendment to the address provided him especially with a rare opportunity.

When Cynthia reached the ladies' gallery she had some trouble to find a place whence she could command the House. The gallery was full, since it was the beginning of the session. For the same reason the House itself was not. Even though questions were being asked of the ministers, a time when the House is seldom less than crowded, there were to-day vacant spaces on the benches. The real business of Parliament would not begin until the debate on the address was concluded. Members still lingered in the country or the South of France. Rames's amendment was considered rather as a dress-parade than an engagement. It was not expected that he would press his views to a division. At the last moment suave words from a cabinet minister would no doubt dissuade the recalcitrant as they had done a thousand times before.

But his supporters were there clustered close below the gangway on the three back benches; Howard Fall two seats away from Harry Rames, chirruping gently and rubbing his hands together with delight; beyond him the sandy-haired man from the Shires with an eye on Devenish upon the treasury bench, and prepared at any moment for the production of that threatened pup which the Minister for Agriculture was sure to sell them; beyond him again Colonel Challoner and the timid spirits all trying to look unconscious and most of them pretending that they only occupied these particular seats by the merest accident. But they were in full view. Robert Brook had seen to that. They were labelled plainly and legibly, and if some of them went astray, they would still get the credit of having reached their destination. In front of all were the earnest men who believed the policy of Devenish to be dangerous. Behind all under the shadow of the gallery were the younger bloods, all as convinced as their graver seniors in the front, but still

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youths spoiling for a row and totally unawed by the frock-coats of the treasury bench. Their business was to cheer and to ejaculate, not to speak. Thus had Robert Brook disposed his forces for the battle. He himself sat between Harry Rames and Howard Fall, and looking about him was proud of the array.

Before questions had come to an end Cynthia had squeezed herself into a place on the first row of seats behind the stone-grille. She had now from her eyrie the whole group within her view, or rather, the tops of all its particular heads. She waited impatiently. Every now and then a sudden fluttering like the waving of little flags ran with a crackle of sound along the benches below and showed that another page of questions had been asked. They must now come to an end surely, she thought in her ignorance. Her mistake was colossal. The speaker had only this moment come to the questions of the Irish members, and there was a postmaster in Ballymena who had last week committed the hideous crime of refusing a registered letter at two minutes to eight by the church clock. Upon this important matter, by question and supplementary question, the Imperial Parliament was forced to concentrate its attention till the hands of the clock above the door pointed to a quarter to four. Then the speaker rose, a buzz of talk rose to Cynthia's ears, a few members called upon by name came forward from behind the speaker's chair to the clerk's table with private bills, others drifted out into the lobby and the tea-room and the smoking-rooms. Then once more the speaker rose. His canopied chair was just beneath Cynthia. She could not see him but she heard his voice quite clearly. "Captain Rames."

Rames rose amidst vociferous applause from his own group and some cheers from the opposition. The personal question flashed into Cynthia's mind.

"Would he look up toward the gallery in which she sat?"

He threw his head back. It seemed that he did. Cynthia leaned forward as though across that distance her eyes could answer and sustain him. She forgot that the only light in that gallery was fixed against the wall behind her, and that nothing more particular or individual of her was visible upon the floor of the chamber than the wide sphere of her hat.

He was not so nervous, she realized at once, as he usually was. Nervousness gave to his voice a peculiar vibration which was not without its effect in arresting attention. Cynthia missed it now. But the sentences which she already knew by heart followed, one behind the other, spaced and regular as the waves of a calm sea. She forgot that little significant omission of manner. She followed the argument as she knew it, and it was developed step by step as it had been prepared. Harry Rames had spoken for five minutes when a lady on Cynthia's left whispered in an audible voice to her neighbor on the right:

"I thought you told me that Captain Rames was a brilliant speaker.

"Not I, dear," came the reply. "These men of action are seldom effective in their speeches. I shouldn't expect him to do better than he is doing."

Cynthia moved indignantly. The poor woman must be off her head. But if she did not know what good speaking was, she might at all events hold her tongue. She looked down again into the well of the House and became perplexed. The benches were actually emptying. The double doors opposite to her, which led from the chamber to the lobby were swinging silently backward and forward with a perpetual motion as the members passed out, and the space just in front of those doors, the space behind the bar, as it is called from a black painted line upon the matting, where no doubt once a barrier stood, that space where members may stand and where she had seen them stand packed on other days while Harry spoke, was almost empty. There were just one or two standing there, but they were obtaining orders for the galleries from the sergeant-at-arms. Then the voice at her elbow spoke again in an accent of resignation.

"He is very, very dull."

Cynthia clenched her hands. She would have dearly liked to have boxed her neighbor's ears. Was he dull, she asked? And the dreadful continuous buzz of voices, which always rises when a speaker has lost the attention of the House, rose from the benches below to answer her. With a sob only half suppressed Cynthia was forced to admit the truth. The incredible thing was happening. Harry Rames at the crisis of his fortunes was signally failing.

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"If he fails it's partly my fault," she thought. "I helped in the preparation of the speech."

For it was word for word the prepared speech which he was delivering; the very phrases chosen for their simplicity and their force were uttered in their due place. Yet the effect was dreary beyond measure. Even the ardent spirits beneath the gallery had ceased to applaud; they sat back in the shadow, all their enthusiasm quenched. A still worse sign, Mr. Devenish had laid his writing-pad and his fountain-pen on the table in front of him; he took no more notes, he leaned back with his arms folded and his eyes closed, a typical picture of a cabinet minister, a man inured to patience and the bedfellow of boredom.

"Why is Harry failing?" Cynthia asked of herself despairingly. And the answer came from her neighbor.

"You know, my dear, I don't believe that what he's saying is nonsense if one only had the necessary concentration to follow it. But his delivery's so bad that he makes attention impossible."

Again Cynthia was constrained to admit the criticism. The chosen sentences were uttered, but no conviction winged them. Harry's gifts of speech were that afternoon quite hidden. He was as one delivering a recitation which by constant repetition had become at once meaningless and automatic. His voice trailed away into lassitude. There was no spirit behind any word.

The buzz of voices increased, a protesting voice called "Order, order," and then Harry faltered and stopped, stopped quite noticeably. A general cheer rose to encourage him—for the House of Commons can be generous, especially to those who are dropping out of the race—and twisting his hands together suddenly, almost with the air of a man waking from a dream, Harry Rames staggered on again. Cynthia's heart went out to him in a rush of pity. What he must be suffering! He had staked so much upon this afternoon. So much had been expected of him. Cynthia's thoughts went back to the week at Bramling. With what high hopes that company had counted upon his leadership!

"If he would only finish!" she prayed. She looked upon him as a man in torment. She leaned her elbows on the rail in front of her, closed her ears with her thumbs and shut her eyes. She took at once, with the exaggeration of her years the blackest view.

"He has attacked his own government and frightened no one." Thus her thoughts ran. "His career will be affected, perhaps ruined. A really bad mistake may take a man years to overcome in the House of Commons. Who was it said that? Mr. Smale. This is a really bad mistake. The debate itself may collapse. That would mean ruin."

So she reasoned until in a clap the truth of the mistake came upon her, its cause, its meaning.

"I ought to have foreseen his failure," she murmured. "It was bound to come. Sooner or later it was bound to come. For his heart is never in the theme but always in the career."

She might indeed have looked upon it as a retribution—a just retribution.

"And a year ago I should so have looked upon it," she reflected, and sat back in her seat amazed at the change which had been wrought in her. The magnitude of it was now for the first time revealed to her. Success following success, each in its anticipated sequence, had sealed up from her the knowledge of herself. It had needed the failure to reveal it.

She leaned back in a confusion of her emotions. She heard no longer any word of the debate. For a little while the House of Commons vanished and was not. She glanced swiftly backward across the months of her marriage and now could detect the indications of the change. Gradually she had ceased to clamor for ideas; she had looked only at the man and had desired him to tower above his fellows, since that was his desire. And the reason for the change? She jumped to it with her heart on fire. But while she thus began to make her account with herself a perfunctory cheer and the speaker's distinct pronouncement of another name broke in upon her reckoning. The voice of her neighbor brought her back to earth.

"Mr. Howard Fall. I hear he's quite a favorite speaker."

The turn of the words recalled irrelevantly to Cynthia Harry's indignant story of the elector who had told him that he was well patronized in Ludsey. The recollection brought a smile to her face. But the smile

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faded as her anxieties came home to her. Would the debate collapse?

Howard Fall was already upon his legs seconding the amendment; and in a little while she saw members enter through the doors, stand for a moment at the bar, and then, as though here was matter worthy of their attention, slip into places upon the seats. Cynthia's first feeling was one of relief. Yes, the House was undoubtedly filling up. Then, as a burst of laughter followed upon one of Fall's sallies against Devenish, a sharp pang of jealousy pierced her. The lady at her elbow incensed her by a laugh of approval—a ridiculous snigger Cynthia termed it.

"Yes, now he's really brilliant," she said, and Cynthia had to hold herself in, so impelled was she to explain to the lady exactly what she thought of her judgment and her manners and her family and of everything which appertained to her. But she did not. She remained outwardly calm, though inwardly she seethed.

"Mrs. Rames," a quiet voice called to her from behind. She turned and saw Robert Brook. She left her seat and went to him.

"What's the matter?" she asked anxiously, her heart leaping with a fear of calamity.

"Nothing," Brook reassured her. "Your husband asked me to look after you. He can't well leave the House." Another burst of laughter intermingled with applause rose up to them. Devenish had petulantly interrupted Howard Fall, and interruptions Howard Fall thrived upon. "Isn't he in splendid form?" cried Brook with enthusiasm. "His speech is just the twang of a bow and each time an arrow finds its mark."

"No doubt," said Cynthia, eying him coldly.

Brook looked at her quickly.

"Perhaps you would like some tea, Mrs. Rames. Shall we go? The debate will tail off for a bit after Fall has finished."

He led the way to the lift. Cynthia hurried after him.

"Why?" she cried. "And what do you mean by tailing off?"

There was an impatience in her voice with which Brook was unfamiliar. "Do you mean that the debate will collapse?"

"Oh, no," he replied. "But the big-wigs won't speak until later. The subject is much too important to drop for want of argument. Indeed, there are enough men eager to speak to carry the debate well over to-morrow, if that were possible."

They came out from the lift and walked down the long corridor toward the lobby between the rows of books protected by their frames of gilt wire. Robert Brook continued cheerfully:

"Rames, to be sure, wasn't at his best in opening the debate. But no man always is. There's not a soul in the House who doesn't know that."

"Then this afternoon won't put him back?"

"Why should it? It was he who had the shrewdness to recognize the opportunity which this question affords, and to select this particular line of attack. He engineered the whole movement. That's known. And if he carries his own people into the division lobby with him, and the opposition into the bargain, he will have established a fine reputation for Parliamentary capacity. That counts, Mrs. Rames; take the word of an old hand. That counts here more than speech-making."

"Does it?" cried Cynthia, smiles breaking through the tragic gloom of her countenance. But the smiles vanished. She shook her head wistfully. "You are merely saying this because you see that I am troubled."

"But it's none the less true. This House has a corporate life which is rather difficult for those who are not members of it to understand."

Robert Brook certainly seemed very well contented. Cynthia, however, was not satisfied.

"But will he carry his people with him into the division lobby—now?" she asked. "Won't they a little have lost faith?"

"Not a bit. You see, Howard Fall has quite saved the situation," Brook replied cheerily and Cynthia suddenly stepped on ahead. The name of Howard Fall was beginning to exasperate her. She stopped, however, as they came into the round hall of the lobby.

"On the whole," she said with the loftiest impartiality, "I liked my husband's speech a good deal better than I did Mr. Howard Fall's. Perhaps on a second thought you will too, Mr. Brook."

She surveyed him steadily with a pair of cold blue eyes, and then her face suddenly dimpled to a smile of appeal.

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"You really mean that I can't see him?"

"The man who starts a discussion must hear it out. That's a sound old rule, and if it's not so religiously kept as it used to be, the House of Commons is the worse."

"I can send him a little note at all events."

"Certainly. Write it and I'll give it to a messenger."

"A messenger!" said Cynthia doubtfully. "Will it be sure to reach him? It's rather important."

Brook smiled.

"Very well. I'll take it in myself, Mrs. Rames."

Cynthia took a little diary from the bag she carried, tore out a leaf, scribbled hastily:

"You did splendidly. Everybody thinks so. Cynthia"; and having calmly perpetrated that obvious untruth, she twisted up her message and handed it to Brook. The sandy-haired man from the Shires was drifting about the lobby. Brook called to him. "Look after Mrs. Rames for a moment, will you?" he said, and hurried off through the swing doors.

It seemed a very short time to Cynthia before he came back, though in that short time she had not so much as addressed a word to her companion. She looked at Robert Brook's hands. They were empty and a shadow passed over her face.

"Did you give it him?" she asked.

"I passed it along the bench and saw that it reached him. I didn't wait for him to open it."

The shadow passed from Cynthia. She was disappointed now but not hurt, and in a second the disappointment passed too. This was not the day on which small things should be allowed to sting.

"Now you'll have some tea," said Brook.

"No, I don't think I will stay any longer to-day, Mr. Brook," she replied. Now that her fears were dispersed she was in a hurry to get away and be alone with her new secret. "I am keeping you from the House, and you are our whip, aren't you?"

The flattery did not compensate Mr. Brook for his loss. The privilege of parading a pretty and well-dressed woman before the envious eyes of less fortunate colleagues is one which no member of Parliament, not even its sedatest representative of nonconformity, would forego without regret; and in a remote, philandering way, Robert Brook was a kind of ladies' man. Cynthia was wearing a trim coat and skirt of dark velvet, and from a coil of fur about her throat her face rose like a summer flower, and was framed in the wide border of her blue hat.

"My duties are light just now," he protested, but Cynthia lifted up her hands in her great muff appealingly and coaxed him.

"You will let me go now, Mr. Brook, won't you?" Her eyes besought his permission as though without it she could not go, and Mr. Brook was duly reduced to subservience.

"Good-bye," said Cynthia, and she swung off, the long ends of her stole swinging about her hips, and her step indescribably light. Robert Brook watched her pass down the corridor to the rails where the visitors waited, and sighed in a melancholy fashion. It seemed to him for the moment contemptible to be a bachelor. For there was something strange and peculiarly appealing about Cynthia to-day—a winsomeness, a warmth. She seemed all aquiver with youth. A swift variety of moods swept across her face in lights and shadows, and gave to her vitality. Her feet moved with a dancing buoyancy. All that Robert Brook felt the sandy-haired man from the Shires summarized in one reflective sentence:

"I should like to kiss that girl," he said. "It would do me a great deal of good."

XXX

THE LETTER

CYNTHIA ran down the broad flight of steps into Westminster Hall and skimmed across the historic flags of that ancient building without a pause. What at this moment was Charles the First to her, or even Mr. Gladstone? She came out into Palace Yard and drove home through the dusk just as the lamps in the shop-windows and on the refuges were beginning to bring some gleams of cheerfulness into the black February streets. She sat back in the corner of her car with her muff tightly held against her breast as though to cherish close some knowledge treasured there. When she reached her house she let herself in with her key and walked with secret steps into Harry's study. Once there, she locked the

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door and with the firelight dancing upon the walls to keep her company, she sat down to make her reckoning with herself. But in truth the reckoning was already made.

The great bargain, on her side at all events, was a bargain no more, could never again be a bargain. A veritable revolution had taken place in her that afternoon. She knew it from the depth of her sympathy with Harry in his failure—above all from the surprising sharpness of her disappointment when Robert Brook had returned with no answer to her scribbled message.

For the failure as a factor in their fortunes she cared not a straw. Indeed she welcomed it, since it was that which had wakened her. She had believed herself to be defective in the quality of passion, and her sense of the defect had hurt her like a bitter humiliation; she had envied wistfully the other women who possessed passion, even the wantons who flaunted it. Now the humiliation was gone. She rejoiced. She leaned back in her chair with her eyes closed and sailed over magical seas which were joyous and golden. She loved. She was like some lady of old Italy lit to swift flame by the first kiss from her lover's lips. Only it was a trivial irony in closer keeping with our modern days that what had kindled her who had demanded ideas, was a failure due to nothing but the lack of them.

Cynthia rejoiced; for she loved. That pain and disappointment were in store for her she did not doubt. But she ran forward to meet the pain. She was young. Sooner all the pain in the world than the automatic placidity of years without fire or inspiration. She recognized frankly that though upon her side the bargain was no longer any bargain at all, it still was just a bargain to her husband. A sign had been given to her that afternoon, a little sign, yet great in its significance. She had pleaded to herself as she sat in the ladies' gallery that when Harry rose, and just before he began to speak, he had looked up to where she sat as though he were conscious of her presence, as though he drew strength from it. But he had not looked up. Even at the time she had known that he had not. "I merely pretended to myself that he had," she frankly admitted now. "His movement was nothing more than the natural muscular action of a man bracing himself for an effort." She herself, Cynthia, had not been, she felt sure, at that moment in the remotest of his thoughts.

"If Harry had changed toward me as I have toward him," she argued, "he would have looked up, not only because he wanted to, but because he would have remembered what I had said to him on that very point the afternoon when he asked me to marry him."

But in spite of her conviction she rejoiced. Some kinship she could claim with Juliet. For all her longing was to give and to give, and still to give. She had sought desperately for color in her life. She had welcomed politics in the hunt for it. She had it now and to spare—enough to daub the world. The handle of the door was tried and through the panels her astonished maid told her the hour. Cynthia sprang up and unlocked it.

"I shall dine at home to-night," she said. "The cook must get me some dinner, anything."

The maid reminded Cynthia that she had arranged to dine with some friends and visit a theatre.

"I know," said Cynthia. She had made the plan so that she might not spend in loneliness the anxious hours of this evening. But since she had made the plan the world had changed its hues.

"You must telephone and say that I can't come," said Cynthia remorselessly as she ran upstairs.

Whilst she dressed she considered what she should do with this wonderful evening. She meant to spend it alone—yes, but that did not quite content her. Somehow it should be made memorable. Something she must do which, but for this day of days, she never would have done. Something which must not merely mark it as a harbor boom marks a turn of the channel, but must be the definite consequence of it. Cynthia, in a word, went down to her solitary dinner much more akin than she had ever been since to the girl who, eager for life with the glorious eagerness of youth, had run down the stairs on the morning of her seventeenth birthday into the dining-room of the Daventry estancia. Half-way through dinner the thing to do, in order fitly to commemorate the day, came to her in a burst of light.

She went back to Harry's study and sitting at his writing-table, composed with great care a letter of many pages. The

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hours passed as she wrote and re-wrote, and glancing at the clock before the end was reached, she saw that it was already past eleven. Then she hurried. The division at this moment was being taken. Within the hour Harry would have returned, and indeed she had only just folded her letter in its envelope when she heard his step in the hall.

She heard the door open and shut. He was in the room. But she kept her head bowed over her letter lest her face should betray her overmuch. Nor for a moment did she speak, since she did not quite trust her voice. It was Harry who spoke first.

"You have come back? I did not expect you so soon."

"I never went. I stayed at home."

"Oh! You are not ill, Cynthia?"

"No. But I felt that I had been rather hard and cruel——"

"You?"

"Oh, yes, I can be." Cynthia was stamping down her envelope with an elaboration of care which almost suggested that it was never meant to be opened. "I was in this case. So I stayed at home and wrote this letter to make amends. I should very much like it to be posted to-night, Harry. The servants have all gone to bed. I wonder if you——"

"Of course. You are afraid that you might change your mind about it in the morning."

"Not at all," replied Cynthia with a laugh. Harry Rames walked over to the table.

"Give it to me, Cynthia," he said; and at last Cynthia raised her head and rather shyly her eyes sought his face. At his first glance she stood up quickly and she did not give him her letter. Harry Rames was standing, his face white and drawn and harassed. He had been answering her vaguely, as though the words came from him by reflex action rather than through a comprehension of what she said. For a moment Cynthia was afraid to speak. The beating of her heart was painful. Then she laid her hand upon his arm.

"Something has happened, Harry?" she faltered.

"Something terrible," he replied, and walking to the fire he warmed his hands at the blaze like one smitten with a chill.

"The debate collapsed? Your people didn't follow you into the lobby? Oh, Harry!"

She went to his side.

"No. That's not the trouble. We did better in the division than I had anticipated. Of course we had the labor party solid against us. But that we had reckoned on. On the other hand, some of the Irish members came along with us, and it had been expected that they would all abstain. No; we ran the government majority down to thirty-one. Devenish is shaken, I can tell you. He passed me after the division was over, without a word and white with passion. No, Cynthia; we did very well." He moved away from the fire and sat down in the chair at his writing-table. "I took all my people into the division lobby with me—except one."

Cynthia put out a hand and steadied herself against the mantel-piece.

"Except one?" She turned toward him, her face troubled, her eyes most wistful. "One failed you—one alone. Oh, Harry, it wasn't Colonel Challoner?"

But though she asked the question, she did not need the answer. Her foreboding made her sure of it.

"It was," replied Harry, and Cynthia turned again to the fire. A little sob, half-checked, burst from her. Then she tore the letter which she had been at such great pains to write, across and again across, and dropped the fragments into the fire.

"The Challoners are no good," she said in a voice curiously distinct and hard.

"Don't say that, Cynthia," Harry Rames answered gently.

"I do say it. I ought to know."

The words were uttered, and only then she realized what she had said. She looked quickly toward her husband, but he gave to her cry no particular significance. His brain seemed to register her words, not to comprehend them. Cynthia was conscious of a great relief. Loud at her heart rose a hope, a prayer that in all things, all qualities, even to tricks of manner, she was her mother's child, and had nothing of her father. Never would she acknowledge her relationship with that family. Never would she admit her name. Her first resolve and instinct had been right. The Challoners were no good.

"No, I should not say that, Cynthia," Rames repeated. "He's dead."

Cynthia turned swiftly upon the word. Her dress rustled as she turned, and when

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that sound ceased there was absolute silence in the room. Cynthia stood by the mantelshelf still as stone. Her face was white, and a look of awe overspread it. With her lips parted and her eyes troubled and wondering, she watched her husband. Harry Rames sat with a large silver paper-knife in his hands, looking absently straight in front of him. And in a little while he broke the silence by absently tapping with the blade of the paper-knife upon his blotting-pad. The sound roused Cynthia. She moved to a low chair close to the writing-table.

"Dead? Harry, I don't quite understand."

The tapping ceased.

"His heart was wrong. He died in the division lobby—actually while the division was being taken."

"In the division lobby? But you said you didn't take him with you."

"I didn't. He was in the government lobby."

Cynthia's face contracted with pain. A low moan burst from her. "He was actually voting against you!"

"Yes."

Harry added reluctantly:

"Our revolt killed him."

Cynthia sat down in the chair.

"Tell me everything, will you, Harry?" she entreated, and thus the story was told her.

"The whips got at Challoner. You know Hamlin, don't you? But you don't know his methods, Cynthia. He doesn't bully you if you revolt. He doesn't threaten. He takes you affectionately by the arm and makes you feel a beast. His round brown eyes survey you with a gentle and wistful regret. You leave him, convinced that he personally will be dreadfully hurt if you vote against the government. You are glad to be rid of him as you are glad to be rid of a man whom you have injured; and within the hour he is at your elbow again, pursuing the same insidious, amicable strategy. That's how he worked on Challoner, and Challoner was not the man either to withstand him or to tell us boldly that he was going to—" ("rat" was on the tip of his tongue, but he caught the word back and substituted) "change his mind. So, do you see, he stayed with us to the last minute. It was arranged that the division should be taken at eleven. As soon as the speaker rose to put the question, Challoner, who had been standing at the bar of the House, slipped out through the lobby and down the stairs to a little smoking-room on the opposite side of the passage to the big strangers' smoking-room. That room is very often quite deserted. Few people, indeed, use it at any time. In a corner of that room he sat behind a newspaper all of the ten minutes during which the division bells were ringing."

"To avoid meeting any of you?" asked Cynthia.

"Yes, I suppose so."

"But how do you know he was there?"

"He was seen by one or two of the Irish members who did not intend to vote at all. They went into the room while the bells were ringing and saw him."

"I understand."

"As soon as the bells stopped, as soon, in a word, as he was quite certain that we should be all in our lobby, he started up quickly. There is just a little time between the moment when the bells cease ringing and the moment when the lobby doors are locked, and it becomes impossible, if you are outside the lobby, to record your vote. But it is only a little time. If you want to vote you have to hurry. Challoner was a good distance away, and he had a flight of stairs to ascend. He hurried, he ran; I expect, too, that he was agitated. His courage had failed him. He must prove his loyalty to his official leaders at all costs. He reached the lobby in plenty of time. Monro, you remember him, the Scotchman? He was at Bramling."

"Yes," said Cynthia.

"He saw Challoner. He was standing by the entrance door of our lobby. We were in the 'No' lobby, for the question we had to vote upon was that the original words of the address 'stand part,' and to enter the 'Aye' lobby a man must pass our entrance door and traverse the House. Monro saw Challoner hurry past the door and, thinking that he had mistaken our lobby and was under the impression that the question he had to vote upon was that the amendment be substituted—in which case, of course, we should all have been in the 'Aye' lobby—he called to the colonel. Challoner didn't hear, or wouldn't hear. He hurried on, and once inside the govern-

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ment lobby, collapsed onto the bench which runs along the sides. He died within a couple of minutes."

He ceased. The shock of this swift calamity had driven from Cynthia's thoughts all her indignation against the Challoners. She pictured to herself that old, unhappy, disappointed man, dropping at last between the shafts, the pack-horse of politics. Not even the insignificance of an under-secretaryship had come to requite him for his tedious years of service. And it never could have fallen to him. That she recognized. Again the silence was broken by the tap-tap of the paper-knife upon the blotting-pad.

"It's a Juggernaut, that House, isn't it? You said that once, Cynthia," said Rames.

"I did? I don't remember."

Cynthia was perplexed by his distress. Sensibility was not to be counted amongst his qualities. Yet he sat there with trouble heavy upon him, and every now and then a shiver of the shoulders, a shiver of repugnance.

"This has shocked you terribly, Harry," she said.

"Yes. I have known death before now, but never death without any dignity. That's what I find terrible." He paused for a moment and then said in a low and distinct voice:

"I am to blame for it, Cynthia."

"You?" she exclaimed.

"Yes. I ought to have left him alone. I ought never to have taken advantage of his disappointments. I dragged him into the revolt to serve myself—yes, that's the truth, Cynthia. We both know it. I dragged him in without giving him and his character a thought. He was the real party hack. To him the men upon the treasury bench were as gods walking the earth. A nod from one of them in a passage, a handshake in a drawing-room, a little private conversation with a cabinet minister in the division lobby—that was the kind of food which sustained him through how many years! And he was a good cavalry officer once, I am told." Harry Rames suddenly swung round toward his wife. "That's strange, isn't it? Very strange. He must have come into the House of Commons twenty years ago a very different man. But I suppose the walls closed round him and crushed the vitality out of him. You once had a phrase about such men—the prisoners of the House of Commons. He was one of them. I did a cruel thing when I enlisted him. For I might have known that he must desert. I am to blame for his death."

"No," Cynthia protested.

"Yes."

"Even if you might have known that he must desert, you couldn't have foreseen that he would hide from you till the last moment."

"That's just what he would do."

"Even so, you didn't know, Harry, that he had heart disease."

"Would it have made any difference if I had?" And that question silenced Cynthia.

Harry Rames fell again to tapping with his paper-knife upon the blotting-pad. He tapped aimlessly, the silver handle flashing in the light, the ivory blade striking and resounding. But gradually an intention seemed to become audible in his tapping. The taps came quickly, three or four together, then were spaced, then streamed swiftly again like sparks from an anvil. The noise began to jar on Cynthia's nerves.

"Don't do that, Harry, please," she said.

"I won't," said he, throwing down the paper-knife.

"You might have been sending a telegram."

"By wireless, eh?" he said with a smile, and then a curious look came into his face. "I was," he said slowly. Cynthia drew back in her chair with a queer feeling of uneasiness.

"Not to—?" she began, and stopped short of the name. She glanced furtively around the room. She was suddenly chilled.

"To Challoner? No," he answered. He had hardly been aware of what he was doing, and he wondered now why the idea to do it had thus irrelevantly entered his head. No doubt an instinctive desire to get relief from the obsession of the sordid tragedy of Challoner's death had prompted him. But, whatever the cause, he had been tapping out, in accordance with the Morse code, a message to the little, black, full-rigged ship far away upon Southern seas.

He sprang up from his chair.

"There's a letter you wanted me to post, Cynthia. I had forgotten it. Give it to me."

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"It dropped into the fire," said Cynthia.

Harry looked into the fire; a torn fragment or two had fallen into the grate.

"I dropped it into the fire," said Cynthia. "For I had already changed my mind about it."

The long letter which she had torn up at the first news of Colonel Challoner's defection, the letter which was to commemorate that evening, had been written to Colonel Challoner and admitted that she was the daughter of his son.

XXXI

M. POIZAT AGAIN

"THERE is a man at the door, madam. He says that he is a Ludsey man, and that he worked for Captain Rames during the election."

It was mid-day. Cynthia had her hat on and was at the moment buttoning her gloves.

"Tell him that Captain Rames is at the House of Commons now, and that he will be back at home by five," she said.

"The man asked for you," said the footman.

"For me? Did he give a name?"

"No. But he said that you would know him."

Cynthia shrugged her shoulders.

"Very well, Howard. Show him in."

Visitors who would not give their names but claimed to be citizens of Ludsey were not infrequent while Parliament was in session. They usually came with the same request—the loan of their fare home, where they had relations to look after them; and they were usually impostors, who had not so much as seen the spire of St. Anne's church. But, on the other hand, there was always a possibility that the case might be genuine, and Cynthia made it a rule to see them. She had already got her purse out of her bag when the door was opened. But she dropped it when she saw her visitor.

"M. Poizat," she cried, and she held out her hand to him.

M. Poizat, however, did not take it.

"You have been kept waiting. You should have sent in your name."

M. Poizat shook his head.

"Would you have received me if I had, Mrs. Rames?"

"Of course."

"You are very kind."

Cynthia looked at him with a closer scrutiny. Certainly the M. Poizat who confronted her was the merest shadow of the sprightly inventor of Lungatine. The elasticity had gone from his wonderful legs. No longer he danced when he walked. His arms hung loose at his side, and the potency of his elixir had quite failed him. He was now a really old, small man. Indeed he seemed to have diminished in stature and to have shrivelled in breadth; and his eyes were red as though he had lately wept. Thus much had been taken from him. Yet something had been added, the dignity of a man whom calamity has overtaken.

"Why am I very kind to receive you?" Cynthia asked gently.

M. Poizat stared at her incredulously.

"Then you do not know what has happened to me?"

"No! Sit down and tell me."

But M. Poizat remained standing.

"I have no longer a friend in the world. I have no longer a house. I have no longer a wife. All is gone."

"I don't understand."

"Ah, I know. Ladies do not read their newspapers very carefully. If the men, too, were like you! But all the same you will have heard of a case which a few days ago was making a great stir in Paris—the Jobert case."

"Of course."

"But you have not followed it in detail."

"No."

The intricacies of that gigantic case of fraud were indeed difficult to follow even for those who gave to it their attention. Nor did Poizat do more than give to Cynthia a necessary outline. Monsieur and Madame Jobert, the latter being the protagonist of the conspiracy, had borrowed over a course of years immense sums of money on the strength of securities which were supposed to exist in a sealed safe. The safe could not be opened since a fictitious action by claimants, whom Madame Jobert had invented, was perpetually being deferred in the courts of law. At the last, however, the creditors of the Joberts had obtained authority to break the seals, and a safe which was absolutely empty was exposed. The Joberts alleged a theft, but they were arrested and prosecuted.

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"You see, Mrs. Rames, the one hope of the Joberts upon their trial was to establish the existence of a great sum of money which the securities supposed to be stolen could represent. What was this money? How was it come by? And when? Who bequeathed it? Madame Jobert was examined upon these questions by the juge d'instruction week after week, during a whole year. Lie after lie she told. Each explanation she put forward was sifted and proved a lie. At last she cried:

" 'It is true. I have lied. I do not wish France to remember what she should forget. I have not told my secret. But, if I must, I will. The great fortune exists. I will tell its origin when I am on my trial, but I warn you, Monsieur le Juge, the revelation will convulse France from the Mediterranean to the Channel.' That is what she said. No one believed her. In Paris, indeed, they had already begun to laugh. Almost they loved her. She was a criminal but magnificent in her crime.

" 'La Grande Clothilde,' they named her. What *blague* would she have ready for the Cour d'Assizes? No one was alarmed, least of all I, a little restaurant-keeper in a city of the Midlands. Yet this last lie of hers ruined me."

"Ruined you?" cried Cynthia.

"Yes; it is strange, is it not? A great trial like that in Paris, a woman in the dock snatching at any defence or delay; she tells a story so ridiculous in its application that it sets all Paris in a delighted roar of laughter; and that story which could not save her, drags into the light a little man of no importance, who has been hiding his head in a foreign country for thirty years."

"Yes, but if the story is a lie?" cried Cynthia.

"Its application was the lie. It did not explain that fictitious fortune of the Joberts. But the story itself was true," said M. Poizat. He sat down in a chair in a queer, huddled attitude, with his knees and his feet together, his hands joined upon his knees and his chin sunk upon his breast. He seemed to have composed himself to be hit at. "I am amazed," he said. "It seems that one has never quite finished with anything one has done until one is dead. Here is a part of my life which I had buried. Then come thirty years, each one adding its layer of oblivion. Then comes La Grande Clothilde, who has never seen me, nor been seen by me. Look! I was laughing with everybody else. We take in the 'Petit Parisien.' I read the trial in the evening, day by day, to my wife. We both amused ourselves by wondering what will be the great secret which La Grande Clothilde has to reveal. Then comes the day of the revelation, and in Ludsey my newspaper falls from my hands and my wife, who has been my wife for twenty years, looks upon me as a stranger."

Cynthia's face changed. The gentleness and the pity vanished. She drew in her breath sharply as though alarm knocked at her heart.

"Something out of your past life has come alive, quite unexpectedly after all these years, and has snatched you back," she said slowly, as if she were comparing the words with others she had once heard spoken. "Quick! Tell me!"

She bent forward with her eyes intent upon M. Poizat's face, and fear growing in them more and more visibly.

"You remember, Mrs. Rames, the night before the election at Ludsey. You were all having supper in the hotel after the meeting. I came in and was asked by Captain Rames to join you. There was a man who claimed to know me."

"Yes, yes, Colonel Challoner," cried Cynthia, with a rising excitement. She remembered that supper-room at Ludsey, and the queer moment of sensation when Colonel Challoner, gaunt and menacing, had recollected, and M. Poizat, in a panic, had denied the recollection. Some vague notion, too, of the defence which Clothilde Jobert had made a week ago returned to her. She began dimly to understand the disaster which had overtaken her little visitor.

"He remembered that he had seen you—Wait! Now I have it— In a long corridor, in Metz, in '71."

M. Poizat nodded.

"The corridor of the Arsenal. Colonel Challoner—it's so you call him?—he was right. More than once I went along that corridor. I went to see the Marechal Bazaine."

"Yes," replied Cynthia. "And Madame Jobert accounted for the origin of this great sum of money which the prosecution declared to have no existence, by stat-

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ing that it was the price paid to Bazaine by the Germans for the betrayal of Metz."

"That is so. No such sum of money came that way into Clothilde Jobert's hands. But details of her story were true."

"For instance?" asked Cynthia.

"That a small farmer, a Frenchman on the outskirts of Metz, called Henri Poizat, was the go-between in the negotiations between the Germans and Bazaine."

"That was true?"

"Yes. I am Henri Poizat. With the money I was paid I came to Ludsey and opened my little restaurant. I did well. I returned to France and married, and brought my wife back. Then suddenly this news! My wife is of Lorraine. Her father was of those sturdy ones who would not live under the German rule, but left their homes in Lorraine and began anew in France. Conceive to yourself how she looked at me when she read that statement in the paper, and I could not deny it. She has gone back to her own people. I have had a letter from her brother. I am not to come near them. In Ludsey I was pointed at in the streets as the man who sold his country. My restaurant suffered. My trade began to vanish. I sold it, good-will and all, two days ago. As I say, I have no longer any house."

He buried his face in his hands. Cynthia watched him uncomfortably. She could not blame the wife. Rather she applauded her. She could find no sincere words of comfort for M. Poizat.

"I think you had better come back at five," she said, "and tell my husband your story."

"But of course he knows it already," cried M. Poizat.

Cynthia shook her head.

"He would have spoken of it to me if he had."

M. Poizat, however, was equally positive.

"But it is in the Ludsey newspapers. Captain Rames takes them in, and reads them of course."

"Of course," said Cynthia.

"Then he must know. Such news is not tucked away in the corner of a local paper. No indeed. It was printed on the first page."

"Still you had better see him," said Cynthia. She rose as she spoke, and she spoke a trifle absently, as though her thoughts had been suddenly diverted from the consideration of M. Poizat's calamity. "Come back at five. He will advise you."

She rang the bell. She was in a hurry now to get rid of the little Frenchman. Something much more important to her had occurred than the revelations of La Grande Clothilde. Doubts had flashed into her mind—doubts which she was in torture to resolve. As soon as Poizat's back was turned she went quickly into her husband's study. Upon a side-table, carelessly heaped, with their wrappers still gummed about them, she counted a dozen of the local papers of Ludsey. They took two a week, one of each political complexion. It was six weeks then since Harry Rames had taken the trouble to glance at a newspaper from his own constituency.

She stripped off the wrappers to make sure. Then she turned to the calendar upon the top of his writing-table. Six weeks just took her back to the date when Harry Rames had emptied the House with a speech, and had brought home the tragic news of Colonel Challoner's death.

Harry's omission on the surface was trivial enough. But to Cynthia it was significant and disquieting. For it was not in accordance with the deliberate prudence which used to mark the conduct of his political career. To nurse the constituency, to be familiar with its events and its needs, to respond to it, this had been his first care. Now for six weeks he neglected even to inform himself about it. And the omission did not stand alone.

"He will be home at five," Cynthia argued, "he who made it a rule to sit in the House however dull the course of public business."

Often of late he left the House as soon as questions were over and the usual vote taken upon the suspension of the eleven o'clock rule, and only returned thither upon the stroke of eleven on the chance of coming in for a division. Cynthia remembered too how indifferent he had been, on the day after he had made his failure, to the criticisms which the failure had evoked. Mr. Devenish had put in some biting and effective work in his reply, which should have been gall and wormwood to the ambitious Harry Rames. But he had not seemed to mind. The newspapers which supported the gov-

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ernment too had not spared him. Conceit and presumption were the least of his failings. The *Westminster Gazette* had made a cartoon of him as Humpty Dumpty. Yet he had remained unmoved, though Cynthia had cried her eyes red over the castigation.

Certainly some change had come over him, she reflected, and once more she was conscious of fear and a sinking heart. For the story which she had heard this morning from M. Poizat linked itself up in her mind with the warning of Mr. Benoliel. Poizat's history was not quite an illustration of the warning. That she recognized. Mr. Benoliel had bidden her beware of latent tendencies of character, latent cravings and ambitions, taking their origin from the years in which she had had no share. It was a definite act which had sprung into being in the case of M. Poizat. Still Poizat's disaster was a proof of the clutch of finished things, and of the continuity of life; was an instance that to turn over the new page and begin to write afresh, as she and Harry Rames had proposed to do, is beyond man's reach. Two lines of verse, gathered she knew not whence, rang in her brain and would not be silenced:

"Our past deeds follow us from afar
And what we have been makes us what we are."

After a year's respite Cynthia was again afraid. Mr. Benoliel was magnified by her fears into the semblance of a prophet of old.

XXXII

THE CALL

CYNTHIA went that night alone to a dinner party in Seamore Place. But she was ill at ease and as soon as she could get away she hurried home. She had not seen her husband that day. He had returned at five o'clock, had been closeted for a long while with M. Poizat, and then had left the house leaving a message that a series of divisions would compel him to dine at the House of Commons. The couple, however, had made it a habit to reserve for themselves whenever the House was not sitting late an hour or so at the close of even the busiest day, and Cynthia was fairly sure that she would not have to wait long before Harry Rames came home. As a fact, he was already in his study. The door was ajar, and through the opening the light streamed out into the hall.

Cynthia paused upon the threshold. She was agitated and she had not made up her mind how much of her fears she should express, or even if she should express them at all. It occurred to her that her hesitation outside the door would set him wondering, and she pushed it open. But Harry had not yet become aware of her return. He was sitting at his writing-table on the opposite side of the room and studying with a complete absorption a scroll which he was holding down unrolled beneath his eyes. Cynthia stood in the doorway for a moment or two watching him with a tender smile upon her face and speculating idly upon the document which so riveted his attention. For the moment her trouble was quite driven from her thoughts. He was here, after all, in the house with her; he, the loved one: and, with a sort of fierceness, she was content. Then he looked up and saw her standing in the doorway. His face changed; he had the aspect clearly of a man at bay. He swept a pile of letters and printed papers over his scroll, spreading them out. He rose and stood between her and the writing-table, hiding it from her view.

"You are home early," he said.

"Earlier than you expected! Yet I am later than you."

"Oh, I paired at ten o'clock."

"I see."

The furtive movement of her husband increased her fears and at the same time wounded her pride. They were to be frank with one another. That was the condition on which they had married, the pledge which each had given to the other. And here was the pledge broken, for Harry was definitely practising concealments. Cynthia, however, did not belong to the tribe of the clamorous. She was of those who protest by silence, withdrawing themselves within it as within an armored tower. She stood where she was and left him to continue the conversation. He filled and lit his pipe. Then he spoke hastily to engage her attention.

"Poizat came to see me this afternoon."

"Yes."

"He was desperate. We talked over his position. I recommended him to go to

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Tangier and settle there. He has a little money. He will find compatriots, and I should think it's the place where people will least be likely to trouble about him. I fancy that he will go there. But it's a bad business to have to start life all over again at seventy."

"Yes," said Cynthia.

She watched him as he walked up and down the room, making up her mind that on her side at all events the pledge should not be broken.

"M. Poizat said something to me which I think is true. That nothing one has ever done is ever quite done with."

Harry Rames stopped in his walk. He stood quite still for a few moments.

"Oh, surely that's not true," he said carelessly and resumed his pacing. But Cynthia was aware of a change in him. Before he had been thinking of Poizat and his destiny; now he was alert and waiting upon her words.

"I believe that it's more true than he knew. For even if nothing actual comes of the thing done, it's still there, recorded in the character. Harry, we are in the clutch of finished things."

Her voice rose in a low cry and brought Harry swiftly round upon his heel. Her words hit him shrewdly, but her aspect more shrewdly still. She was still standing close by the door. She was dressed in a gown of pale blue and gold with a bright ribbon of blue in her hair. Her cloak had slipped from her shoulders to her feet, her gloves were twisted in her hands, her eyes, wide and dark with trouble, looked out from a face which was piteously wistful. She made unconsciously a poignant appeal to him. The delicate loveliness of her youth and the gay panoply of her attire contrasted so strikingly with the quivering misery of her face.

"What makes you believe that, Cynthia?" He crossed the room to her side and shook her arm with a friendly gesture familiar to her. "Poizat's case is not enough to build a world of theory on."

"Nor do I," replied Cynthia. "I was adding to that case another." Harry Rames flinched.

"What other?" he asked with an effort.

"Years ago in Argentina I once listened at a door," she began, and in Harry's eyes shone a great relief. "What I heard frightened me. I lay awake in terror all that night. I have lived in fear ever since. I could not shake fear off even after I knew there was no longer any cause for fear. I can find causes anywhere. Fear's the truth of me. Most of the things which I have done have been done from fear."

"I never understood that, Cynthia."

"I never spoke of it before."

"Fear even prompted your marriage?"

Cynthia looked him frankly in the face.

"Yes. You were so frank, so honest about yourself. I felt safe with you. And after we were married—I escaped from fear. I was reprieved."

"Thank you," said Harry with a quiet sincerity. Then he moved away from her to the fireplace and turned again.

"Why do you tell me this for the first time to-night?"

"Because fear's awake in me again to-night," she answered simply. "I have had another visitor to-day besides M. Poizat."

"Who?"

"Howard Fall."

Harry Rames's voice hardened.

"He came to complain of me, I suppose."

"It wasn't complaint; it was regret. He thought it would be such a loss if you ceased to be interested in Parliament. He was afraid that Colonel Challoner's death had been a shock to you."

Harry Rames looked curiously at his wife.

"And what did you say?"

"That I knew you well enough to be sure that it wasn't that. He said you had not spoken since the debate on the address and that the organization against the land bill was tumbling to pieces."

Harry's face cleared.

"There's a very good reason for that. The government programme is overloaded and Devenish's bill won't come on this year after all. Our opposition shook their confidence in it besides. No, it won't come on."

Cynthia moved swiftly forward to the fireplace.

"You know that?"

"Yes. Hamlin told me in confidence."

"When, Harry?"

"A month ago at least. We can always whip up the opposition to Devenish's bill when it becomes once more a practical proposition."

Perhaps after all the government's change of plan was the simple explanation of the

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change in her husband. Cynthia sank down into a chair. Before now, she remembered, she had tortured herself with unnecessary fears.

"Oh, I am glad. I am glad," she cried. All her heart was in her voice and tuned it to a note full and low and wonderfully sweet. Harry was moved by the music of it. There was a joy, a tenderness, which he had noticed more than once of late, but which had never rung so clear as it did to-night. He planted himself in front of her with a wry sort of smile upon his face.

"Cynthia."

"Yes."

"You want me to go on—just as I was going? You are satisfied? There have been times when you have wanted more—once when we drove home at night from the House of Commons, after Devenish had told us the government was going to take up Fanshawe's bill. Do you remember? And once too——"

But Cynthia broke in upon him. She shut her eyes upon her ideals and her dreams. They were for the girl steeped to the lips in romance, not for the woman made real by love. That the change in him was due to any change in the plans of the government she now knew to be a delusion. The mere formulation of his question proved that to her. Something had come between them. Something secret, something which threatened even such community of life as they had. She was in revolt against it. Mr. Benoliel's warnings were thrust behind her. To be safe, to keep what she had in the hope that some day it might grow more, this was now the limit of her ambition. But she meant to realize it if by any means she could.

"Yes, yes," she cried passionately. "I do want you to go on. I want you to make a great career. I want my share in it, my pride in it. I shall be satisfied. I shall be thankful. Oh, my dear, are you blind?" She rose abruptly and stood in front of him. "What I want and all that I want is to keep you." If she had never spoken the words, the eagerness of her voice and the prayer of her clasped hands would have uttered them for her. But she had spoken them deliberately. She knew very well the danger for a woman in telling a man who does not love her, that she loves him. But she accepted the danger. She was playing for a great stake that night, and great stakes are not to be won without great risks. She laid her reticence aside and made her appeal. But it seemed that her appeal failed. Harry Rames stood watching her, at a loss for words, with a face which concealed carefully all his thoughts. Cynthia stooped and gathered up her gloves which had fallen to the floor.

"I shall go up now," she said.

Harry still was silent. She had revealed herself to him under a new aspect. A moment of passion had caught him unprepared with any words.

"What are you thinking about, Harry, so profoundly?" Cynthia asked in an indifferent voice. His silence was a rebuff most bitter to her. But she would not betray herself a second time. Her eyes and her hands were busy with some imaginary fault in the fit of her dress.

"That you have never shown me yourself before," he said, moving toward her. She stood quite still as he came close. He put his arm about her and she asked quietly:

"Wasn't I wise, Harry? It's a little disconcerting, isn't it, when a woman shows you something you know nothing about. Just a little disconcerting, isn't it?"

She left him standing in the room and went upstairs. She had made her plea with all the frankness which had been the condition of their marriage. She would not ask for a like frankness in return. It was for him to give it. She had made it quite plain that on her side she wanted frankness. More she would not do. Not for anything would she ask what secret thing he had hidden under the papers upon his table. But she knew that there was a secret thing and her feet dragged as she mounted the stairs.

She had been in bed according to her reckoning for about an hour when she heard a noise of the shutting of a door. And the door was the front-door of the house. Cynthia sprang from her bed and lifting the blind looked out from the window. It was a dark night, but there was no fog. By the light of the street lamps she saw a man crossing the road toward the corner of South Audley Street. He had the look of her husband. She flung up the window and the sound of his footsteps made her sure. Her eyes gazing into the tempered darkness of a London street might well have deceived her,

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her ears could not. There was no one else walking in Curzon Street at that moment; the sound of his footsteps reverberated unmistakably, diminishing as the distance between him and the window increased. The man who now vanished into South Audley Street was Harry Rames.

Cynthia switched on the light and looked at her watch. It was one o'clock in the morning. She wrapped a dressing-gown about her and sat down, trying to think calmly, seeking to discover, if she could, some other reason for his departure than the obvious one. But the obvious one recurred again and again in her thoughts. It explained everything, fitted in with everything, as no other reason did. His sudden indifference to his career, his furtive movement at his writing-table upon her appearance, his refusal to meet frankness with frankness could all thus be accounted for. His departure from the house was thus explained. He had not come up into his room next to hers; he had waited in his study for an hour; he had given her time to fall asleep; he had gone out. It was a woman then who had twisted the current of his life as she, Cynthia, could not, who had moved him to passion as she even that evening had failed to do. Cynthia raged in fury against herself for having so weakly, so vainly, betrayed her longings. She sat in torture. Then her jealousy flamed up. *That*—no! Her pride must give way. If there was another woman in her story—why, then, the other woman must look to herself. Cynthia would fight. She hurried downstairs into the study. She switched on the lights and tumbled hither and thither the papers on the writing-table for the one so swiftly hidden which should betray her name and her abode. But she found nothing to satisfy her. She looked round the room. From a drawer in a bureau against the wall Harry's keys had been dangling. That she had noticed; and the keys were gone now. She tried the drawer. It was locked. In that drawer then was hidden the key to his secret. So much knowledge at all events Cynthia was sure that she had gained. She went back to her room and lying in bed ran over all the names of her acquaintances, even of her friends. She was not in the mood to trust any of them, but she could not fix upon any of them either. One and all they were cats and treacherous. Cynthia was no longer afraid; she was simply furious; and her fury was not diminished when she heard the front-door open and shut once more, almost noiselessly—so much caution was being used.

But Cynthia, though she was right in her facts, had never been so mistaken in her conclusions. The scroll which Harry Rames had pushed beneath his papers was simply a chart of the Antarctic seas; whereon lines distinguished one from the other by the manner of their tracing recorded the journeys of successive explorers and marked each one's "farthest South." He stood for a little while after Cynthia had left him, on the same spot, half-way between his chart and her position at the door. Then he turned back to his writing-table and spread out the map once more. The call of the unknown places was loud in his ears that night.

"Come back! Come back!"

Six weeks ago it had been the merest whisper—flashed to the wireless poles on the roof of the Admiralty and heard by him one afternoon—a message very small and clear amidst the clatter of Parliament Street. But the whisper had gathered volume and vehemence, until the map before him seemed a mouth shouting it, and the room throbbed with it as though the walls would burst asunder.

"Come back! Come back!"

It seemed to him that the command was not to be denied or must ring in his ears forever; and that arena of the House of Commons, where man fought with man, became a trivial place of meanness and intrigue, compared with the vast battle-ground in the South where one fought in a grandeur of silence with the careless, stubborn elements of a wild and unknown world.

He bent over his map and across it, as across the table of a camera obscura he saw moving, in miniature and brilliantly defined, the ships of the men who had sailed to the South. James Cook's two vessels, the *Resolution* and the *Adventure*, crossed the Antarctic circle, as it seemed, underneath his eyes—the first, of all the ships that were ever built, to sail upon these waters. Bellingshausen of Kronstadt came next and dropped his anchor under the shelter of Peter I Island and gave to it its name. He was followed by the whaling captains, each choosing his own line, great navigators inspired by a great and spirited

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firm. Weddell and Biscoe in their brigs. Balleny in his schooner. The later ships of the scientific expeditions under D'Arville of France and Wilkes of Chesapeake Bay moved southward in the track of the whaling captains, and close upon their heels James Ross from England with the *Erebus* and the *Terror* burst for the first time in the history of the world through the ice-pack into the open sea beyond and sailed from West to East along the great ice-barrier. There were other lines where the *Challenger* had sailed, and the official expeditions, and there was still another, the longest of all the lines upon the chart, a line stretching out to a harbor never visited before, and against that line in tiny letters was printed "Rames." He followed the course of his ship from his first harbor in the Antarctic continent with the wooden cross high on a hill above it, which marks the grave of a naturalist of a past expedition. He fell to speculating where the *Perhaps* lay now. Parliament had met in the first days of January. It was on the Saturday before the opening of Parliament that Hemming had started on the mail steamer to New Zealand to pick up his ship in Lyttelton Harbor. Allow him five weeks for his journey. The second week of February would have come to an end before the *Perhaps* had steamed out past the headland. Hemming himself had recognized that he was late. The difficulty of collecting money to finance the expedition had detained him beyond his time. A fortnight out from New Zealand, where was the *Perhaps* now? She might still be in the stormy seas on the outer edge of Ross's pack with the petrels and the albatrosses like a cloud about her yards. Or she might have touched at one of the northerly harbors of the continent. Perhaps winter was coming early on to wrap her about with snow and ice. If that happened, Hemming's chance was gone, for he had only money for one year. He must reach the Pole this next summer or not at all. He must therefore winter well to the South.

Rames got up from his chair, trying not to hope that Hemming's expedition would fail. He looked up from this map to the spot where Cynthia had stood close to the door, and a smile came upon his face.

"She was wrong," he said. "We are in the clutch of the unfinished, not the finished things."

He carried his map over to a bureau which stood against the wall and opened a drawer from the lock of which his bunch of keys was dangling. There were other charts in the drawer, a barometer which had hung in his cabin in the *Perhaps* throughout the three years during which that ship had been his home, a shell or two dredged up from the depths of the sea, and a big envelope stuffed with papers and tied up with a piece of string. The charts lying there were all the charts which existed of the Antarctic seas, arranged in the order of their making. He added to them now his map, the last of them all; the printed facsimile of his own chart. Then reluctantly he locked the drawer. The reverberation of the seas seemed to fill that room and through it imperative and loud rang the call of the South. Yet he was aware too of Cynthia standing in her delicate blue frock, subduing her pride, revealing herself in a passionate appeal. He was stirred to a kind of shame at the poverty of his own response. She had been friend, counsellor, wife in the normal way. They had jogged side by side along the low road of his endeavor. To-night she pleaded for more, she offered more. He could never quite look upon her as he had been wont to. For she had stirred him to shame.

He slipped the key off the ring and swung it round upon his finger. At all events he would keep his bargain.

"It's a queer piece of irony," he said to himself, "that the very thing which I would give my soul to do, she was urging me to do two years ago; and now I must keep my longing hidden. Our positions are quite reversed."

But he would keep to his bargain. Perhaps after all Hemming would succeed; and sooner or later no doubt the reverberation of the seas would die away in the porches of his ears.

He went out into the hall, carrying the key in his hand, slipped on his coat, and took his hat and let himself out at the front-door. He walked quickly up South Audley Street, turned to the left, and crossed Park Lane into Hyde Park. He walked to the stone bridge which crosses the Serpentine. The night was quiet and dark about him, and from afar off the never-ceasing roar of the London traffic came to him like the roar of distant seas. He

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leaned over the parapet and stretching out his hand opened it. He heard a tiny splash in the water beneath the bridge.

He walked back more slowly than he had come to where the glare of the sky indicated the houses and the streets. As he crossed Park Lane again two men arm-in-arm passed him and one of them stopped.

"Is that you, Rames?" asked a friendly and solicitous voice.

Rames recognized it at once as the voice of Hamlin the chief Whip.

"You had paired for to-night," Hamlin continued, "hadn't you? You didn't miss much. But I want to be able to rely on you for Thursday. We know, of course, that you are against us over Devenish's land bill. That's all right. But you are with us on the rest of our policy and we want your help."

"I shall be there on Thursday," answered Harry Rames. "It's quite true that I have not been so much in the House this session as I used to be. But you will see me in my old place to-morrow. Good-night."

He walked on and Hamlin rejoined his companion.

"It was Rames," he said. "We're not going to lose him. I am glad. He's marked out for a great position if he doesn't throw it away."

But Rames through the roar of the traffic, carriages rolling home, wagons lumbering in to Covent Garden, heard louder than ever the boom of Southern seas and the wind whistling between the halyards of a ship.

(To be concluded.)

THE POINT OF VIEW

MY house with wings spreading like a brooding hen squats where it can keep an eye on humanity, that is to say, near the corner of two much-frequented streets. In my younger days I used to wish that its builders, my forebears, had set it far back among the trees, for privacy's sake and not for the look of the thing, always paramount to snobbish youth. Not till middle-age had brought a modicum of common-sense and a relish for personal reasoning did I realize the merits of the original arrangement, the friendliness of the streets in hours of loneliness, and the real privacy afforded the garden and overlooking rooms, to say nothing of the effect of size given to the place by having the house disposed of in one corner. In front, on the avenue, Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John extend myriad leafy arms and hands in benediction. To be sure, this row of silver maples extends farther than the Gospels, into Acts and Romans and the Epistles, but those are beyond the pale of the corner. On the side street rises a lordly red maple; then a sugar maple sadly out of plumb because when small it shouldered one end of the winter wood-pile; and then a few ash trees. "Not a valuable shade tree," my dear father said when he planted them, "but you can cut them down and use them Borrovianly, for

Around my Corner

'Ash when green
Is fire for a queen.'"

After the ash trees came of age and took to scattering their multitudinous seeds, and I had pulled up a million little ashes from the flower borders, I began using that fancy fuel, the like of which made such a sweet odor in Lavengro's dingle. Indeed, I can trace the course of the pruner about my corner by the odor of the resultant hearth-wood. I like to take a sniff of the apple branch before I put it on the pyre and watch it fruit again into red apples of coal; or a bit of gummy peach or cherry; or the pungent fagots of spruce and black walnut.

The leaning sugar maple is a sort of pulley by which I am drawn back into my childhood. I can see the wagons of hickory cord-wood coming down the avenue and the jovial farmer unloading, beginning at the sugar maple. Then some following morning the sawing-machine lumbered along, the patient horse was unhitched and transferred to the treadmill, up which Tantalus hill he walked hour by hour until the buzz-saw with

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remorseless and resistless competence had worked its way through the wood-pile.

Then came two hours' work each morning, when the boy of the family split and the girl of the family piled in the woodshed, a centre for all the young gossips of the neighborhood and the occasion for many Tom Sawyer wiles.

Hard pressed as was the sugar maple by the wood-pile, it never shirked its proper function of storing and yielding unctuous juices. Each spring successive generations of little boys who learned the trick from us bore gimlet holes in the trunk, insert straws, and hurry from school to suck the collected sap, each from his own particular faucet.

The narrow lawns between the house and corner were just the size for croquet grounds. Ambitious and devilish roquet-croquets were ignominiously halted by white picket-fence or stone foundation, unless perchance a resentful ball crashed through a cellar window. We juniors had our personal predilections in playing the game, frequently making balls of ourselves and scrambling bodily through the wide wickets—no scientific four inches in those days!—bumping against posts and taking "two knocks" from beside a red or blue companion. There was one larking fortnight when we played cheating croquet, cheating being ultra honorable so long as we were not caught in the act: caught, we had to begin over at the first wicket. The hilarity attracted older eyes to the window, and horrified voices called a halt on our delectable invention.

The woodshed belongs to the annals of the corner. It was a two-story affair of primitive kind, and while the piler of wood waited for the splitter to collect a workable pile she used to climb up the ladder to an open platform where stood a huge packing-box. Cabalistic words were written on the cover, which one day the explorer deciphered into "Key in the eaves." With a flash of intuition—her own had come to her—she poked her little hand into the near-by eaves and found a key. O the thrill of it! as with eager fingers she fitted and turned and lifted the heavy cover. Gold mines nowhere! Sindbad's riches dross! Here in orderly pile lay literature—Godey's and Peterson, with their delightful steel engravings and colored fashion plates and little puzzles and stories; Dickens and Thackeray and Shakespeare in thin, paper-covered parts; a natural history and a Bible also in parts and illustrated. Wealth untold in that old woodshed! The boys could talk and shout and wrestle below; but the girl read on and on, enchanted on that dusty platform, her head in the clouds of cobwebs and her wagon hitched to a star.

The July screech of the sawing-machine had a winter counterpart in corner noises. We have some ice-cream plates with a raised pattern, and as the spoons scrape the bottom of those corrugated dishes, chasing last drops, "does it not sound like the snow-shovel on the old brick sidewalk, as we listened from bed on winter mornings?" That old, red-brick sidewalk was surely the prettiest sidewalk ever laid—the dull, soft terra-cotta not leaping up at the eye like the modern staring concrete, and its warm, wavering surface studded with bits of moss, blooming violets, and dandelions. How Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John played with their building blocks! The bricks would be lifted so gradually—as the wife choked the unsuspecting sultan by moving his collar-button back one thread a day—that our family feet knew instinctively how to adjust themselves to the growing obstruction. When at last, however, we heard people stumble o' nights and, yes, swear and threaten the law, up would come those bricks and great mats of surface roots be grubbed off—callous spots from Mat's and John's toes.

WHICH leads me to the people, the many, many dear people, who in my time have gone around that corner, some in baby cabs—the very perambulators have changed—some in the old hotel omnibus or the first brand-new "hack," in basket phætons and rockaways and surreys, names already supplanted by limousines and other "bodies." From this corner my admiring eyes watched a venturesome inventor mount a velocipede, a clumsy wooden affair; and right here the tire came off the high wheel of an old-time bicycle and, coiling Laocoon-fashion, laid the proud rider low. At this corner, half-way down the long hill, a small boy, prone on sled, collided with a dignified neighbor appearing unexpectedly from the side street. She descended upon him like a collapsed balloon—she was the last to wear hoopskirts in our village—and never forgave Young Lochinvar that flight with him down the avenue.

Voices of the Night

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My bedroom having always been the upper corner room and the practice of open windows life-long, the noises of the two streets, footsteps, voices, intonations, accentuated by the darkness and the stillness, have threaded themselves into an ever-lengthening rosary, the beads of which from time to time I finger over. One evening a couple came down the avenue, singing lightly. As they drew near I caught the words of an old ballad:

> "Oh father, dear father, she cried,
> Come down and open the door,—"

"the door," the tenor would echo, till the seventeenth or eighteenth verse trailed off into the distance. For months I tried vainly to trace the voices. Years afterward, however, in a distant city, I heard my hostess's little daughter singing in the garden: "Oh father, dear father, she cried," and one old riddle was happily solved.

Not the least diverting of the anonymous messages from the street are those which comment on my own personal idiosyncrasies. "She writes books, books with covers on 'em, covers," once came in stammering phrases, after low mention of my name. Many contributions to my knowledge of my fellow-townspeople float up to my roosting-place. "When I made it hearts—" a girl's voice said—"I doubled, as I always shall do, Alice dear, until—" and, like the poet, I smiled and was free, out-topping knowledge. Sometimes the arrow comes to me from a more mischievous quiver. "Arthur says—" and what Arthur said necessitated, I felt, a hint to the girl's mother. "Pauline! Pauline!" came a low, agonized exclamation late one night as a woman's steps hurried by. "Sue him! Sue him!" a man's eager voice—a job-hunting voice—broke out on the stillness. Probably the darkness makes one more vibratory to the impact of facts. At least: "Job, now, Job, the most impatient man that ever lived—" was an elemental eye-opener to the young listener's intelligent reading of the Bible and its adaptability to every-day conversation.

Biased by the hints and confidences of the night, I find myself by day straining attention to localize certain footsteps and voices, the links to bind my known and unknown together. Is that homely lad, shuffling round the corner, perchance the one who whistles hymns so confidently as he goes to work before dawn on winter mornings? Is that girl with the preposterous coiffure the one whose infectious laugh wins my answering chuckle and makes me murmur blessings on the dear unbeheld? Is that richly dressed young wife the one whose querulous nagging, accompanied by a firmly stepping base, beclouds my ten o'clocks?

So I lie up there listening, sometimes just to Time as he passes; sometimes to Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, my fellow-onlookers and commentors; oftener pondering the conundrums of the passers-by—names, details, unmeaning to an alien, but which move the deepest feelings of the native and the neighbor. Not for nothing the French express having a home of one's own by *avoir pignon sur rue*, a gable on the street. I give mute thanks to the hands who built my gables so near the strand where the waves of life beat up; and I like to think that just as I am a part of my corner, so I am a part of a great, orderly, mutually helpful world, not stranded or isolated in it, but lending somewhat to it, and nourished and enriched by its fulness.

The Passing of a Great Word

MANY a learned linguist, in his less learned moods, has stopped to point out in the history of this word or that a kind of human fate, in the elevation from low estate to high, the sinking from high to low in the service of the world. The fortunes of a single word may suggest the inner history of a race, and a pleasant occupation for an optimistic mood may be found in pondering the changes in word meanings which denote growing subtlety of thought or increasing spiritual insight. That very word "ponder," which goes back to actual weighing of objects, hints most attractively mental growth; the word "loyal," with its earlier meaning of "bound by law," puts one in a happy glow regarding the growing fineness of human conceptions; and the word "spirit," with its old meaning of mere physical breath of life, ceasing with the body, rouses within one a certain awe as one follows it into its larger significance, where it comes to stand for soul, for the indestructible and the immortal.

As words may enlarge their meaning to meet the needs of a newer day, so may they die out because the ideas embodied in them are no longer part and parcel of human

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thought, and some word-changes weigh heavily upon our souls. What is happening to the word "infinite"? It used to have great and rare associations, and serve great needs. My earliest memory of it is connected with warm summer mornings, when perhaps a bee made murmuring in a solemn hush in a country church as I tried—I, a child who had never seen the sea, and had only the wide horizon and the tree which grew at the end of the world to help me—to picture what it meant. It had certain solemn accompaniments which deepened its music, "infinite, eternal, unchangeable," and were equally hard to grasp in the swift loveliness of the fleeting green of spring, the drifting of autumn's red and gold into ever-deepening golden brown. As I grew older, and, delighted, found in the dictionary that "infinite" meant that which has no bound or shore, vision came to my aid, watching how

> "The cloud-foaming firmamental blue
> Rests on the blue line of a foamless sea,"

or how, from high mountain tops, the horizon stretches out and out into illimitable space, and my reverence for the word deepened. It belonged to great moments and great meanings; it wore a certain hieratic air; it brought with it a solemn hush, as if he who used it realized that he was making a mere word stand for something greater than words can express or even suggest.

Now I meet it everywhere, and with every possible application. One bonnet is infinitely more beautiful than another; one brand of wine infinitely preferable to the next. He has an infinite desire to see her; she would infinitely prefer a hobble skirt to one with gores. One novel is infinitely superior to its predecessor; a character in it infinitely prefers game to domestic fowl. There is no association too trivial for it, no use too petty. Our books and our newspapers alike bristle with misused "infinites." The word, like Laurence Sterne and Lord Byron, has become a social literary success, and no worse fate can befall a great author or a great word. It is taken up by the fashion papers, and by society journals, and this season's styles are usually infinitely prettier than the last.

Infinitely pretty!

Not only careless journalistic folk who like to produce an emphatic effect—at any cost—are guilty; my learned friends put it to common use. So do I, when I forget. We are infinitely obliged nowadays to one who gives us a lift of a few blocks, and infinitely grateful for our Christmas presents. Our greatest and best authors vie with one another in bringing this great word down from its high estate, and it is only a few days since I heard a most fastidious man-of-letters, lecturing in Boston, say that the Sunday supplements would be infinitely more diverting if something—I forget what—were different. The robin's note in Fiona Macleod is "infinitely winsome"; even as critical a writer as Mrs. Anne Douglas Sedgwick speaks of a heroine "infinitely malleable" through love, and of a fat young German musician as feeling "infinite compassion." That to be sure is better than Mr. Arnold Bennett's description of a woman as "infinitely stylish." One would expect Mrs Humphry Ward, busy with high concerns of thought, holding fast some of the old conceptions that went with the proper use of the word, to keep its meaning clear, but she misuses it abominably. What is a rector of her creation, may I ask, that he should be said to feel an "infinite concern," an "infinite pity"? A late announcement regarding some of Mr. Snaith's work speaks of him as a person of "infinite" humor. Now, though I had already in those far-off days, when a certain tree marked the edge of the world for me, begun to suspect that the term "infinite humor" might be applicable somewhere, I object to seeing it attributed to Mr. Snaith as much as I object to seeing divine compassion attributed to Mrs. Sedgwick's Franz or to Richard Meynell.

Is this our most significant contribution to the development of language?—the best that we can do in handing on the torch? Perhaps the passing of this great word means also the passing of a great idea, our greatest, and it may be that, in the overwhelming materialism which has followed in the wake of our scientific progress, we shall have no further need of it. Even so, I would enter a plea for its preservation from common use, as historical societies preserve homes of dead genius, to prevent their serving debasing ends. Let us not put ourselves into such plight that, if we should find any lingering idea of the old meaning of infinite haunting the human race, if a conception of divine greatness, "infinite, eternal, unchangeable," should return to us, we should have no word wherewith to express our thought.

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THE FIELD OF ART

Erasmus.
From an engraving on copper by Dürer.

ALBRECHT DÜRER'S PORTRAIT OF SIR THOMAS MORE

AMONG the lesser problems of history which have hitherto awaited solution is the identification of the subject of a fine portrait by Albrecht Dürer which now adorns Fenway Court, Mrs. John Lowell Gardner's treasure house of art, in Boston. I believe that the sitter for this likeness was no less a personage than Sir Thomas More.

From July, 1520, till July, 1521, Albrecht Dürer of Nuremberg was in the Netherlands. Among the prominent men he met during this period were Nicholas Kratzer, the court astronomer of Henry VIII, who had at one time been tutor to More's children, and Erasmus of Rotterdam, one of the English statesman's warmest friends. In August or September, 1520, the artist made a portrait of Kratzer, and two charcoal sketches of Erasmus, one of which he later etched in copper and sent the engraving to the humanist, who, though he praised Dürer's other work, did not particularly care for this portrait of himself. The scholar and the painter saw a good deal of one another during the following months. One day during the winter, for example, they dined together at the house of Peter Gillis at Antwerp.

It may have been here that Dürer met Sir Thomas, for Gillis was one of the latter's intimates, to whom he had dedicated the Utopia, and who, in 1516, had seen the first edition through the press. Indeed it is in Gillis's house that More tells us he met Hythloday, the fictitious hero of his great work. The English-

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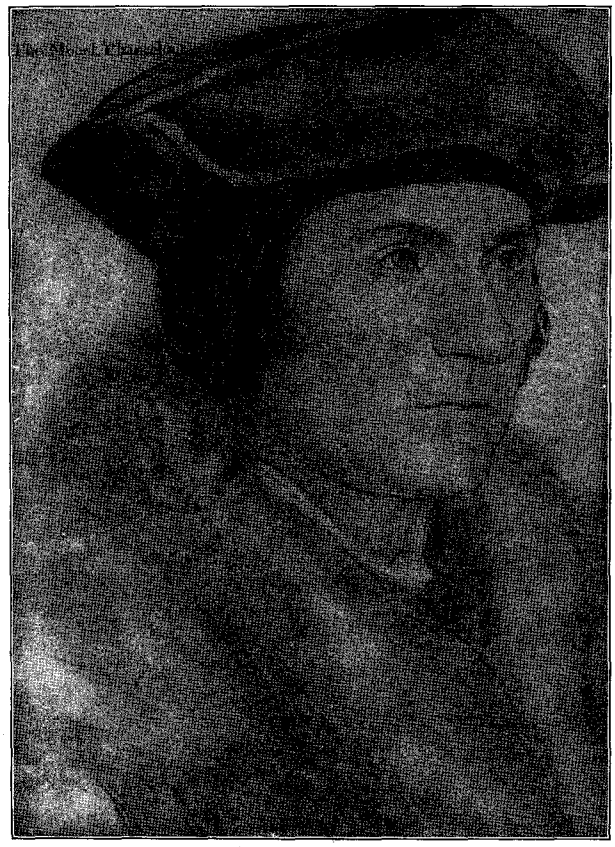
man spent much of the years 1520 and 1521 in the Low Countries. From July 19 to August 12, 1520, and again from September 12 to November 30, 1521, he was at Bruges conducting

As the painting itself bears the date 1521 it must have been executed during the first six months of this year before the artist returned home. There was assuredly plenty of oppor-



Sir Thomas More.
From the drawing by Holbein in Windsor Castle.

important negotiations with the Hanse towns, of which full reports have but recently been published. It is gratifying to note that the German agents, though much dissatisfied with the terms proposed, repeatedly commented on the courtesy, composure and eloquence of the English ambassador. In the spring of 1521 More was knighted for his services, and this new dignity may have furnished the occasion for having his portrait painted. That in April of this year he was at the court of Charles V at Bruges may be inferred from a letter written to the ambassador Conrad Peutinger by his daughter Constance, dated April 20. In July Erasmus tells us that Sir Thomas was with him at Brussels.

tunity, either at Antwerp during the winter, or when Dürer visited Bruges in April, or while he was attending the King of Denmark at Brussels in July. Finding the Nuremberg painter in such close relations with More's best friends, Kratzer, Gillis and Erasmus, it is highly probable that they would have met.

The proof that they did so, however, is found in the painting itself. The likeness to Holbein's portraits of More, when once pointed out, is sufficiently striking. The prominent nose, the arched eyebrows, the delicate mouth, the finely-moulded *English* features (so different from the unmistakably *German* expression of all Dürer's other portraits!), surely indicate the same subject. Another point of resem-

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Portrait of a man, probably Sir Thomas More.

From a painting by Dürer, now in possession of Mrs. J. L. Gardner, Boston.

blance is the dress, a far surer means of identification in the sixteenth century than it would be to-day. The difference in this respect between nation and nation was more marked then than it is now; the costume of each class and order was prescribed by law, and finally, as can be seen by comparing the numerous extant portraits of Luther, or Erasmus, or Henry VIII, each individual often assumed one style of clothing and kept it throughout mature life. I have examined most of the known portraits by Dürer, and most of those by Holbein, without finding so close a resemblance in hat and fur collar in any other two pictures as is to be seen in these.

It is true there are differences between the two likenesses, but these variations, well considered, tend rather to confirm than to shake their identity. Holbein's portrait shows the older man, for it was made eight or ten years later than Dürer's. The greatest difference is in the expression, Holbein's art bringing out, to a far greater degree, the sweetness, refinement and intellect of his subject. Dürer, who criticised Cranach for "painting the features rather than the soul" was in this respect far inferior to his younger rival. Indeed the latter was, as Mr. Kenyon Cox has well pointed out (SCRIBNER'S MAGAZINE, September, 1911, p. 346), one

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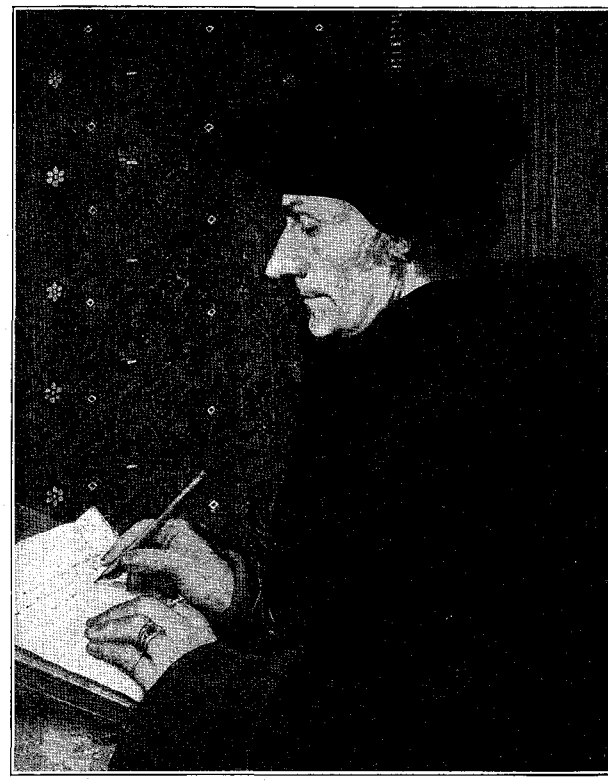
of the greatest masters of portraiture in the history of art. Holbein's "Erasmus," especially, Mr. Cox considers "perfect as a rendering of character," and comparing it with Dürer's himself until many years later he received an etching of one of them which he acknowledged in a note of thanks, and the correspondence of Erasmus is far more largely preserved than is



Photograph by Braun, Clément & Co.

Erasmus. From the portrait by Holbein.
In the Louvre.

treatment of the same subject, precisely the same differences may be noted as are seen in the two masters' paintings of More. The resemblance of the features, the dress, the posture of the hands, but makes more striking the contrast in expression. Where Holbein has made the author of "The Praise of Folly" live again, Dürer has given us a face totally uninspired, one is tempted to say a bit of the genre he loved. So in Sir Thomas the Nuremberg painter saw only a handsome, proud Englishman; the Swiss artist shows us the man whose heart beat for the poor, and who dared to resist a tyrant even unto death.

The lack of express allusion to the picture is not so strange as it might seem. Erasmus never mentions the drawings made by Dürer of that of the Englishman. Dürer's diary, on the other hand, is extremely fragmentary, passing over in silence some of the author's best known works. Finally, if the portrait is not of More, whom, pray, does it represent? The sitter must have been a person of importance, for only such are painted by famous artists, and the dress would also prove as much. Is it any more strange that the identity of this person should have been forgotten by posterity if he were another than if he were Sir Thomas? Familiar as we are with the appearance of most of the men of consequence of that age, we are unable to trace the least likeness between this picture and any one of them, save More. I submit the case as proved with at least reasonable probability.

PRESERVED SMITH.

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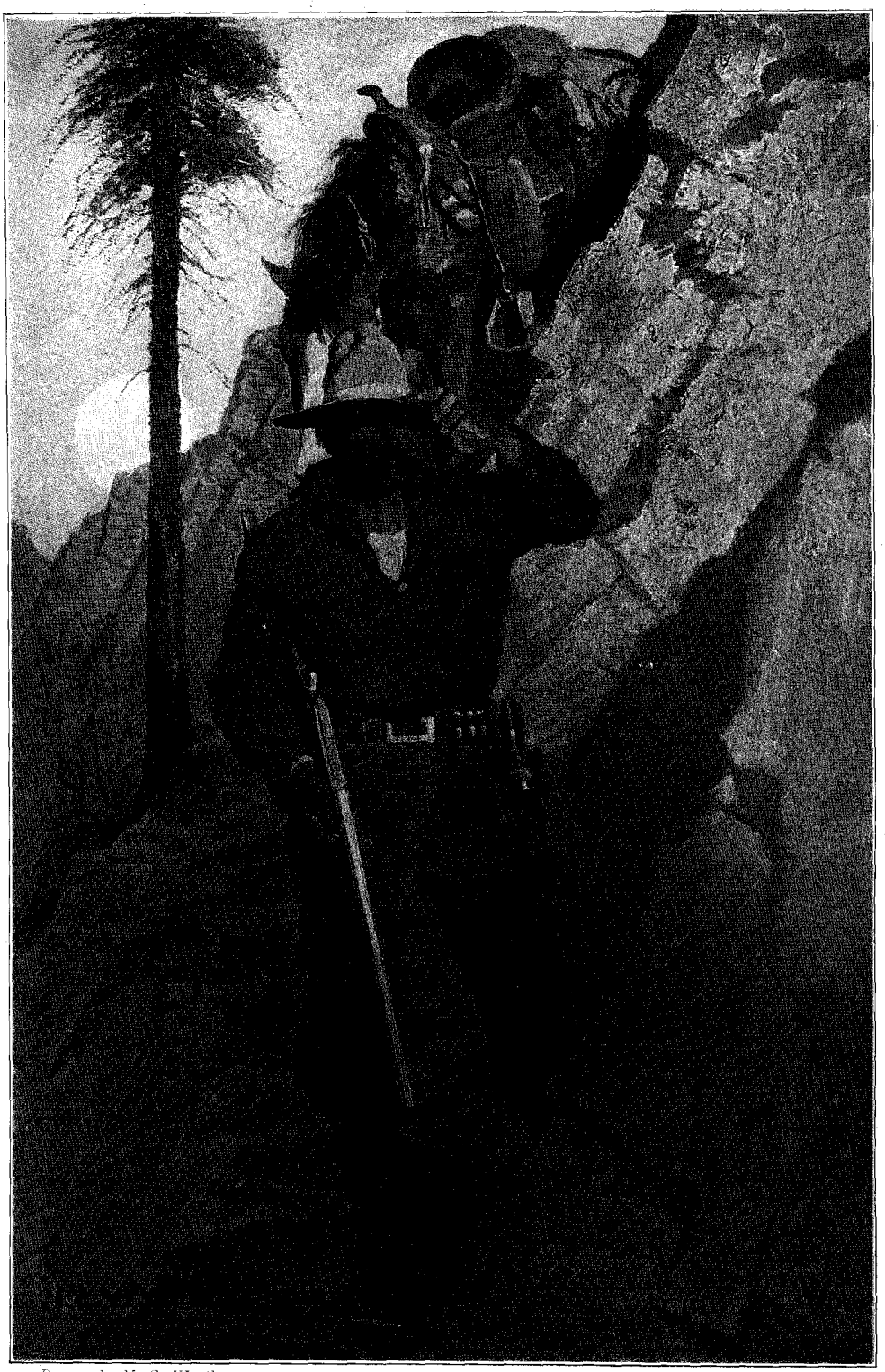

Drawn by N. C. Wyeth.

THE SHERIFF.

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